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Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause; she only asks a hearing.

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**THE BEGGAR AT CHURCH.**

BY W. BLANCHARD JERROLD.

An old man sits by a Gothic way,  
His hair as grey as the stones;  
And who would care if the flicker grey  
Had crept o'er his ancient bones?

He peeps his ear to the cracks in the door,  
He grips at his graying curls,  
A sound of church music floats to the moor  
From a lady's gentle tush.

The soul of great Handel enriches the air—  
The old man hums in his rage,  
He grips his crutch and still sitting there  
Beats time to the tune on the flag:

The time dies under the lady's touch.  
Now a grave voice beats the air,  
Its words were of hope and faith for such  
As live on terms with despair.

The old man's soul gives birth to a smile,  
Not of joy—but more like a sneer—  
The clergyman's syllables floating the while  
Through the cracks, to the beggar's ear;

And says, "He may tell his school  
Of the tempered wind that guards the lamb  
While his hand is down in its wool."

The clergyman talks of the mercy divine,  
Of the common heart of all,  
He stands the self and king in a line,  
And deprecates greatly the Fall.

And the beggar laughs, and thence it's a sham  
And says, "He may tell his school  
Of the tempered wind that guards the lamb  
While his hand is down in its wool."

The clergyman says to his folded book—  
"All are one in the faith of God—  
The beggar heard him utter on a rock  
And the monarch with his rod."

And the old man laughs, and feels it a sham  
And says, "He may tell his school  
Of the tempered wind that guards the lamb  
While his hand is down in its wool."

The clergyman bids all be humble in woe  
And tells how simple is pride,  
Then his jewelled fingers dash his brow  
And his look is set aside.

Still the beggar laughs, and declares it a sham,  
And says, "He may tell his school  
Of the tempered wind that guards the lamb  
While his hand is down in its wool."

The Gothic door-way cracks on its hinge,  
The clergyman comes from the porch,  
Nor pauses to comfort the beggar's twinge  
As he scurries to the yard of the church:

So the beggar laughs and tells it all a sham,  
And says, "He may tell his school  
Of the tempered wind that guards the lamb  
While his hand is down in its wool."

Slowly the old man creeps from his nook,  
And limps on his weary way,  
Thinking of those who preach from the Book  
While they turn the poor beggar away:

Then he sneeringly laughs and swears it's a sham,  
And says, "Priests preach in their school  
Of the tempered wind that guards the lamb  
While they warm themselves in the wool."

**WILFRED MONTRESSOR;**  
OR,  
**THE SECRET ORDER OF THE SEVEN.**  
A ROMANCE OF MYSTERY AND CRIME.  
BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE DE LAOT, OR THE COQUETTE," ETC.

**BOOK THIRD—THE ARREST.**

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"A physician is not the master of his time, Mr. Montessor," said Doctor Everard, on entering his library and discovering the traveler poring over a folio edition of the works of Paracelsus—"you will, I trust, excuse my absence at the appointed hour."

The return of the Doctor to his residence had been delayed by his visit and subsequent detention at the bedside of the burglar's wife and by other professional engagements, until a later period than usual.

"Your books have bewitched me, Doctor," replied Wilfred Montessor. "I have been dipping into the treasures of your library, from Hippocrates to Dr. Chevreton."

"The progress of the science of medicine is an interesting study," said the Doctor. "The mysterious laws of the human organism are gradually unveiling themselves to the ken of philosophers."

"You remind me of my appointment with you," said Miss Percy, Doctor?

"I called at her residence on my return hither, and expressed my desire to put her into a magnetic sleep, in the presence of a scientific friend. She hesitated at first, but finally consented, as she politely remarked, from a sense of gratitude to me."

"Did you urge your request strongly?"

"No, Mr. Montessor, and unless I am mistaken, the revelation of your name and standing in society exercised a potent influence in securing her consent."

"And the experiment—when? where?"

"This morning at her residence, if you are at leisure."

During the walk from University square to Prince street, Dr. Everard related to his companion the incidents of his recent visit to Mrs. Williams. He was surprised at the deep interest which the traveler manifested in the narrative. At the desire of Montessor, Dr. Everard promised to attend the woman regularly, and to exert his medical skill to the utmost for her relief and restoration.

On arriving at Miss Percy's residence, the gentleman was ushered into a pleasant sitting room, or boudoir, communicating with the drawing room. Miss Percy, arrayed in an elegant morning dress, was reclining languidly upon an ottoman. As her visitors advanced toward her she rose gracefully though with an apparent effort, to receive them.

"Be seated, Miss Percy," said Dr. Everard, kindly. "You are still feeble."

"It is nothing but languor,"

Doctor Everard introduced his companion to the lady, and a desultory conversation ensued, in the course of which Miss Percy artfully remarked:

"Appearances are deceitful, Mr. Montessor; yet people judge by appearances. I have been, more or less, an invalid for years, but I fall oftentimes to receive the sympathy of my friends, because I do not become thin, sallow and disagreeable."

"Neither of which qualities would be in any wise becoming or advantageous to you," rejoined Montessor.

Miss Percy glanced, inquiringly, at the speaker; then turning to Doctor Everard, said with a smile:

"My general health is improving daily. The headache and vertigo which have troubled me so long are yielding to the power of mesmerism. It is this conviction which sustains me in submitting to experiments which, however curious to you or delightful to me, manifest the weakness and subjection of my nature."

"The phenomena of mesmerism are curious, wonderful, almost supernatural," said Doctor Everard. "I perceive the results, but I cannot satisfactorily trace the cause."

"You allude to your sensations under the magnetic influence, observed Montessor, addressing Miss Percy. "Are they, indeed, delightful?"

"The change from wakefulness to sleep, is attended with a vague, painful uneasiness, similar to that of certain dreams, in which the scenes are continually shifting. The bodily organs are gradually numbened, and become insensible to external impressions. Then freed from earthly clogs, the soul is conscious of perfect freedom. It floats as it were in a celestial atmosphere surrounded with the perfumes of flowers and the sounds of angelic voices."

"This is magic, Doctor," said Montessor. "Let me behold the mystery, if I cannot solve it."

Doctor Everard drew a chair near the ottoman and seated himself in front of Miss Percy. He directed her to assume an easy comfortable posture, and to fix her eyes intently upon him. The Doctor then clasped her hands gently, and pressed the fleshy part of his thumbs to hers, at the same time looking steadfastly into her dark beaming eyes.

Several minutes elapsed ere the countenance of the lady underwent any change. She sat erect and motionless, save that her calm and regular breathing was manifested by the gentle heave of her bosom. At length, however, a slight flush diffused itself over her cheeks. She breathed more slowly, and her eye-lids began to droop, perceptibly. These indications of approaching sleep were followed by a protracted yawn, and almost constant winking of the eyes.

Doctor Everard relinquished the clasp of her hands and placing his thumbs over her drooping eye-lids, closed them perfectly. He held his thumbs in that position during thirty or forty seconds, and then pressing his fingers and the open palms of his hands gently upon her brow and temples, he commenced a series of downward motions or passes, extending gradually, until his hands swept with a light pressure from the top of her head over her neck, shoulders and arms, to the tips of her fingers.

The Doctor continued these passes until the features of Miss Percy assumed the placid expression of profound slumber. His steady, piercing glance, was constantly fastened upon her closed lids. Even after the yawning and occasional twitches of the muscles of the face had entirely disappeared, he remained quietly before her during a considerable space of time.

"Come hither, Mr. Montessor," said Doctor Everard at length. "This is the magnetic sleep."

Montessor advanced. His curiosity was really excited by the extraordinary results of the Doctor's manipulations.

"Is it either a surprising fact," he murmured inaudibly, "or a wonderful deception?"

The hand passed from Miss Percy's cheeks, her eye-lids were closed and her head reclined not ungraciously upon her right shoulder. Her arms and hands were rigid and motionless. Montessor raised one of her hands a little, and suddenly relinquished his hold,—it fell upon the ottoman as if it were palsied.

"The rigidity of the muscles, the coldness of the extremities, the diminution of the pulse and nervous insensibility, are the distinguishing marks of the magnetic sleep. All these, are present," said Doctor Everard, feeling the pulse of the sleeper. "Not over sixty pulsations in the minute, Mr. Montessor. The physical symptoms are remarkable, but they are of trifling importance compared with the mental phenomena. I do not feel at liberty, in this case, to test the insensibility of the nervous system by any serious experiment. There is no visible evidence on pressing her hands or cheeks lightly, that she experiences the sense of touch."

"None whatever."

"Speak to her, Mr. Montessor."

"Do you hear me, Miss Percy?" inquired the man of thirty-five.

"More loudly."

Montessor repeated the question, twice, but there was no response from the unconscious sleeper.

"The mysterious agencies of soul upon soul are inexplicable," said Doctor Everard. "By the influence of my will—for I place little stress upon the passes, or even the intense gaze of the visual organs—I have subdued the mental and physical action of a fellow being into sympathy with mine. My perceptions are her perceptions, my thoughts are her thoughts, my desires and antipathies are hers. During the continuance of the magnetic state, her ideas and emotions can be manifested only through the concurrence of my will. Yet I cannot suggest a plausible explanation of these remarkable phenomena—the greatest puzzle of modern philosophy. However theories may differ, facts will not lie."

Doctor Everard took Miss Percy's hand in his, and continued, in a low voice,

"Do you know, Miss Percy?"

The lips of the sleeper parted instantly, and she replied, audibly—

"Yes, perfectly."

"Who am I?"

"Doctor Everard."

"How do you feel at present, Miss Percy?"

"As free and joyous as a bird, Doctor," said Miss Percy, a smile blurring her features.

"Will you suffer me to put you in communication with her?" said Doctor Everard, addressing the man of thirty-five.

"No," replied Montessor; "I prefer to be simply a witness of your curious experiments. Forget my presence, if you can, Doctor, until you have gone through with them."

Wilfred Montessor seated himself in a low rocking-chair, at the distance of five or six feet from the ottoman, so that his position enabled him to scan the features of Miss Percy with great precision. With his cheeks resting upon the palms of his hand, he watched closely the movements of the Doctor and his patient.

Doctor Everard thrust aside the chair which he had occupied during the process of magnetizing Miss Percy. He walked several times across the apartment, with slow, measured steps. He paused finally, within a foot of the traveler, and remained standing, several moments, in a reflecting attitude. Gazing upon the face of the sleeper, he slowly raised his right hand, in a horizontal direction. Almost at the instant when the upward motion of his hand commenced, the right hand of Miss Percy began also to move. Once or twice it fell back, with a sudden jerk, but at length it was elevated, with a steady equable motion, until it attained the exact position of Doctor Everard's.

The Doctor then raised his left—a similar movement was made by Miss Percy.

These experiments were pursued by Doctor Everard, with various, but on the whole, with decided success. He elevated his right hand to the top of his head, then his left, then both hands; he clasped his hands together, doubled them into fists; he seized his right ear with his left hand, then his left ear with his right hand; he raised his hand to his mouth, as in the act of eating an apple; he placed his right hand supinely upon his breast, he clasped his chin between the thumb and forefinger of his left hand. In every instance, save one, were the motions and gestures of Doctor Everard imitated, with great exactness.

"Can we suspect deception?" said the Doctor, in a whisper, to his friend. "It is evidently impossible that she can see through her closed and motionless eye-lids. I will, however, destroy the least foundation of doubt, by blindfolding her."

"Will you permit me to tie a bandage over your eyes?" continued Dr. Everard.

"As you please."

"Very lightly, Miss Percy," said the Doctor, tying the bandage. "Does it hurt you?"

"No sir."

"Is your position uncomfortable?"

"Quite easy."

"Your head droops heavily. There, it is better now."

The Doctor placed her right arm in such a position that her head was supported by her hand.

Dr. Everard retired a few steps, and reiterated many of the motions and gestures employed in his experiments. There was as little hesitation as previously in the responses of Miss Percy.

"It is not visual perception and imitation," said the Doctor, that produces these results. My volitions govern two physical organizations. The effects are strange, because opposed to the ordinary experience of mankind. But, intrinsically, the power of my will is as mysterious and inexplicable when acting upon my proper organism, as when acting upon the organism of another."

The Doctor removed the bandage, while he was uttering these remarks.

"A few experiments, Mr. Montessor, to show the strength of physical sympathy in the magnetic state."

Doctor Everard stood within a few feet of his patient. He took from his vest pocket a bit of cinnamon, so small that Montessor did not recognize what it was, and put it in his mouth, chewing it slightly. The sleeper almost instantly began to move her lips and lower jaw, as if chewing.

"Do you taste any thing, Miss Percy?" inquired Dr. Everard.

"Yes, Doctor."

"What is it?"

"Something pleasant."

"Well, what is it?"

"Some kind of spice."

"Alight, Miss Percy, right. But what kind of spice?"

"Cinnamon—it tastes like cinnamon."

"It was cinnamon, Mr. Montessor," said the Doctor, with a glance of satisfaction.

Doctor Everard next tasted some tobacco in his mouth, but Miss Percy exclaimed hastily,

"Take it away, Doctor, take it away."

"What is the matter?"

"Don't put tobacco in my mouth—I dislike tobacco of all things."

The Doctor then tasted a piece of orange peel, the two or three cloves, and afterward some refined liquorice. The first Miss Percy named rightly, the second she defined as causing a biting sensation, and the third as being sweet.

"The sympathy of distant organism under certain specific relations, is one of the most abstruse problems of philosophy. There are several cases on record," said Doctor Everard, "of twin brothers growing up to manhood together, and afterwards dying at remote distances from each other, on the same day and hour. Were not those cases dependent on the same general law of sympathy that prevails in the magnetic state?"

"You are traveling beyond the sphere of my researches," replied Montessor with a smile. "One question, my dear doctor, does clairvoyance belong to your theory of the human constitution?"

"Certainly, Mr. Montessor."

Doctor Everard held a gold pencil case between his thumb and finger.

"What do I hold before you, Miss Percy?" asked the doctor.

The sleeper muttered a few words indistinctly, but finally replied,

"A gold pencil case."

A ring and a silk handkerchief were named correctly without hesitation. A lancet, she described as a sharp cutting instrument.

The doctor drew a handsome gold watch from his fob, and glancing at the dial inquired,

"What is the time of day by my watch, Miss Percy?"

"Two o'clock."

"The time exactly," said Doctor Everard, handing the watch to the traveler.

Miss Percy pressed her hand firmly against her forehead.

"A long continuance in the magnetic state," said Doctor Everard, "universally causes a sense of faintness in the head. You are satisfied with the experiments, Mr. Montessor?"

"Perfectly, doctor," replied Montessor with a grave smile; "relieve Miss Percy without delay."

"She is quiet again," remarked the doctor. "The truth of clairvoyance is demonstrable by the clearest evidence. It seems to result from this, that the image of an object is transferred from the mind of the operator at his will, to that of the patient. The more vivid the first image, the more powerful the will; so much more distinct will be the apprehension of the clairvoyant. Some writers assert that persons in the magnetic state can see objects independently of the will of the magnetizer or his substitute for the time, but I have no confidence in the assertion. The mysteries of Animal Magnetism, the more powerful the will, so much more distinct will be the apprehension of the clairvoyant. Some writers assert that persons in the magnetic state can see objects independently of the will of the magnetizer or his substitute for the time, but I have no confidence in the assertion. 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## Pacific Department.

BY.....BENJAMIN TODD

## Religious Revivals.

In our trip over the mountains, last Autumn, we had an excellent opportunity to notice the results of religious revivals.

The first place at which we tarried, was Meadow Valley. This place had formerly been the scene of wondrous exploits by Methodist clergymen, but there is not a Methodist member left as a monument of former times. When we visited this place two years previously there was not a Spiritualist in town. Now there are some thirty or forty, who are confirmed Spiritualists, or earnestly investigating. The next place we visited was Quincy. Here, likewise, the Methodists had abandoned the field as unworthy of cultivation.

We passed on to Taylorville. Here we expected to find Methodism in a flourishing condition, from the fact that Taylorville, Susanville and Greenville, had been visited some eight months before, with a wonderful outpouring of divine grace, for the preachers said in connection with the labors of two Methodist ministers; but sad to relate, when the reaction came it not only carried away the young converts but swept the most of the old members with it, and the ground had to be abandoned.

In Susanville, at the revival they looked seventy for everlasting life, but seven remained, and the preacher stationed there has from three to ten, to his regular meetings. It was in this place that the revival preachers got their spirits so high that they went to pouring spirits (brandy and whiskey) down to keep an equilibrium, but failing in the quantity, got beastly drunk and had to be helped to bed by their friends.

We next visited Greenville. Here we were informed that the preachers booked twenty-seven as candidates for an orthodox heaven, but not so much as one was left to tell the tale.

Now, were these persons indeed converted? Had Jesus forgotten to look after the lambs and let the wolves come in and steal them all? If such was the case we should say, naughty Jesus, to be so forgetful.

By the way, we don't believe that God or Jesus, ever did or ever will have anything to do with these religious revivals.

## A Human Being.

Yes, it was a regular human being, however largely it might call upon one's credulity. At the distance I was when I recognized the creature, I admit it was hardly credible to place her, for she proved to be by her dress a member of the feminine persuasion, on the category with the human family. Still it was a fact, and an American at that, however startling it may appear, for as she steps drew me nearer I recognized the little pet, which sat rather more obliquely than otherwise upon the head, which seems to be the pride of our women and the height of their ambition when they succeed in getting it in just the position to suit them. Sometimes it is rather difficult, I suppose, to effect this, but all it requires is perseverance, should the first attempt prove a failure, for what is a woman's time worth when she has no babies to tend?

Her hair restorative which had proven false in some places and betrayed looks here and there, had she been cognizant of, no doubt would have quelled the fever of the Italian wiggle which seemed to have caught her so violently. I should never have taken those streaks of white as an indication of age, but that she had got cheated at the drugstore. Neither should I judge her eye-achting poor, although the plaster upon her face had proven as treacherous as her hair dye, and left signs upon each side of her physiognomy, which loudly bespoke exercise and perspiration.

Her eyebrows clung as effectually to her brow as a mother would cling to her child, still it was not old age that she wished to cover up, for her light and airy footsteps belied this immediately. O, no, every indication was that of a girl of twenty summers.

What a pity, I thought, that so sweet a creature should have the appearance of that dreadful disease so young. There was no mistaking the signs, the position of the body was nearly double. But upon scanning closer my object and drawing some what nearer I found my fears vain, and my sympathies all lost upon the Greenville.

My alarm subsided in one direction only to be aroused in another, for the awkward, uncomfortable hobbling she made in trying to move, convinced me at once of the infirmity of the back.

Poor thing, could it be that heaven had visited upon this fair one such deformity; whose smiles and winning ways, bespoke so lovely a disposition? Could one have noticed the glance she bestowed upon the young gentleman who passed her, none could have doubted the sweetness of her nature. And still this fairly-like creature, heaven had seen fit to shower such misfortunes upon. Full of sympathy in my heart I hastened to the relief of the poor sufferer, but imagining my chair when to my utter astonishment, instead of the helpless, deformed being I had supposed, I recognized the belle of the city and leader of the fashion.

LEOLINE

## The Errors of Theologians.

NUMBER FOUR.

Conspicuous among the errors of Theologians is that of forsaking the New Testament, which they claim to be their guide and foundation. The teachings of Modern Christianity do not bear the least resemblance to those given in the New Testament; but on the contrary are diametrically opposed to them. This assertion may sound strange to the Christian, but if he will give his attention a few moments, we think we can convince him of the fact.

Take first the conditions of salvation as commonly taught by Modern Christians. In order to obtain the necessary basis to reason from, we shall be obliged to go to their creeds and see what they require of a Christian in order for him to become a member of the church.

First, he must believe there are three Gods, and also that there is but one; and that he is holy and yet he gets angry every day with his own works.

Second, he must believe that this God, knows all things, past, present and future, also that he made all things, man among the rest. That he knew that man would sin, nevertheless he made him holy, and for fear man might not sin after all, as he knew he would, he had the Devil tempt him to make the matter sure so that what he knew beforehand should surely come to pass.

Third, he must believe that man is doing what God knew he would do, when he made him, become totally depraved, and liable to expiate his crime in an eternal hell, and not only Adam, but all his posterity after him.

Fourth, man must believe that God contrived a plan of salvation, as follows: God came down to earth, had sexual intercourse with a virgin and begot a God which was himself and was not himself at the same time. That this God who was himself and at the same time did not die. That he arose the third day from the dead, that he did not die and ascended into heaven.

Again, at the same time he must believe that God calls upon all men everywhere to repent and will damn them if they do not when he knows they cannot, simply because he foreordained, thousands of years before he made man, who of the human race should be saved and who should not.

Enough has here been given to show what theologians require as the conditions of salvation. Now then, "let us to the law and testimony."

In the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, we find a description of what our Christian friends call the general judgment. We are there told that "Christ shall come in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory bringing the Father and all the holy angels with him. He shall sit upon the throne of his glory, and before him shall be gathered all nations, and he shall separate one from another as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats. And he shall set the sheep on his right hand but the goats on the left. Then shall the King say to them on his right hand, come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." Why? Because they had believed in an angry God, burning hell, total depravity, vicarious atonement? Not at all. Nothing whatever is said about belief or faith. Listen to the conditions of receiving the welcome from Christ: "For I was an hungry and ye gave me meat, I was thirsty and ye gave me drink, I was a stranger and ye took me in, naked and ye clothed me. I was sick and ye visited me, I was in prison and ye came unto me. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these my brethren ye have done it unto me." Is there any resemblance whatever in the conditions of salvation taught in the New Testament, and those taught by Theologians?

Again, in their practices as Christians they disobey Christ's positive commandments. In the sixth chapter of Matthew and fifth verse, he gives them directions with regard to praying as follows: "And thou prayest thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are, for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets that they may be seen of men." Here is positive command that Christians are accustomed to disobey every time they come together. The clergy would not go to their meetings, houses if it were not to be seen of men. Hence they go there to pray to be heard of men and women. At the same time that they are breaking his commandments they strenuously claim to be his followers. Could anything well be more inconsistent? We could give many more illustrations of like character. But the two glaring palpable ones that we have cited we deem sufficient to prove our assertion.

## What Will be the Result?

The more liberal minded clergymen all over the world are softening down the more objectionable parts of their faith, to suit the present demands of mankind. Old Theology has always been wont to change its base when driven by the mandate of science, or that more inexcusable reason, matter of policy. But we feel that the evidences of a growing liberal sentiment among the clergy arises more from a conviction of their erroneous position and a conscientious desire to know the truth. But this rapid falling away of the pillars of their religious institutions aroused all the animosity in the cast-iron oldsters and they make haste to theologize decapitate every sinner in this direction. This exercise of a kind of popish power on their part makes them appear ridiculous in the eyes of the world.

A Rev. gentleman in San Jose, not long since, preached a discourse of a progressive nature, and the result was, he was immediately summoned to appear before the synod to answer the charge of heresy. The result of their investigations was a peremptory order to the church over which he presided as pastor to dissolve their relations with him. The church believed him to be a good man and liked him as a preacher, hence did not dissolve as commanded by the powers that be. The next move the church was summoned before the synod, and where their particular quarrel will end we cannot tell. But it does not require a prophet or the son of a prophet to tell what the ultimate result will be. The ultimate of this progressive tendency in the religious world will be to destroy and utterly annihilate the creeds and dogmas that have bound the world as in iron bonds of these many years. It will be a glorious day for mankind, when it arrives. People then will be free-free to think, and grow. The tendency of creeds is, to make human beings grow in an angular form, but if left free they will grow symmetrically and beautifully, as nature designed them.

**The Whipping-post a Christian Institution.**  
"The Young Men's Christian Association of St. Paul's M. E. Church, Wilmington, Delaware, have been debating the question, 'Should the whipping-post be abolished.'—READING EAGLE.

After reading the above we would fain inquire in what portion of this globe the State of Delaware is situated. Is it in the Czar of Russia's dominions? Is it in the Turkish Empire or in New Zealand, where an old man of seventy years is tied to a whipping-post and made to receive twenty lashes, then confined in the Pillory until benumbed with cold and then is given twenty more, in order to warm him up?

Subsequently to learning all those particulars the Young Men's Christian Association gravely take up the subject and discuss it, and come to the conclusion, that the institution ought not to be abolished.

How does the Young Men's Christian Association of San Francisco, Boston, New York and Chicago, like the position of this Christian institution? Do they feel honored by it? It was only for a petty offence that this poor old man was whipped to a state of insensibility, and then whipped more to bring him to. Have they forgotten the precept of the one they pretend to follow? "Forgive seventy times seven."

By the harmonious development of the child in all its natural powers, we expect to reform the world. In no other way can this be accomplished. When men and women, fully conscious of their own relationship to God and to one another, can stand up in the true dignity of their divine birth, and speak forth the thoughts which their own reason dictates, fervently, without malice, and with only one object in view, and that the true elevation of their fellow men, indeed will flowers bloom upon the desert pathways, and cooling fountains bless the withered, parched earth.—*Lycium Record.*

"Go Devil" is the latest name for Velocipede.

## Original Essays.

## THE STERLING.

From J. H. Powell's "Life Pictures," a new Inspirational Poem.

The humble of earth holding a dower Of genius, must be the exalted of kings In the world where genius alone has wings. When Nature hath need of a poet, or orator, A Newton or Kepler, a Harvey or Bacon, She mouldeth him with clay full often forsaken By the favored of fortune.

Dejected to-day, Cuffed and kicked by mankind, as nothing but clay, A man, to-morrow, may sit on Fame's throne The envied of Kings and the worshiped alone! The man, not his station's the thing for the task That Nature doth choose.

The sweet fruit, not the cask In which it's preserved, doth tempt the trained taste, The palate of a peasant or maiden chaste. The barrel may be sound and fetch in the mart, Its price in full, after fulfilling its part,— But the fruit delectable placed on the table, Delights the eye and excites the palate stable. Choice for the fruit! The cask may be sold—destroyed—

Nature from her own will is never decayed. A poet or painter's not a thing of wax: The dress may be costly or all dirt and cracks; But the Singer or Artist is more than clothes, And at the high bidding of Nature uprags!

Injudging of men, robed in ermine or rags, We must look "neath caste nor be dazzled by dais." The varnish put on thick will hide the wood's grain, To get right at the wood we scrape off all stain, The sterling shines plain, and it suffers no loss In the eye that sees no ingredit of dross.

Stage effects lose their charm in nearness of vision, And character true is not hurt by derision. All Nature exalts the inherent and real, And all is profound that her teachers reveal. No gilding is needed by Nature to hide Inferior formations—her mission and pride Is to be not seem to be honest and just, To obey her own laws with infinite trust.

## ON A CHILD'S DEATH.

One rose-bud in heaven half closed in a night On the earth, unfolding with petals all white. One angel "up hither" with never a stain. Free from sickness and sorrow and earthly pain. One lamb of a whole fold redeemed from the flock. One green ear of corn borne away from the shock. One dove on white pinions just flown from the nest,

Right proud of its liberty, strengthened and blest. One gentle ambassador gone to the skies To explore mansions many of Paradise. And return, like a dove, to the ark below, With tidings of love unconnected with woe; To descend on invisible, noiseless wings, And press all unseen, the soul's flesh-prisoned springs.

And set a singing the song-birds of Feeling, That nest in the spirit, ever revealing The joy that is latent—the music of soul That breaks into song when pure angels control.

Who shall say our dear ones like lilacs of spring, That are nipped in the bud by death's blighting sting, Forever removed from their kindred and kind Can always be happy from friends left behind? Away with all thought that the dead one is dead! That the mother no more may pillow his head! On her breast expanding with satisfied love, And nestle in there like a heavenly dove.

It is because the fleshly eye cannot see The freed spirit, that comes and sits on our knee, Lays its head on our breast and its hand in ours; That it is not, and cannot, be blessed with power.

To return to the loved it has left on earth? Whence comes the deep longing that death giveth birth?

In soul of the mother, when her babe is dead? Shall the body and not the spirit be freed? Shall the body commingling with common loam, Which lies like a tenacious house in the tomb, While it bids the soul here, receive what it craves,

And the spirit hunger and starve into graves? O, surely, the idol and hope of the hearth, Bathed in the waters of Life's heavenly bath, May drink at the fountain of purest affection, Nor suffer the doom of eternal rejection.

The author of "Life Pictures" is now in Chicago, making preparations to issue the poem of which the above are selections taken at random. The poem is in three cantos, more than three thousand lines in length, and is a purely inspirational production, full of progressive thought and spiritual teaching. The book will be issued by subscription, at \$1.50, postage twelve cents additional. As only a limited number of copies are to be issued, friends desiring to subscribe, may send their subscriptions to J. H. Powell, 148, 4th Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; or at Terre Haute, Indiana, box 54.

For The Religio-Philosophical Journal.

## Food for Thought.

BY WM. THOMPSON.

I have just read Mr. Beecher's sermon on "Divine Influence on the Human Soul," and the following are some of the thoughts which have been suggested thereby.

I think Mr. Beecher has plainly and clearly shown that God does not and cannot inspire any one with ideas above or beyond his or her own capacity; that is, he does not, and in the nature of things cannot inspire wisdom in a fool; neither can he inspire a rattle-brained fanatic with good common-sense and sound reason. A fool may be inspired, but his inspirations will be fanatical.

No doubt every person is more or less inspired, but every one in his or her own order, and each in accordance with his or her natural faculties; and those faculties are in accordance with the organization. Hence, a person with a small intellectual and moral, and large selfish and sensual organization, cannot be inspired with great and noble, and high and holy thoughts; as soon may we expect to see the little bearing apples and the bramble peaches.

Verily a person can be inspired only through the faculties which he or she already possesses; and although a person may have latent faculties yet undeveloped, yet such faculties must be developed before they can become channels of inspiration.

In this light let us briefly examine the inspirations of some of the writers of the "Holy Bible Book Divine." We will begin with Moses.

No doubt Moses was inspired, but, according to Mr. Beecher and common-sense, Moses could only be inspired through such faculties as he already possessed. Those faculties, being developed according to, or at most, but little beyond, the age and nation in which he lived, being that of semi-barbarism, his inspirations were, and of necessity must have been of a semi-barbarous nature.

Hence, Moses having a very arbitrary and tyrannical disposition, a disposition which could brook no opposition, a disposition to kill and destroy all who opposed him, he could be inspired only through such disposition. And here we see the whole secret of the angry, vacillating, bloodthirsty, vindictive and revengeful character of the Jewish God, as recorded in the Old Testament. Moses was just such a man, and hence, such were his inspirations, and such his God.

All the Jewish sacred writers in after times took their cue, more or less, from Moses, and of course, their writings are more or less of the same stamp; he being their great lawgiver and exemplar.

And now I wish to inquire—according to Mr. Beecher's showing, how much dependence ought we to place upon the Bible as the word of God? Mr. Beecher says: "How shall a man distinguish between his own mind's thought and the Divine influence? How shall I know whether the results to which I am brought are by my own thinking, or by God thinking in me and through me?"

How shall I know whether these motives are of my own self, or whether they are the concurrent, stimulating influences of the Divine mind? You cannot tell. It was not meant that you should. It is not necessary that you should. No man can say, 'This is I; and so much besides is not I, but God.'

Does not this settle the whole matter of Bible authority? If no man can say, "This is I, and this is God," how could the Bible writers say it? And when did they presume to say, "Thus saith the Lord," was it not far more likely that it was only themselves who spoke? And even if the Lord did inspire them, had not that inspiration to be expressed through the human faculties? This being so, was it not likely to be so adulterated by passing through such channels, that when expressed, it would be at least nine-tenths human, and that human, semi-barbarous? And even of the remaining one tenth, according to Mr. Beecher's showing, "no man can say" whether it was or was not of God.

What dependence then, can we place upon the Bible, when no man can say what part of it is the word of God, and what part the word of man? Were not the Bible writers men? And were they not liable to err, and to prefix "Thus saith the Lord," to their own futilities?

The inquiry now presents itself, how do we know that any of the Bible writers were inspired by God? How do we know that when they said, "Thus saith the Lord," it was all imagination? Or worse, how do we know that it was not often done intentionally, to deceive? Further, how do we know that there is such a being as the Bible God? How do we know that there is in the universe one great infinite spirit who creates, fills, appoints and governs all things? Who has ever seen him? Who has heard him speak? Who of any age, of any nation, or of any sect, ever has demonstrated or ever can demonstrate the existence of such a being? If there is such a being, then there is no room for finite spirits; for as no two things can occupy the same space, so two spirits cannot occupy the same place at the same time; and if there is one infinite spirit who fills all space, then there is no place in the universe for another spirit, great or small.

Yet most believe, and some claim to know, that there are countless millions of finite spirits in existence. If this be so, then in the very nature of things there can be no infinite spirit, for that cannot be infinite which does not occupy or fill, the whole of infinity.

Therefore common-sense teaches that we must give up the idea of an infinite spirit or of the existence of finite spirits. If we give up the latter, then we give up all hope, yea, even all possibility of immortality, together with our own consciousness thereof, and put ourselves on a level with the birds and beasts around us.

The prevailing idea is that God, or infinite spirit, is the father of all finite spirits; but if there is a father, must there not also be a mother of spirits? And does not this again destroy the idea of one infinite spirit, making two instead of one? Besides, this infinite father and mother must have room for their progeny; and the progeny are generally equal to the parents; if therefore, the parent spirits be infinite, does it not follow that the progeny must also be infinite. This would multiply infinities indefinitely; the idea of which is simply absurd. Yet, absurd and ludicrous as such an idea may be, it is the only legitimate sequence which can be deduced from the premises. There is not, there cannot be an infinite father of spirits. There can be no such thing as the propagation or multiplication of spirits.

There is no such thing as a newly born, newly developed, or newly individualized spirit. Spirits are not, and cannot be evolved from matter. All spirits are self-existent, co-existent, co-equal, and co-eternal. All spirits have always had and always will have, an individual existence. Every spirit is, and always has been equal in all respects to every other spirit. Spirits in the aggregate, are a perfect democracy, in which perfect love and perfect harmony eternally reigns. God, or the source of all power, therefore, instead of being one infinite spirit, is the pure and perfect democracy of spirits, in which

there is "no high, no low, no great, no small," all being on a perfect equality.

How then, are mortals inspired? Ans. By individual spirits; chiefly, each by his or her own spirit. The inspiration is in themselves. We may get ideas from spirits outside of ourselves as we get them from each other; yet it is doubtful whether any spirit ever does or ever can take possession of another spirit's organism; what is called spirit possession being simply psychological influence.

It may be asked, if there is no infinite, super-intending spirit, how shall we account for what we call the phenomena of nature? I answer, there is pervading all matter, a spirit-aura or atmosphere, emanating alike from all spirits, and which, together with them, is self-existent, which is to them a medium of transmission of knowledge, love and harmony. This aura or atmosphere is also the medium by or through which they operate in, not on, matter, and produce all the phenomena of nature. All operating unitedly and harmoniously through this medium, in what we call universal laws, and in a more detached or isolated, yet not inharmonious manner, in special providences; just as a large body of men may sometimes act all together, sometimes in smaller numbers, and sometimes even singly; some doing one thing and some another, yet all acting in harmony and for the general weal.

Marengo, Illinois, Feb. 14, 1889.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

## The Davenport Brothers in Baltimore.

BY WASH. A. DANKSIN.

MR. EDITOR:—During the past ten weeks, these young gentlemen, and Mr. Wm. M. Fay, have been doing a good work in the Monumental City.

The "Concordia," the largest and finest building of its order that we have,—was engaged for their Seances, and night after night, the presence of visitors from the invisible realms, were greeted by exclamations of wonder, by audiences composed of refined and intelligent citizens. There was no boisterous mirth exhibited, but respectful attention,—and many who thought themselves invincible skeptics before attending their seances, are now convinced that a new revelation is dawning upon our earth.

In your issue some three weeks since, I read a sharp criticism of the mode of advertising adopted by the Davenports, with a copy of their placard, wherein nothing is said of Spiritualism, and also an editorial paragraph in a subsequent paper, approving said criticism.

Now, I wish to say that I think this mode of treating our friends and co-laborers neither generous or judicious. Every medium is necessarily sensitive. Mediumship is based upon this very condition. If it did not exist with the mortal, no impression could be made by the spirit. This, of course, applies to all phases of mediumship. The inspirational, the impressionable, the trance, the test-media, are all keenly alive to the censure or eulogy which may be heaped upon them; but the medium for strong physical manifestations, such as are given through Mr. Fay and the Davenports, is more severely drawn upon by the controlling influences than those of any other class. These seances leave them exhausted, in a great degree of magnetism, and consequently, of vitality, which requires time and undisturbed mentality to restore.

Generally the large proportion of their auditors, are antagonistic as well as skeptical; and they also feel the bigoted prejudice, which pervades every community against them, and this, I think, is enough for any sensitive person to bear. But this, they expect, and are prepared to meet; but when the censure of friends is added to the calumnies of foes, then the burden becomes too heavy.

When a medium is detected in fraud or trickery, I deem it the duty of every Spiritualist, to expose the perpetrator and protect others from similar imposition; but when it is a mere question of form in advertising, it seems to me, the person immediately interested should be permitted to determine.

No one connected with the subject of Spirit intercourse, has been more open and fearless in presenting the facts of our scientific religion, than myself; but I can bear testimony to the benefit which the cause has derived from the very course which has been condemned in your paper.

There is a large class in every community, that would not enter a hall to witness spirit manifestations, but would eagerly flock to see any remarkable or unusual phenomenon, not explainable by the known laws of nature.—Minds that have been educated to spurn every phase of the supernatural or ghostly, but ready to bring keen intellects to the investigation of the heretofore unknown. And such minds have been present in large numbers at the seances of the Davenports.

If they, in word or deed, attempted to deny the source of the wonders which occur in their presence, then, with you, I should hold them delinquent; but this is not the case. Their Speaker at every exhibition, states distinctly that no mechanical agencies are employed; that no sleight of hand or jugglery is attempted; but that every manifestation is produced by invisible powers.

During their former visit, some few years since, as well as on this occasion, these young men won the respect of all who made their acquaintance. Their straight forward and business like manner in public, and their gentlemanly deportment in private life, have gained them many friends who will always welcome them to Baltimore.

Mrs. Hyzer is still growing in strength, and although she has been speaking for us nearly five years, we find her inspirations as fresh and seemingly as limitless, as the infinite source from which they are drawn.

Baltimore, March 1st, 1889.

John B. Gough's father was a "Peninsular soldier," and his mother the village school teacher of Sandgate, England, where John B. was born, in August, 1817.



For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
Free Thoughts on Spiritualism.  
BY FREDERICK LARKIN.

MR. EDITOR:—I noticed a few weeks ago, in the JOURNAL, an extract from a religious paper inviting Christians and infidels, saints and sinners, to write for it. As you seem to extend the same invitation, I take the liberty to accept it. I have been a reader of your paper since it was first established, and have had the pleasure of seeing one little article of mine occupying a place in its columns. My object in writing at this time, is not for the purpose of argument, but to congratulate the Spiritualists for their great success, in loosening the foundation rock of a superstition that has for more than fifteen hundred years held the minds of its subjects in the most abject slavery, locked them in dens of ignorance; ignored the highest and most glorious aspirations of the human heart, and met the most heaven-born efforts at the threshold with violence; aiming to overflow with benevolence and mercy, it has instituted the most cruel wars and bathed the eastern continent in blood and tears.

Professing to be the handmaid of science it has imprisoned its heroes and poured upon their heads the most shameful and unmitigated lies. Professing at the present time to have shed a halo of light all along its pathway, it instituted the dark ages and placed its iron heel upon every high, ennobling, and god-like principle that preceded it.

Pretending in this Nineteenth Century that it holds the people in bonds of love and friendship, there is not a little village in the land where a church is dedicated to its cruel god, but its dupes have quarreled with malignant hate over its most unnatural and silly creeds. Pretending to meet its opponents with rational arguments, it pours upon their heads the most bitter, cruel, and foolish slanders.

The superstition referred to is known and recognized as the christian religion. And in this country whoever disbelieves it, is called an infidel. Having labored for more than twenty-five years, in public and private, and as a lecturer, to persuade men and women to abandon this old flint-lock superstition that frightens ignorant women, and little boys and girls, with its red-hot hell, and fire and brimstone, with its cruel God, that puts his special friend Job, into the jaws of a demon that made him miserable with satanic cruelties, a God whose wrath could be appeased in no other way with Agag for exercising a little humanity, than the bewing him to pieces in his presence. I suppose according to Webster, I am regarded an infidel, and perhaps justly deserve the title. Instead of being frightened as many are, I feel proud of the name, for I am bound to be one that will spend the remainder of my days in crushing a hoary-headed monster that has insulted millions, with its childish puerilities and insane pomps. Being convinced years ago that human progress was inevitable, I longed to live and see the time when the shackles placed upon the struggling mind of man would be unloosed and his imprisoned thoughts and aspirations let into the glorious sunlight of philosophy, of nature and of liberty.

Being as I was and am now, a disbeliever in the soul's immortality and advocating the doctrine, I found it was unsatisfactory with persons that possessed, even skeptical proclivities. The desire to live again is so strong in the mind of man that he can hardly adopt the materialistic philosophy.

The Christians as they are called, worshipping a God that is a creature of their own creation, and the reflected image of themselves, and being as they are a little dishonest, the leaders have supposed they could cheat the Devil out of his just dues, and slide with little trouble onto the golden pavements of the New Jerusalem, at the same time cautioning their ignorant dupes to always put money into the begging box and keep their heads under water.

When Spiritualism began to be developed, I regarded it with little favor, at the same time I gave it an investigation, as I have always been willing and ready to swap the assumptions of yesterday for a truth of to-day, and I am forced to say with the great efforts that I have made to believe it or be convinced of a life beyond the grave I am an unbeliever still. But as skeptical as I am I regard the spiritual platform with great respect; it is the only system of religion, (if I may call it a religion, that in my estimation is entitled to respect. Its philosophy is broad as the extended heavens, goes from star to star, from system to system, opens the book of nature and reads lessons from the running brook and sermons from the pebble washed from the mountain sides.

Spiritualism is shorn of all the troubles that beset the Christian in his dark and weary pilgrimage of life. It has no red-hot hell to bring black despair. It cares not for the fashion of altars, the shape of gowns, the truce mode of baptism, or whether its speakers occupy an episcopal or a Methodist church.

I am free to say that Spiritualism has done more within the last ten years to elevate the minds of men and women, (for the women are not commanded to ask their ignorant husbands, at home for all knowledge,) than all the twelve thousand churches have done for eighteen hundred years. I am acquainted with hundreds of Spiritualists, both male and female, that were formerly members of different churches, that are to-day in common sense, practical education and practical goodness, a thousand per cent. above what they were, when confined within the prison walls of a creed.

And now Mr. Jones let me beg of you in connection with others in sympathy with you, to keep the wheels moving, the giant superstition that has crushed its subjects with iron feet and handled them, with iron hands is scrambling away and tottering to its foundation.

"Hoary-headed selfishness has left its death blow, and is tottering to the grave, A brighter morn awaits the human day, War with its million horrors and fierce hell Shall live but in the memory of time,

Who like a penitent libertine, shall start,  
Look back and shudder at his younger years."

I don't know but you may think I have made some charges against the orthodox mode of running religion that is too severe. If any of your readers that believe it, take exceptions to what I have said, I will invite them to a discussion, in which I will endeavor to defend all I have written, and will add a double portion to the catalogue. It is time, high time for Christian preachers to come forward and show cause for their great faith, (if any liberal or any other paper will give a little space.) I will challenge any one, to discuss with me on the infidel grounds. Come make a mighty effort my orthodox friends in your dying struggle, for as sure as heaven is above the earth "menehek" is written upon your walls.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
Sensationalism.  
BY PROF. J. H. POWELL.

Spiritualism has long been a power in the world, as *The Quarterly Review* said of it, years ago, "It is the great fact of the age."

We can not wonder, when we consider the motley assemblage of credulists, from whom Spiritualists originate, that there should be vast differences and occasional disaffection amongst members. This is only to be expected; but it is high time some voice were raised against that too common practice of organized Spiritual Societies, "running the machine" at high pressure, in direct disregard of all true spiritual teaching.

Everywhere we find more or less, a fatal tendency to sensationalism on the part of our societies, and this is felt oppressive to an incalculable degree by the medium, speaker or lecturer, who often jaded and sick, after weary travel, is called upon to take the rostrum, and expected to eclipse the last transcendental speaker. If he or she happens to hit the mark, all is well; but alas a day if the inspiration is owing to conditions not under control "the kettle of fish is all upset," and the unfortunate speaker may go to the devil or any where else, for all the caters to public sensationalism care.

No one acquainted with the Spiritualist Societies on this continent will fail to see the truth of this—too true picture. There are, I am glad to know, exceptions, where the proper spirit is manifested towards the speaker, and he or she is not expected to be any other individual but himself or herself or to exhibit characteristics out of the way of individualism or mediumship; in other words, kindness, brotherly feeling and true Spiritualism prevail.

I am aware that the general answer to my strictures would be, "We can pay our heavy expenses, only by drawing a crowd; and unless we get sensational speakers we can not keep the meetings going."

This is doubtless true of all those committees who shoulder the society as a theatrical manager does his theatre—to make money out of it. The question everywhere is, will it pay?

The answer I make is, that what pays in dollars, does not always pay in culture or soul-growth.

If I have not mistaken the needs of the hour I conclude justly, that sensationalism is the bane of progress; it ministers to an unhealthy condition of soul, and should be ignored rather than courted by Spiritualists. Our great work in Spiritualism, is to teach—teach grand truths—not to feed the insatiable appetite for the sensational. Speakers and mediums suffer more, than cast-iron committees can possibly realize. The Spirit-world gives through the medium inspirations which often fail to reach the souls of the committee, because of the cast-iron element. If committees run the "Spiritualist machine" with no higher idea than to make it pay in dollars, there will be very little spirituality diffused or vital religion, which, pure and undiluted, eschews selfish misrule.

The age is ripe for spiritual culture. Men and women of thought, are crying aloud for "more light," on all the great questions of soul-existence. Those who have faith in the Eternal, and are able to take their stand upon the platform of culture, need only to work and wait the dawn of a spiritual revival, which sooner or later will baptize the world in the Siloam of the Holy of Holies. We are mindful of the great difficulties which committees and conventions have had to surmount upon the money plane; but this does not nor should it close our eyes to the importance of culture as the primary object of our efforts as Spiritualists.

Lecturers who take the rostrum, must be encouraged to speak the truth, and nothing but the truth, on all questions of the hour—speak to the living consciences of men and women, rather than pander to the passion for sensationalism. If committees stand opposed to this, of what good, pray is their influence in the way of spiritualizing mankind. Better a small audience who take in the soil of their natures, the seed of eternal truth from the speaker, than a crowded house of gaping sensationalists, who leave the hall, only with keener appetite for some more sensational preaching.

Another thing, whilst I am on this subject. Committees who run the "Spiritualist machine," ought above all things, to secure their hired speakers from starvation wages. Shame upon any of them who speculate with the purses, happiness and life of the hard working lecturer. Better close the hall and force the speaker into other localities, than use him to build up a society without fair remuneration.

There is no doubt, that this question is a ticklish one, and I may expect a little feeling at my freedom of expression; but that I cannot allow to influence me against being truthful and defending the right. None who do justly by Lecturers will take my strictures to be personal; whilst those who rob the speaker merely to have the credit of "running the machine" without possessing legitimate means, may be induced to feel sorrow and do better; if so, I shall not have written in vain.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Reply to De los Duntun.

BY AUSTIN KENT.

BRO. JONES—I am a Spiritualist; yet I believe and think I know that more than half of the modern Spiritualist philosophy, is unreasonable, absurd, contradictory, and false. Is Mr. Duntun sure that the millions of Spiritualists do not need at least one critic amongst them? I know one man, who thinks they do. He mistakes, and so mistakes my position. I deny nothing because I cannot conceive or comprehend it. I have urged the impossibility of eternal improvement—not for the want of time in an endless future—not for want of matter in a (possible) boundless universe—not from lack of room in endless space. My reason is yet too finite, too dogmatic on that. I have urged its moral impossibility from what it necessarily implies of the badness of the past. My moral feelings had more to do than my reason in discarding the orthodox idea of hell. These sentiments, when freed from all fear, joined my reason in saying, "It is impossible! the idea is false!"

Now, if improvement is a law of the universe; if it is an eternal change for the better; then, at some time in the past, it must have been only less than infinitely bad. So much a "finite reason" can see and know. Bro. D., can it not? Our reason has little conception how bad, only less than infinitely bad. But it has so much, and so presents it to the moral sentiments of a well formed brain, that these sentiments instantly declare it impossible. Our best sentiments and our reason are one in affirming the impossibility of such badness in the past or in the future, with all the force of conviction, that finite minds can know and affirm anything. My reason cannot grasp a quadrillion. But it sees clearly that it is vastly more than one hundred which it does comprehend; and I can safely reason on that knowledge.

I must now attend to Bro. Duntun's, "opposite, power and motion," argument.

In nature, I see perpetual motion. Reason and experience tell me, if ever at rest, it could not have started without force applied to it; and that force so applied must become exhausted. I cannot comprehend motion without beginning; but it is in no way against my reason, so I conclude it was never started.

If our mind was of the condition of matter, as you and A. J. Davis, suggest; it had beginning as mind. For that reason must it not have an end as mind.

Stockton, New York.

## Our Children.

"A child is born; now take the germ and make it  
A bud of moral beauty. Let the dew  
Of knowledge, and the light of virtue, wake it  
In richest fragrance and in purest hue;  
For soon the gathering hand of death will break it  
From its weak stem of life, and it shall lose  
All power to charm; but if that lovely flower  
Hath swelled into pleasure, or subdued one pain,  
O how shall you that it has lived in vain!"

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Taming the Little Wild Bird. No. 3.

A Story for Little Children.

BY AUNT LEONORE.

Those who have read this simple and true story so far, will remember that by this time, our birdies had become so tame that they did not fly away when we went to feed them. I have forgotten to say that the father bird did not scold at us now, and try to drive us away, though he was a little shy. We always left a share of the food for him on the fresh green leaves, which he would take as soon as we turned away. There was nothing we gave them that they seemed to love so well as the nice white curd made out of sour milk. Perhaps some of my little readers may wish to try the experiment of taming the pretty birdies, next summer, and I will tell them how to make it. Take some thick, sour milk, in a small tin pail, or tin dish of any kind, then set the pail into hot or boiling water, stirring very carefully until it is as warm as the hand can bear, take the pail out of the water, let it stand to settle, turn off the whey, and you have a nice white curd, that is the best kind of food for young fowls of all kinds and for birdies; canaries are very fond of it.

I am sorry, I cannot tell you how long a time it took to hatch the eggs. But one morning when we went to feed them, we found the Mrs. Birdie in an entirely new mood. She would not touch her breakfast, and her little head-like eyes shone like sparks of fire. The feathers on the top of her head stood up straight and finally she bristled up all over just exactly as you have seen a hen when she was fighting to protect her chickens. She pecked my fingers as hard as she could with perfect spite and fury—I was a little astonished at first by such an exhibition of temper on such a little mite. But finally concluded that there was a cause for it, and that she must have made the discovery that she was a proud and happy mother that morning, and felt all the care and importance that such an event would impose upon her. To be sure of the fact, I just took up the little lady, and there found what looked as much like a great worm with two closed eyes, as anything I could think of, with not the least sign of a feather. While the mother looked on with an interest and expression which seemed to say, "There, did you or the rest of mankind, ever see anything so beautiful, so wonderful, so interesting as this child of mine. I expect it will make a great stir in the world by and by." After putting her carefully back onto her nest, she thought it best to take her breakfast. And now I made another discovery, that only one egg was hatched out each day, so that when the last one was hatched the first bird was four days old. And in that fact cannot the dear little children see, that our heavenly Father has exhibited just as much love and tender care and wisdom for the welfare and safety of these tiny helpless creatures, as he does for us and for all things that he has created. If all of the eggs had hatched out at the same time

the little things were so helpless, that they might all have been killed. Perhaps all children and some grown people do not know the fact, that no kind of bird or fowl feel there young till they are twenty-four hours old—Chickens, turkeys, ducks, geese—and doves, all the same. All they want is to be kept snug and warm, and to sleep all that time, and then they are ready for their share in the business of life. I watched them with much interest, but gave the care of them up to the poor child who had so much to suffer and so little to enjoy in this world.

In a few days there were five little mouths to feed, and it seemed as if they wanted to eat all the time. It was astonishing how fast they grew, and how they put on their feathery dress. For two or three days, the mother bird went through all the motions of acting very angry when we went to feed them. Bristling up, pecking our fingers, and making the sparks fly from her eyes. I expect she wanted to show us that she was very independent, could provide for her family with the help of their father, and do all of her own house-work. But it always ended in the same way. She would leap into our hands or stand on the side of her nest, and take what we had for her and give it to her darlings. By this time many children had heard about the birds, and came to see them.

I always took them to the garden, but sometimes had hard work to make them understand the necessity of being very quiet and gentle, with no rude words or acts. All of the little things would sit on our hands, but would not let any of the strange children touch them. Some of them wanted to take a bird home and put it in a cage, but I told them that I thought it was very cruel to shut them up and deprive them of their liberty, that the kind Creator had made them to enjoy by giving them wings to get out of the way of enemies, and go where they pleased with. Then I asked them how they would like to have some stranger come and take them away from their kind parents, their brothers and sisters and playmates, and carry them off to a strange land, and shut them up in a prison and lock the door so that they never could get out again. And another thing, I had succeeded in making the little innocent birds think I was their friend, and would be right after I had gained their confidence to betray them; by such a treacherous way of dealing with them? It would be too much like some people treated their friends and looked very wrong and wicked.

"Call a man a dog and he is apt to bite; teach a child that it is a 'worm' and it will crawl. But call the man a man, only a little lower than the angels, and he will aspire to become equal with them; teach the child that within its being is contained all the elements which constitute the kingdom of heaven, and that its inheritance is angelic, and its nature as such, surely expands in the right direction as that a cause must produce its legitimate effect.—*Lycium Record.*"

Dickens is coming money by his farewell readings. In the large cities of England only one quarter of the applicants for tickets are successful. After reading in Scotland and Ireland, he goes to Paris, where his audiences have hitherto been large and enthusiastic.

## SPEAKERS' REGISTER.

FORWARDED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WEEK.  
[To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore becomes necessary to promptly notify us of changes whenever they occur. This column is intended for lecturers only, and it is rapidly increasing in numbers that we are compelled to restrict it to the simple address, leaving particulars to be learned by special correspondence with the individuals.]  
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Miss Lizette Dutton. Address Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.  
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George Dutton, M. D., Rutland, Vt.  
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H. B. Jackson, Lowell, Mass.  
James P. Greenleaf. Address for the present 82 Washington avenue, Chelsea, Mass., or as above.  
Mrs. Laura De Force Gordon, San Francisco, Cal.  
K. Quaver, author of "Biography of Satan." Address Richmond, Ind.  
Laura De Force Gordon will lecture in the State of Nevada till further notice. Permanent address, Treasurer City, White Pine District, Lander Co., Nevada.  
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## Religio-Philosophical Journal

CHICAGO, APRIL 3, 1899.

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ial Department of this paper, should be addressed to S. S.  
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The Pen is mightier than the sword.

## THE STATUS OF SPIRITUALISM.

Notwithstanding scientists, the church and stolid bigotry generally, have vied with each other in the wholesale attempt to have the masses believe that Spiritualism was only an arrant humbug, and the clever-tricks of willful and designing tricksters, who either from mere love of practicing deception, or for mercenary motives, were endeavoring to hoodwink and deceive old women and other gullible and equally unsophisticated portions of humanity, the conviction is, to-day, fastening itself upon the public mind with a tenacity and immovability, both in Europe and America, never before realized in the history of modern Spiritualism. In fact those individuals, associations and communities, who have stoutly, for years past succeeded, as it were, partially, in staying the spread of Spiritualism, by their, in some instances, determined indifference, and in others by the cry of humbug, magnetism and electricity, find that they can no longer arrest the attention of the public from the remarkable phenomena which is constantly transpiring in both hemispheres; and it would seem, from present indications that the world was upon the eve of a mighty deluge of the spread of a belief in the facts of the spiritual phenomena.

To every honest observing mind, it must be manifestly clear, that the public has been wrought up to a state of inquiry and a pitch of anxiety, in which they involuntarily demand of those who assume to lead or think for them, in matters pertaining to science and theology, an explanation of these unusual and extraordinary occurrences, daily transpiring; which when explained away upon a unwarranted hypothesis, immediately transpire again, in a way and manner, which the explanation does not reach or cover.

This phase, in the progress of Spiritualism, has well nigh spent itself, and the public mind can be quieted but little longer with anything short of a full and explicit explanation, wherein there cannot be the shadow of a doubt. Involuntarily people are asking, and asking with an anxiety that nothing will satisfy, short of facts—facts clearly and explicitly demonstrated to the understanding of the unlettered rustic as well as to those who may justly boast of scholastic and scientific attainments, to know why their repose and quiet in the possession of their ideas upon scientific and religious subjects and theories, handed down from generation to generation, and hence bearing the venerable seal of time, should be disturbed or marred? Consequently this universally widespread demand, must speedily bring the facts of Spiritualism to a clearly defined issue; a consummation and result anticipated and foreseen, unquestionably, by those minds invisibly managing the spiritual side of the question; in the grasp of which is embraced, the hopes, the welfare and salvation of a world.

The question, therefore, may clearly be discerned by the tone of the public press, evidences of which may be found elsewhere in this number of the JOURNAL, being about to be brought to an issue, there can be no doubt as to the result. Being foreseen by our spirit friends, they are forearmed and ready, when the auspicious moment arrives, (the time when mankind demand and can bear the great flood of spirit revelations in waiting for them), to strike a decisive and effectual blow. And we have an abiding assurance that this will be neither too soon or too late. But heaven equal assurance that such a climax is at hand; even at the threshold of humanity.

For ourself, we welcome it. We hail that glorious morn when heaven and earth shall meet. When they who mourn for their dead shall mourn no longer. When the dark and dismal creeds and beliefs, that now cast a pall over this fair, blooming earth, shall rise and be dispelled by the realization of a heavenly truth, as a mist is dispelled by a morning's sun. For humanity's sake, we welcome it, for the sake of that innumerable host, reckoned as dead, we hail it; that loved ones from the Summerland may approach their friends on earth and breathe into their beings the fact that they "still live." And finally, we hail it, because we know it must come—as it is at hand; and that Spiritualism is to be the great, grand triumph of the nineteenth century.

## TRUE TO HIS ORIGIN AND EXTERNAL SURROUNDINGS.

We learn of a man who says that when he receives his thirteen numbers complete, for which he has paid twenty-five cents, and which has cost us full seventy-five cents, he will send twenty-five cents more, in another name and get the paper three months longer, and will keep on doing so as long as we keep our proposition open for trial subscribers at that rate.

He may succeed in taking advantage of a generous offer, and we never know of it. We advise him to try it, if he feels like it, and if he is as bold as some other knaves are, he may escape detection. But he may rest assured that there is one who will know it, one who will know that he did a low mean act and one who will tell him of it, day by day, so long as he sees the paper, and for many, very many years thereafter.

ter. As he gets older and wiser, he will find his own conscience, daily accusing him, until he feels to hate himself; and yet the hated self will stick to him like the "old man of the sea," stuck to the other "Sinbad!"

Maybe, too, that some neighbor, some post master or even some one supposed to be his best friend, will tell us of it, and we in turn would tell a hundred thousand readers of it! How would the man feel then?

Again, suppose the man is a Spiritualist. Did he ever stop to think of the many spirit friends, that would behold him reading a paper that he had obtained for one-third of its real cost, by fraud, the offer only being made for the benefit of those who were unacquainted with the merits of the JOURNAL. There may be men and women so weak as to fall when there is no greater temptation than the one alluded to, but we cannot believe that there is a Spiritualist, who would or could be induced to try so dangerous an experiment.

We have concluded to keep our proposition for trial subscribers, still open for a few weeks longer, and all who feel inclined to use their influence to induce those who are unacquainted with the merits of the JOURNAL, to try it for three months at twenty-five cents each, will confer a favor upon us, which we shall be happy to reciprocate.

The receipt of a letter from a good brother, inspired us to write upon this subject. We have written just as we feel about it; and, having large confidence in human nature, and especially in the moralizing tendency of the JOURNAL, and Spiritualism, we do not believe that a single soul who takes this paper and reads it for three months, could be induced to wrong us out of a penny.

## DISCUSSION ON SPIRITUALISM, BETWEEN PROF. J. H. POWELL AND DR. SMITH.

On Sunday, March 21st, Professor J. H. Powell went to Crosby's Music Hall, to meet Dr. Brown Williams, who had consented to take the affirmative on the question, "Resolved that so-called Spiritual Manifestations are not referable to departed spirits."

In the absence of Dr. Williams, on account of sickness, Dr. Smith of Normal, Ill., came on the platform at urgent solicitation of gentlemen present, and offered objections to the positions of Spiritualists, from what he termed a scientific standpoint.

Professor Powell in his opening remarks drew a general outline of Spiritualism in its ancient and modern phases, and asserted that there lay deep down in the human soul yearnings for a better and continued life, and referred to the demonstrations of modern Spiritualism as proof that those yearnings were not a mere delusion.

Dr. Smith replied to Prof. Powell by saying that he had given no evidence whatever of the existence of a future life—that he had only said that men desired a future life, ergo they would necessarily get it. This was not reasonable. People desired money and food and did not always get their desires gratified.

Dr. Smith detailed some curious facts in connection with dreams which he had realized. Stating, that once he was puzzled how to perform a piece of work with an electrical apparatus when a certain Dr. Powell came to him in a dream, gave him the required information, which enabled him to get over his difficulty with the apparatus when in the waking state.

The Doctor detailed another dream which he had, where a hog made its appearance and gave him information which resulted in certain improvements when in the waking state again.

Was he to understand that a hog had actually come to him, if so, how could a hog talk?

Professor Powell said in explanation, that he had not argued that merely to desire a future life was evidence of its existence, but that there were deep down in the human soul desires and longings that only immortality could satisfy and that the every day facts of Spiritualism demonstrated the conscious existence of man after death. The decay of flesh and feast of worms, and farther, the law of compensation demanded future existence. He instanced the death of children, asking if justice were done the case of those who were cut off in the bud if there were no future for their development to the full blossom?

His opponent had not yet made a point by saying that because people desired money and food and got neither, that it might be the same with the desire for a future existence. It was well known that money and food were in existence, and if those desiring them failed to have the desire satisfied, the fault was in society. The argument only supported the idea of future existence.

Respecting Dr. Smith's dreams, he had only to say that intelligence was connected with them. He could not help it that the spirits should choose a hog as the most afflicting medium through which they could reach his friend's mind.

Dr. Smith contended that it was not for him to say what he believed, he wished rather to get facts. He asked Prof. Powell to give facts and that gentleman had failed to do so. It was no use theorizing. He might say that there was a hole in the moon, but such an extraordinary statement would require extraordinary evidence.

Prof. Powell wished to know what else he could do, other than give as he had done, facts in his own and other people's experience. He had mentioned the case of the daughter of Judge Edmonds, speaking in languages unknown to her, and contended that such a feat was impossible aside from extraneous intelligence. What was this but a fact? He had also alluded to spirit pictures on which his own father and mother's likenesses appeared, that same father and mother dying in England and presenting their images on the plates in Buffalo, New York, nearly four thousand miles away. Was not that a fact?

Dr. Smith persisted in stating that Professor Powell failed to give evidence. He could not be so ungentlemanly as to deny Mr. Powell's

statements about the spirit photographs or the case of Judge Edmonds's daughter, speaking Greek, etc., but these statements were no proof that spirits had anything to do with the matter.

The age was getting more liberal; old ideas of God and the Devil were dying out. There was force at work of which we were not yet prepared to talk knowingly. It was a mistake to attribute anything that could not be accounted for, to spirits.

Prof. Powell replied, what does the gentleman mean by facts and evidence? He had been dealing in facts all along, and had been piling up the evidence throughout. What more could he do? If the gentleman would take only one of his facts and deal with it fairly, he would have enough to keep him employed until he was driven into Spiritualism. He (Prof. Powell) could not bring the spirits in *propria persona*, right there upon the platform, or he would do so. If his opponent meant him to do so before he would be satisfied, all he could say was, that he himself must submit to a like task and bring his "hog" upon the stage that he might behold it with the physical eye.

Dr. Smith next spoke of "Imagination," and "witchcraft," contending that the age was advancing and we were becoming more scientific, and consequently, less superstitious, contending still that Mr. Powell had not given a particle of evidence in favor of the spirit-theory.

Professor Powell contended that the reference to "imagination," was a common one, and withal an easy stalking horse used mostly by men who would pass for scientists. But imagination was something more, it had a beautiful use in the human economy, and was a kaleidoscope for spirit use. Nothing could exist without a purpose, and nothing was lost in nature. He could not suppose that the Almighty had given his creatures imagination to deceive them.

Further, the argument about witches told equally against his opponent.

Change the word witches to mediums, and we could comprehend the matter. If witchcraft was not a fact, the dignitaries of State and Church, who were instrumental in putting thousands of women to death, were all fools, to say nothing worse about them.

If there was one question which roused his sympathies, it was this one of mediums, call them witches, or not. Persecution was not at an end, it did not die with the English and Salem witchcraft.

Dr. Smith detailed certain experiences of his own, in relation to experiments he had made with electrical apparatus, but not having time, he was excused for not accounting for so-called spiritual manifestations on principles different to Spiritualists.

This about concluded two sessions. At the third and concluding session, Professor Powell briefly ran over Dr. Smith's position, and after alluding to the statement in the Bible that the holy spirit descended in the form of a dove, saying that whilst in the case of his friend, Dr. Smith, the holy spirit descended in the symbol of a hog, it was only an evidence that God was in all life.

Prof. Powell next introduced a paragraph from Professor Hare's testimony, published in Hare's elaborate work, relating the fact, that a spirit went from Cape May Island to Philadelphia and ascertained through Mrs. Gourlay, a medium, when a bank bill would become due.

He contended that there was not putting such testimony on one side, that settled the question in favor of Spiritualism. He next alluded to the fact as given in W. M. Wilkinson's "Spirit Drawings," that Mr. Buckle, the author of the "History of civilization," when he took his last journey which ended at Damascus, he was there thrown into the spiritual state, and for the first time received evidence which caused him two sleepless nights, because they were anti to the philosophy of his whole life. Mr. Buckle and three others resolved on their return to England to investigate this whole spiritual question, but he was cut off by the hand of death.

La Roy Sunderland in his new book, "The Trance," said prefatorily, that since 1848, he had himself witnessed the "mysterious rap," and he does not attempt to account for the phenomenon on principles of pathetism. Here was an expression of honesty, but any theory that did not cover the whole ground of spiritual phenomena, the raps and the trance, and every other phase of manifestation, fell to the ground.

After alluding to Faraday and Brewster, and stating that the spirits spoke for themselves, by saying in all cases that they were neither more nor less, than the spirits of persons once embodied on the earth.

Mr. Powell desisted vigorously and enthusiastically on the philosophy of Spiritualism.

Dr. Smith did not evince any disposition to reply, but on being called upon, made a speech devoting his time principally in developing his ideas of a theory of life, using the idea that the world of matter, was controlled by the world of mind.

Professor Powell briefly replied by stating that Dr. Smith would have saved the debate, if he had taken his present position in the morning, that it was no matter whether the word, mind or spirit was used, so that the thing itself was understood.

The audiences were good, intelligent and interested.

It is but justice to say that Dr. Smith had not time to put forth his theory as he evidently was capable of doing.

## FREDERICKTOWN, MADISON CO., MO.

Daniel Hartkopf writing from the above named place, speaks in the highest terms of that section of country as adapted to every facility for good workers to live comfortably.

## LIBRARY HALL MEETINGS.

Our synopsis of E. S. Wheeler's last Sunday's discourse, is this week unavoidably crowded out. It will appear in our next issue.

## THE NEW BOOK, FLANCHETTE.

Already this work has passed to its third edition. No book published since that renowned work, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," has ever caused such a sensation in the minds of the American people, as this new work, by—well, we will not mention his name, yet he is well known to famous an author.

The leading secular press are loud in praise of this work. They even vie with each other in bestowing praise. The following we clip from the *Evening Post*, of this city:

"The recent publication in Boston of a book fancifully named 'Flanchette,' which is a resume of the history of that series of phenomena called Spiritualism, and an argument in favor of the reality and supernatural origin of what the Spiritualists regard as proof of their faith, would not cause any other sensation than that awakened by the numerous Spiritualistic works, which have of late years been given to the public, had not the author gone a step or two beyond the ordinary theory in that field, and asserted for himself and the individuals of his school, profound belief in what modern civilization has heretofore called impossible, to wit, the existence and frequent appearance of disembodied spirits or ghosts, and the possibility it not the actuality of witchcraft. The author, who is anonymous, is no ignorant man, and one who elaborates current history and psychology, and who as a sensational writer works up a tale of local horror. He is well informed, earnest, and if sometimes grossly illogical, is not wanting in scholarship necessary to his purpose. He has made a rather tedious and interesting volume, which almost any man whose theology is not a bar to the reception of a new idea, and who is not scared by an opinion differing from his own, will not find it difficult to read, and he has mastered its statements and sounded its reasonings."

It is our purpose to enter upon the discussion of any of the questions suggested by the volume of which we speak; indeed we could not do so without opening our columns to a wrangle that would interfere with our purpose, and the probability of arriving at any near a solution of the matter in issue than we are now. We desire rather to call the attention of our readers to the curious and interesting phenomena of Spiritualism, and to modern thought and inquiry which this book contains and to point out to the clerical profession, which, par excellence, is the guardian of what is essential to the world's progress, and its salvation hereafter, the necessity of devising ways and means for arresting this retrograde movement toward what it must regard as the puerility of semi-barbarism. While the members of that profession, whose education is mainly of the classical-theological type, having little or no admixture of modern science as a balance wheel to divine zeal, are disputing about the other points of doctrine, or the observance of forms, which to men of larger view seem of less importance than the difference between twelfth-century and twelfth-century, this revival of the old superstition which we supposed that Christianity had conquered, has been going on to such an extent that the number of those who pin their faith to the revelations of rapping, table-tipping, demonology, witchcraft, and other forms of spiritual communication, as their guides to knowledge and comfort, is far greater in the United States than the number of the adherents of any single form of the Protestant faith. This is a startling fact, and while it argues no want of industry and zeal on the part of the soldiers on the watch tower of Zion, we insist that it is one of the many proofs that the counsel of wisdom, which we look for a solution of the problems connected with the Holy Communion, are in some way sadly deficient in their preparation for the great fight that is going on around the world. Spiritualists are leading on as a mass in the direction that we have indicated. There is no process of consolidation a school of scientific Materialists, composed of men of the rarest talent and ripest attainments, which influence is felt wherever the English tongue is spoken, or where the Holy Scriptures are read. Huxley, Darwin, Tyndall, Joule, and others in England, with troops of disciples in this country, treat the clergy and our holy faith with ill-concealed contempt. Their dangerous and presumptuous teachings which substitute the unchangeableness of Law for the necessity of Revelation, are penetrating every college and school-house in the land, and are being taught to the young and the old, the ignorant and the learned, the pious and the infidel, the honest and the dishonest, they have put scholastic theology on the defensive.

Between those opposing forces, which threaten the subversion of the Christian faith, stand our nearly impotent clergy, armed only with the armor of a limited mythology, which they use for in college, and the panoply of the sect of their choice, which they put on in the theological school. And the raging contest which Orthodoxy maintains with the disciples of the Foxgrip, the Davenport brothers, and Mr. Home, on one side, and the clear-headed, self-poised teachers of Materialism on the other, how almost utterly powerless they seem to be. The Christian world cannot much longer trust the defence of their faith to the clergy and their. The time has come to demand of the clergy a wider and deeper culture that they may more successfully cope with those by whom the belief in the personality of the Creator, his miraculous dealings with men, and the infallible text of his revelations are assailed. Ability to read some Latin and less Greek, and to expound the creed of his denomination is not enough to fill the armor of the man who Huxley, Darwin, Tyndall, Joule, and others of modern pulpits, needs a reinforcement from modern science, from history reinterpreted by Democracy, especially, and from the fullness and vigor of all Modern Thought. The old faith must not be suffered to die out of the human heart for want of men who have the training and the talent necessary to defend it. Yet to-day, it is pressed as it never was before, because its guardians and propagators are not equal to the task which is imposed upon them. They stand as a bar to Christian progress, because they have no power, when assailed by a new fact of science or a new generalization from a series of facts, to do more than deny; and denial for days goes for nothing. As no man doubts that the wonders of revelation are reconcilable with all the wonders, known or to be developed, of all the branches of science, Spiritualism and the basis of Materialism, which is the basis of modern thought, has a right to demand a clergy that is capable of effecting that reconciliation and of bringing all the doubts within the Christian fold. Such a clergy is the unsatisfied demand of the time.

## SENSATIONALISM.

Under the above caption, will be found in another column, an article by Prof. Powell. The article undoubtedly expresses the views of the writer. We consider it ill advised and uncalled for. It is not generous; it is unkind towards many good and true men, who exert themselves to promulgate the truths of our philosophy.

It often happens that men who are entirely unqualified to hold an audience, ridicule trance mediums and speakers who call out many hearers, whenever they are announced to speak. We hope the time is not very remote, when such a spirit as is manifested in the article referred to, will be less frequent.

## FLANCHETTE—THE DESPAIR OF SCIENCE.

The above named work is one of the very best books ever published. Every Spiritualist throughout the country should send for it at once. It abounds in facts demonstrating the truth of Spiritualism beyond cavil. The secular press everywhere speak in the highest terms of it. The work has passed to the third edition in about as many weeks.

For sale at this office. Sent by mail on receipt of \$1.25 and 6c. for postage. Address S. S. Jones, 84 Dearborn st., Chicago, Ill.

Modesty is a becoming quality.

## Literary Notices.

The Atlantic Monthly for March, 1899, contains, among other papers of interest, an installment of "A new Chapter of Christian Evidences," which will be specially interesting to radicals of every phase.

The writer undertakes to show that while all other religions except Brahminism and Judaism, are 'ethnic,' that is, peculiar to races—Christianity is at once Catholic and adapted to all races.

There is considerable scholarship brought to bear upon the subject, yet we do not see that the writer has proved his case. He has over ten pages of the Magazine full of research and argument, suggestive at least to the thinker, but he has failed to define Christianity, although here and there we get a glimpse of undogmatic truth underlying Theology, and presented in the name of Christ.

If the dogmas, the vicarious sacrifice, the Trinity, baptismal regeneration, endless hell for the unregenerate in Christ, and the resurrection of the body, be expunged from the system denominated "Christian," which must be to give the religion Catholicity. What is here left, save the ethical and spiritual graces, which belong, not only to Christ, but to all mankind, more or less?

The first part of "A New Chapter on Christian Evidence," falling to meet the required necessities of the argument, it is doubtful if the future parts will succeed. Learned epistles may charm the historic student, but on a vital question like religion they often involve the subject in deeper mystery. It seems to us that the Atlantic Monthly makes just this mistake.

However, the article in question, is a great step in the direction of Liberalism, and will do good. The time has not yet come for the Atlantic Monthly to restore the Religion of Humanity, which is working in every system of religion, ethical or Catholic.

"Human Nature" comes to us regularly from England. It is a magazine deserving a large patronage from the friends of progress on this side of the Atlantic. It takes up Anthropology and subjects branching out of it. Spiritualism, Vaccination, Phrenology, Reports of Progress, all come in for attention.

James Burns, the editor and proprietor is a reformer; anti-tobacco, anti-flesh, anti-beer, anti in everything not set down in the science of life, as good for man.

The most interesting of the papers that have appeared of late in "Human Nature," have been those written by Mr. Jenkins, testifying to certain phenomena of a before unheard of character in modern manifestations, in which Mr. Home was the prime medium. We allude to the "Fire Test," and to the extraordinary spirit test of carrying Mr. Home bodily through the window of the room in which he was, into the open air, eighty feet above the ground, and bringing him back again in at another window.

The December number of "Human Nature," contains a letter from the pen of J. H. Powell, detailing experiences in America. We wish "Human Nature" increased patronage, and can recommend it heartily, knowing that it is doing a good work in the Old Land.

The Boston Investigator keeps its even temper, but although touching the question of Spiritualism always, fails to make out a case against it.

"My Experience with Test Mediums," by John Jenkins, is a poor composition, to say the least. John Jenkins should conclude, "I am Sir Oracle, when I open my mouth, let no dog bark."

The paper in other particulars, is up to the mark and deserves encouragement. "Horace Seaver, the editor, is a staunch reformer, one who, like a true soldier, sticks to his guns.

The "Triumph of Criticism, a critical and Paradox Work on the Bible, etc.," by M. B. Craven; Barclay and Co., 610 Arch street, Philadelphia, publishers, is a pamphlet of sixty-four pages, and a temperate discussion of Theological difficulties.

The writer reasons as a sage, and makes his case out reasonably. He endeavors to retain all the true and useful in Christianity, but to expunge the contradictory and false.

The Radical for February contains a conversation upon "Woman," by A. Bronson Alcott. Al, though a subject which just now is occupying a great deal of public attention, and which forces itself upon the thinking mind, underlying all schemes of reform; the Woman Question calls for answer and will not be silenced.

The question of "Labor," another most important subject, is ably considered by E. D. Cheney in a paper headed, "Abstract of Report of the Industrial Labor Association." We have not space to do full justice to *The Radical*. It is ably conducted, and the medium of much readable matter. The second part of a translation from the French of Saint Beuve, on M. Ernest Renan, is quite worth the price of the present number.

Peterson's Magazine for April opens with an engraving "Grandfather's Pipe," which is an excellent natural home picture, making us at home at once with the contents of the Magazine. There are also some good fashions for the ladies, and excellent reading of a light character.

## DR. DUNN AT DECATUR.

We learn from a well written article, published in the *Decatur Republican*, that the above named Brother is meeting with good success at Decatur. We should be most happy to transfer the article to our columns if practicable.

## PALOMA HILL.

Bro. Jacob Blongar writing from the above named place, speaks well of the labors of Bro. S. C. Childs who has recently been speaking at that town, and who may hereafter be addressed as follows:

S. C. Childs, Camp Point, Adams Co., Ill.







## Communications from the Inner Life.

He shall give his angelic charge concerning thee."

All Communications under this head are given through

**MRS. A. H. ROBINSON,**  
well-developed trance medium, and may be implicitly relied upon as coming from the source they purport to be the spirit world.

(Reported by Elsie and Marion, short hand reporters, 118 Dearborn street, Chicago, Illinois.)

Our Questions, to be answered at our Inner Life seances, should be concise, well written, and directed to the editor, when in convenient for the questioner to be present at the seance.

### INVOCATION.

Oh! Thou who art infinite in wisdom; Thou who hearkenest unto the petitions of Thy children; Thou who art ever ready to grant a supply adequate to every demand; Thou hast planted within the breasts of Thy children a desire to come nearer unto Thee, that they may learn wisdom and truth, and gain that light that shall illuminate their pathway, and guide them safely unto that haven of rest which Thou hast prepared for each and every one of them.

Our Father! may we ever live in that light; may we ever be able to deal justly with each other. May we ever be reconciled unto Thy laws, that in the end work for good to all. May Thy children who now worship Thee through flesh, listen to Thy voice that speaks through nature and tells them that Thou art love. We realize, our Father, that Thou art goodness. We hear Thy voice in the warbling songster we hear Thee in the mighty waters; we hear Thee in the rippling stream; we see Thee in the lightning's flash, and hear Thy voice in the rolling thunder.

Yes, Father, we see and hear Thee in all Thy beautiful works. We feel, too, that we are Thine own children. We feel to ask Thy blessing to rest upon us, for although we are Thy children we feel that we are often too hasty in our judgment. We need more of Thy light to guide us to wisdom and lead us to clarity toward those who are in darkness and gloom. We feel to bless Thee for that light; we feel to praise Thee forever more; yes, forever more would we praise Thee.

### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

**MR. EDITOR:** Is it possible for you to get a communication from Robert S. Johnson, a young man who died in Gallatin, Tennessee, during the war.

His mother is almost crazy about him. I think if she could have a true message from him that she would become reconciled. She reads your paper. If you can get a communication from him, please send it to me and I will send it to her.

M. W. CORDELL.

Ann Arbor, Feb. 18th, 1869.

A. We shall say to this, if it were true, as many suppose, that all communications given in this way were received in a similar manner to this—that is the names of the spirits—that might take this letter and give the desired communication. But it is not, and the spirit, when called upon, does not present itself; therefore, we shall not be able to give the desired information in regard to it.

The messages in this paper as well as in the *BANNER OF LIGHT*, are the subject of a great deal of thought; and it is well. For if there is never one communication given that is identified, it shows the condition of spirits after leaving the material plane of life. It shows that they are not all perfect simply because they have left the material form. They do not at once go into possession of knowledge, power and wisdom; but the spiritual plane is a plane of development and unfolding, corresponding to the material; but in every way superior to it.

We can say to the bereaved mother that suffers so much in consequence of the loss of her son, that her son is not lost; that he is not far away. Lost to her sense of sight and hearing; and yet every act of hers may be known to him. The mere fact that she grieves so much and thinks so much of him, should be evidence to her of his presence; and as she would value his happiness were he yet upon the material plane of life, she must not let him see her grief. She must consider where he is to-day. Although far away from you at the time that his spirit left material things, yet his first work was to visit her in her home.

We cannot say that the cause was any more noble than as though he had passed from this life in any other way, or from any other cause. It was well for him; it shall be well for her. Having experienced the suffering incident to material things, think how blessed it is for him to escape all that suffering. Again, realize this fact that he has passed to a plane of life where all things are beautiful; where love and harmony prevail; where discord is not known; and also where he can be able to do more for your own happiness than perhaps he could have done had he remained with you in the earth-life.

Think of all these things. Think of God as being a God of justice—a God of love, and trust your son in the hands of one that possesses such infinite wisdom and goodness. Think that really the time is but short at the longest, when you too, will greet him in that plane of life where all is well.

QUESTION BY L. HANES

Q. Why is it that the spirit friends of those who request them to do so, do not communicate to their friends who are ready and anxious to confirm it, as well as those who are not known and are scarce ever recognized?

A. Why spirits do not control, we suppose is from the simple fact that it is not in their power to do so. That there are spirits who control, that have no friends to identify them, we do not really believe to be the case. Individuals may recognize the communication of a spirit purporting to give a communication, and yet not be willing that the world should know the source.

Others, that are willing, omit to send any note to the publishers. There are a great many things of that kind that prevent communications from being publicly identified. Then again, spirits control, not for the purpose of being identified, but because they have a desire to manifest themselves, and give their thoughts—their ideas of things upon the spiritual plane. There is no one communication lost, because they all help to make up and show the measure of thought and expression and life of spirits on the spiritual plane.

QUESTIONS BY MR. POWELL.

Q. Would it not be of more importance to have such communications and confirmations, than from a class of spirits not recognized?

A. No, not to the skeptical world. And why? Because it is the easiest thing in the world for them to think that those who already believe in the fact of communication with spirits—that they might send all of these facts to the medium, and that that was the way they came in possession of such facts, and then stand ready to send corroborative testimony of the same.

Then, again, those that are already convinced of the fact, have plenty of other means to communicate with those friends, aside from these messages that are published. It is hard to satisfy every one, and yet all must be satisfied with the great, positive minds controlling all.

Q. What are the best means to organize Spiritualists to avoid dissension?

A. We agree with our good brother that says "whatever is, is right." So whatever form of organization Spiritualists as a body may adopt, it will be right for the time being. Yet we know of no form which they may adopt, that will be lasting. That which would be best for them to-day, would not be best for them to-morrow. We know of no organization, no creed, they could adopt, no specified forms for them to adhere to, that would in any way advance the great fundamental principles underlying Spiritualism and spirit communication.

It would be a very nice thing, perhaps, for individuals to have some form of organization for the purpose of receiving sufficient compensation for their labors. It might be good for them. But for the great principle underlying this, we see no great need for it.

Q. Will you explain the nature of spheres and atmospheres?

A. We will explain it by referring to the different grades of society upon this material plane of life, and let you judge for yourself of the atmosphere pervading each. We have never yet been able to see the separate, distinct spheres upon the spiritual plane of life, as many have. Perhaps it is because we never left the second sphere of existence.

Q. I am alluding to the different spirit spheres in which every individual exists. I want to draw your attention to that. The answering of this question would resolve, it seems to me, an explanation of how it is that people feel so drawn to each other, or repelled. I think it is owing to the magnetic sphere surrounding us.

And the atmosphere, as I understand it—when spirits are in the same atmosphere, they can see each other. I don't know whether I am right, but that is my view of the matter. Perhaps you can explain it.

A. I don't know as we could explain it in any other way than that spirits or individuals that are upon the same plane of thought, are drawn towards each other, and so with feelings. And again, it may not be so much the different spheres surrounding the individual, as the positive and negative forces surrounding each—the negative overcome by the positive.

Q. If I understand my position, I should say that the sphere of an individual would be positive itself. If a mind is positive, it imparts that positive character to its own sphere; and if it is negative, vice versa.

A. Each one may be positive to themselves, and yet negative to another, as the case may be. Why it is that individuals feel this attraction and repulsion we cannot say. There is something within them, when this feeling of repulsion exists, which shows that they are not harmonious in their organizations. But just why, we cannot tell, any more than we could tell why it was that individuals should have the different experiences that they do.

Q. Are spirits of one sphere conscious of the presence of spirits of another sphere?

A. We infer, from the ideas advanced by our brother, that each individual has a sphere corresponding with his own development and unfolding. But that these are separate and distinct from the others, we do not see. The spiritual plane of life is not distinct and separate from the material plane of life. You live upon the material, and I upon the spiritual; yet we are both here, upon what is to you the material plane of life.

Q. Do we not live in a spiritual condition while we are here, a part of our time?

A. Spiritually, so far as that is concerned, but not spiritually upon the spiritual plane of life while the material organism contains the spirit. We can never go backward in our unfolding. No matter what our experience may be, it is ever onward, but never backward. So when we leave the material organism, then we can see the spiritual plane of life, and be conscious of its existence; also the material plane of life which we have just left.

That is, we may be conscious of material things, although we do not contend with them as we did while yet retaining the material organism.

Q. So I understand by that, that you mean simply that when a spirit leaves the body and goes into the spirit world, it can never retrograde, or come back; or do I understand that human beings cannot retrograde? Persons may be very good to-day, and very vicious and bad to-morrow.

A. That which is seemingly bad; we know of nothing that is really bad. No matter what your experience may be, no matter how terrible the deeds may be which you commit; no matter how terrible for other individuals to look

upon; yet those very acts of yours are necessary for your interior unfolding.

Q. I do believe all things may be necessary but not right.

A. Well, we will say all things are necessarily right. We won't say right, but necessary, and, being necessary, they must be right. Whatever the great First Cause ordained and brought about, is necessarily right; and in our actions we have to step upon that very platform.

Every individual has a God-given principle within. In other words, it is all right that we call God. Now, if all these things are necessary for a more perfect understanding of that God-given principle within, then who shall say they are wrong?

Q. I do not agree with you. We have to take some standard which we recognize as right, and if we do not recognize some standard of right and wrong, then all is confusion. The standard of right has always been the same; its principles have never yet changed. Justice was always justice, equity always equity, truth always truth, and nothing else since the world began. Without this standard we blindly grope along. Life is not worth beginning without these principles.

A. I should never say it was wrong for an individual to live up to their highest convictions of right; their highest sense of truth and goodness to themselves and to all individuals. It is right; it is just. It is in accordance with the divine principle and will. If an individual commits an act, he cannot tell why he commits that act. He can not tell why it was he was so thoughtful. He can not tell why it was he was led to do thus and so. Then he may gain strength by that act, and will do it no more. Again, others will pass through the same experience time after time before they will gain strength to live up to that which they think to be right. Then a question arises, why is it that individuals do not resist the temptations which are seeming evil to another? We will answer, because no two individuals require precisely the same experience for their interior unfolding. No two persons will express their ideas in precisely the same language; and as we have said before, no two individuals look exactly alike. Why is it? The same God-given principle is within every immortal soul, and yet their external appearances differ so much?

Now, we believe that this very experience is necessary for the unfolding of our own individual strength and powers, and capacities. Perhaps it is from suffering that we learn how to show charity for others. And looking at it in this light, we can not see otherwise than that suffering is necessary; being necessary it is right; right to that individual, yet not right to another. Right for the time being, and the circumstances and surroundings, and condition of the individual. Now do you not believe that?

Q. I believe some portions of it. There is a good deal of it I do not believe. I do not accept that part of your doctrine where you say these sad experiences, and misdeeds are necessary for our unfolding, and that all of us do not require the same kinds of experiences. Where you recognize that it will lead you into all kinds of positions. It is necessary to have a standard of right recognized by all. We must have some line of demarcation between right and wrong. We must have some standard that a feeble, weak intellect can recognize as well as the wise and clear-headed. Individual action, with the influences and circumstances which surround us in life, are necessary to our culture, I admit. And that people in a certain condition can only grow out of it by certain experiences. I do not recognize that as right.

Spirit. Not right for you, but you must recognize them as right for that individual.

Q. In my soul I do not believe that the people who are groveling in the dust, who commit these acts and have the slightest conception of a higher existence in their own souls think they are right. They are kept down by innumerable influences.

A. They are kept down by other influences, you say?

Q. Yes.

A. Those other influences cannot always keep them down?

Q. Oh, no.

A. It will keep them then, until they, by their suffering acquire strength to get out of it. Circumstances and surroundings change, and then they are different men and different women. If an individual had not strength to resist temptation, is it not right for him to acquire that strength? Then if it is right for him to get that strength, then these experiences are right for him to get that strength by, right for the individual. That which would be right for one individual, would not be right for another. Why? Because one person as an individualized entity, have sufficient strength within to resist, that which the other had not. Then, again, perhaps, by the appearance of the sufferings which that individual has passed through, you being conscious of them, may gain sufficient strength within yourself from the sufferings of another to shun that which would be wrong to you. And so on through all the different experiences incident to material things.

Q. How do children in the spirit world obtain control of positive minds?

A. Children upon the spiritual plane of life do not obtain control of positive minds, without the aid of minds that are more positive than the minds of those individuals controlled.

### Phenomena.

#### Extraordinary Phenomena.

Excitement in London with regard to Spiritualism—Starting Statements of Doings by Home, the Medium.

(London Correspondence of the N. Y. Times.)

At this moment, next to the ritualists controversy, I am inclined to think that the most exciting topic in London society is Spiritualism. It has even been brought into the new philo-

sophical society, the Disputational, which has several young lords among its members, if no elderly scoundrels.

Making a call in Paternoster row, the other morning, I met a barrister of some literary and scientific as well as legal reputation, and social position, who gave me an account of some recent manifestations in the presence of Mr. Home, who has been visited by hundreds of noble and noble men and literary and scientific notabilities, and which are more astonishing than anything that has happened, perhaps, for centuries. Passing over the usual manifestations, such as the raising of heavy bodies, playing on locked pianos, or so that the keys can be seen to move without fingers, I come to three or four distinct manifestations, the testimony to which is very difficult to get over. My informant is a man in every way reliable, and the other witnesses, whose names have been confidentially given me, not only belong to the highest circles of politics and society, but are men eminently capable of forming a correct judgment. In several instances the body of Mr. Home has been enfolded by measurement upon the wall and lying on the floor, to the extent of eight or nine inches, and then shortened as much—making a carefully measured difference of a foot and a half.

He has been at different times raised into the air from the height of four feet to that of a higher ceiling, and carried round the room in the clear view of all present, who have had the means of ascertaining that no deception was possible. He was carried horizontally out of a window in the third story of the house of Lord —, and brought in at the window of another room, some 30 feet distant, having been carried through the air 40 feet or more from the ground. Finally, he has on several occasions taken a large live coal from a coal fire, held it in his hand, and it in the heat of it, and other persons, without even the smell of fire, or the sensation of heat being perceived by them. My informant showed me where his own finger had been burned in testing the reality of this manifestation. He assured me that he had seen Mr. Home go to a large coal fire and lay his face upon the white hot coals, without even singeing his hair or beard. As this is a pretty strange story, I beg to append the following, which I find in the *Spiritual Magazine* for this month. Mr. Hall is the well-known editor of the *Art Journal*—his wife, Mrs. S. C. Hall, is well known as a writer, and has lately received a pension from the Queen.

"No. 15 Ashley Place, Victoria street, S. W.—Sir: I state facts without explanation or comment. On the 27th day of December I was sitting with nine other persons in my drawing-room. Mr. D. D. Home left the table, went to a brick stove thence a lump of 'living coal,' brought it to the table, and placed it on the table. Not a hair was singed, nor did I sustain any injury. The coal remained upon my head about a minute. Mr. Home then took it and placed it in Mrs. Hall's hand without injury to her, and he afterward placed it in the hands of two of our guests. The gas light and the candles were burning in the room. I and the nine other persons present would depose to these facts."

Your obedient servant,  
S. C. HALL.

The editor adds the following note: "At the conference at Lawson's rooms, Jan. 14, Mr. H. D. Jenckin, who was present on this occasion, publicly stated the facts here related. Mr. Jenckin added several instances of the kind which he had witnessed. The first-test, he said, had now been seen recently, at different times, by more than fifty persons in the metropolis and its neighborhood."

I may add that I know Mr. Jenckin, and that he is a gentleman of high scientific acquirement as well as social position, and I should say, every way to be trusted. If there is any value in human testimony, in proof of any fact whatever, there can be no doubt of the verity and genuineness of the facts above stated, and you may judge of the perplexity of the position of men of science. Fellows of the Royal Society and other fellows, who think it is their duty to understand everything to explain what they do not understand, and to have a theory ready for every fact you can bring them. For a long time they scornfully, and then stupidly, denied that when a man is in a certain position, or in a company by men of science as distinguished as himself, and worse still, by noble lords, who declare that they have seen and tested the very facts he denies, it becomes aggravating.

The following, from the *Chicago Times*, drawn out by the foregoing statement, is so suggestive of the native significance and growing influence of Spiritualism, in educating the "secular" press and reforming public opinion, that we give it entire. As a speculation, the theory of the "Brain Wave" is interesting, but is fanciful in the extreme, when put forward as an explanation of the well attested facts and the incidental phenomena of Spiritualism. As "a sign of the times and a mark of progress, we bespeak for it no attentive reading."

Readers of the *Chicago Times* may remember the publication, a few days since, of an article recounting some miraculous exhibitions by a certain Mr. Home, who has obtained considerable notoriety through various alleged spiritual and material manifestations. It is related that this individual, in supreme disregard of the laws of gravitation, jumped from a window in a third or fourth story of a building, and floated easily and gracefully through the air, and, through another window, some thirty or forty feet distant, and more elevated. It is also said that this same man elongates his body several inches, when he feels so inclined, and can shorten it proportionately. He has frequently, if report may be believed, taken to a certain room in a large room, rising up into the air and floating about until he chose to come down to the level of common humanity.

The manner in which these stories are corroborated would lead any one who is credulous to believe that the days of miracles are not yet over. The circumstances are vouched for by the London correspondent of the *New York Times*, by a prominent London newspaper, and by Mr. S. C. Hall, a respectable and truthful man, who says that he has seen them.

What does it mean? Ordinarily, men of business and of science would not hesitate to denounce the whole affair as a ridiculous and sensation, and men of science would content themselves by simply saying that these theories are altogether correct; for the total depravity of human kind, which is nowadays so generally accepted, precludes faith in any man or his assertions. Yet, when respectable and truthful witnesses affirm these things, and when similarly unusual and physically impossible things are constantly recurring, the general subject of miracles must be revived. If Mr. Home does such things as he is said to do, or any like miraculous actions, and should declare himself to be of superhuman origin, he would find no difficulty in surrounding himself with disciples, who would be ridiculed and denounced, as other disciples of new theories have been, but who would make martyrs in the cause of these things. The tradition of the sect thus founded would accord to Home all the spiritual power which his credulous disciples had given him. The recurrence of such things, then, and the natural results of them, present a solid objection to implicit and ready faith in what are called

"miracles," or those things in natural life, which are beyond and opposed to human reason and science.

If the stories about Home, or any other of the numerous miraculous traditions which history offers, are to receive the dignity of argument, we must begin to admit that seeing is not always believing, and this old adage, like a great many other old adages, is a popular fallacy. Unless we say that Mr. Hall and the rest of the gentlemen, who testify positively that they have seen these strange manifestations, are liars point-blank, we must establish some theory by which sight is, or may be, deceived. This theory established, there is occasion and justification for doubting all things that are miraculous in their nature.

The London *Spectator* has recently endeavored to show that there are certain mental deceptions, which are grouped under the general name of "Brain Wave," that misled men, and this journal has given some well-authenticated examples of the thing. One of these was an instance in which the wife of W. L. Clay, a man prominent in the movement for prison reform, distinctly followed the footsteps of her husband through the gate, up the walk, into the house, through several rooms, and into the hall-way, where he left his umbrella and shook the rain from himself; she then spoke to him and received an answer, when, as she supposed, he went up-stairs. But, on proceeding to the room some time after, she found that her husband was not there. As hour afterward, the very same sensations occurred, and her husband actually arrived at the imagined he had arrived before. The husband said that, at the very time his wife's hallucination occurred, he was actually revolving the subject of return in his own mind, and had then mapped out the very course which he followed on arriving at his home.

A common instance of the effects of imagination, which is cited in every volume of metaphysics, is that in which the experiment upon a condemned criminal proved that, by simply making a scratch on his arm sufficient to draw blood, submerging him in a bath of warm water, and telling him that an artery had been severed, and that he would bleed to death, the man actually died from exhaustion superinduced by his fancy. Almost any physician of extensive practice, too, can relate instances in which actual diseases have been temporarily checked, and imaginary diseases altogether cured, by mere force of will. Many other instances might be cited in which it is known that the fancy or the will has controlled the subject in hand.

May there not be a "brain-wave," a freak of fancy, or a power of will, that, in the case of Mr. Home's exploits, or those of any other unnatural or supernatural character, influences the testimony of men, who actually believe that they have seen what they relate? Is not the principle that "Satan's believing," which is so generally adopted, this deception of sight is accepted as truth, and so promulgated. Once gaining credence, it is only natural that its acceptance should spread, and, in spite of ridicule and denunciation, be handed down as miraculous to posterity. But, if this theory be admitted, and there are certainly powerful reasons why it should be, what becomes of the supernatural things which posterity is taught to believe as a part of Christianity?

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Christian's Boast.

BY DR. E. WHEELLOCK.

How frequent it is when talking with an expositor of Spiritualism or self-styled orthodox christian, or them to boast of what great things "we christians" have done,—in the following strain: "We have civilized the world; we have established all the Arts and Sciences; we have been the only promoters of morality; the only builders of colleges and schools, in short, we are the only saviors of the earth, the *summa bonum* of all good."

But what are the facts? Did the religion of the Jews have for its object the universal education and the amelioration of the condition of mankind? Did the early Christians seek to impart universal knowledge, and give freedom to the African Slave? or did they not first make him a slave? Does Christianity stay the tide of war, or does it, in the least degree, do justice to the unprotected red men of the forest?

Does it not perpetually slander and misrepresent all nations and persons who do not foster its pride, or servile bow at its command? Does not the rack, the stake, and the gibbet in the dungeon, the perpetual sectarian war, exhibit the fact?

Yes, christian proscription and superstition, like heavy cloaks, made fast the felons' feet, have ever been a hindrance to the march of science, to the true investigation of the science of the human-soul, the laws of life, and man's true destiny.

From Mattoon.

A friend writing from Mattoon, Illinois, says: "I think all subscribers should, and could, get up a long list of names whom they would like much to send the *JOURNAL* to for three months, if no longer. I feel as though I could invest five dollars towards giving my neighbors and friends twenty copies of your most valuable paper for the term of three months. By so doing I think it will fall into the hands of thinking minds who will continue their subscription after the three months term expires. There are many thinking, investigating minds through the country who have grown tired of mock-form worship as they have in churches and do not attend any society, but are constantly demanding spiritual food, and I think your paper will supply that demand to a certain extent."

I am satisfied that Old Theology cannot influence the thinking, investigating mind, and such minds are not always supplied with spiritual papers like unto the *JOURNAL* and *BANNER OF LIGHT*.

Should your subscribers take hold of this matter in earnest, your list of subscription could be doubled in three months.

One word about lectures. You in the large cities are blessed with having associations whereby you can have lecturers often and know nothing of the dry, monotonous life in the country where we have no society to encourage public lecturers to stop on their transit through our country. All the spiritual food one gets in the country is through the *JOURNAL* and *BANNER OF LIGHT*.

By the way cannot you influence some of the public speakers who are traveling through this country to call and give us the fine lectures given in Mattoon. This city of six thousand inhabitants has never had the pleasure of listening to a Spiritualist lecturer. Situated half way between Indianapolis and St. Louis, on the line between Chicago and Cairo, on the Illinois Central Railroad. A fine young growing city that will be of some importance at no far distant day.

We have a Lecture Association here which calls forth good speakers every two weeks, but not a word dare they say about Spiritualism or Woman's Rights, owing to the controlling element of Orthodoxy.

Enclosed please find five dollars, for which I wish you to send twenty copies of your *JOURNAL* for three months to the following names. Please be particular to have each of the lectures printed on their paper so our post master will distribute them correctly."



Ann Arbor, Mich  
Nov 11, 1918



## Frontier Department.

BY E. V. WILSON.

### Skanateles.

Skanateles! Who is he, what is he, and where does he live, and what does he do?  
Be patient, dear readers, and we will tell you all we know about him, and that is not much.  
He was once an Indian Chief, of the Onondaga tribe, and was driven in Skanateles lake, N. Y., many years ago, while under the influence of King Alcohol, the Prime Minister of civilization; and is now a spirit acting through mediums, to counsel the children of those who robbed him and his tribe of their homes and birth-right; to heal the lame and the sick, coming with peace and love in his nature, to those who despoiled him, and is an angel of mercy clothed in love, seeking to do good unto his enemies. And it is not a wonderful fact, that the savage nature of the Indian, on becoming a spiritual being, is lost. He is changed to an angel of mercy, and in our experience with spirits and Spiritualists during fifteen years, we do not remember of ever meeting a bitter, revengeful Indian spirit. We wish we could say as much of the spirits of white men and women. This much for the Indian.

Skanateles Lake is a beautiful body of water some sixteen miles in length, narrow and deep, and pure, situated in Onondaga county, New York, about west of Syracuse, some eighteen miles, and is resorted to during the heat of summer by the rich, the gay and the sick, from every part of the Union, and the sloping shores are noted for their American rural character and pleasant scenery, and in the future, must become the "Como," or "Wanderers," of America. The country is well improved around it, and on its banks are many fine mansions, and its waters are used for mechanical purposes, as well as for the use of numerous manufacturing establishments, and the Erie Canal is in part supplied from its waters.

Skanateles village, a flourishing little town of some fifteen hundred inhabitants, is situated at the foot of the lake and known far and wide for its conservative element. Illthorpe, Spiritualism has had but little foothold here, being kept under by a system of religious lies and phrases such as, "It is the work of the Devil," "It is free-love," "It breaks up families," as well as "What good will it do?"

The last question is the language of folly, the others the language of theology, bigotry and superstition. And yet when carefully considered, the Devil was born of theology, free-love of St. Paul, and the breaking up of families of Jesus, and what good will it do? of the positive d— fools who believe that Spiritualism is dead, that Jesus is doing carrying out the plan of salvation in some far off planet, and that E. V. Wilson is a myth.

And now that we have told you all about Skanateles, Indian, lake and village, let us tell you something of Spiritualism here, for there are Spiritualists here, and more than the church were aware of, and hearing of the great revival work going on in Buffalo, Syracuse and many other places, under the able ministrations of our brother, E. V. Wilson, we extended a cord to him to come to our help, and he has been with us for four days and nights, feeding us on the "bread of life," spiritual life teaching, explaining and demonstrating the precepts and facts of immortality.

His first lecture on "The Bible" was clearly demonstrative of the fact that this book belongs to the Spiritualists.

His second lecture, on "The law of spirit control," all declared to be one of the ablest lectures ever delivered in our village.

His third lecture, "Diabolism, or the Devil," carried the place by storm.

His fourth and last lecture "God in the Past, Present and Future, Theologically and Spiritually, considered and contrasted," swept everything before it, and what is best of all, as well as approval of the speaker's position and ability, left the fact that the meetings were self-sustaining, the receipts being more than the expenses. Aside from his lectures, Mr. W. gave one public and one private seance, giving many fine tests, of which we select the following:

First, Capt. M. I see by you a fine looking little girl, about six years old, describing her carefully.  
Second, there is with you a spirit by the name of Antoine Baptiste, a Portuguese sailor, says he was with you in a terrible storm off the coast of Spain, in 1836, and was subsequently lost off the Cape of Good Hope.

Third, there is with you a man, an Irishman, a sailor, you are at sea off the coast of Ireland, when this man mutinies. You are called forward, the man seizes a hand spike from the capstan stocks, and makes a blow at you, just missing you, and nearly killing a man near you. This man is now a spirit.

Fourth, there is a man with you, describing him, who gives me the name of Edward Wilson, says he was the first officer of the ship "John Adams," and that he knew you well, that you and he were together in Liverpool, England, in 1832.

Fifth, there is with you, a very stout old sea captain, who gives his name as Stubbs, of Maine, and that you and he sailed out of New York together, in 1838, in the ship "Caledonia," and you in a Merchantman, for the East Indies.

And now, sir, do not be offended at what I am about to say. There is here on your right, a woman, last behind you and over your head a second woman, on your left a third woman. Here Mr. W. entered into a minute and graphic description of the women; after which he said, there are two others here, one of them I believe to be your daughter, the other says they are your wives, and yet, sir, I see a fifth wife in the form, by your side.

Response: All you have told me is true. The little girl is mine, and died at five.

Antoine Baptiste I knew well, and a famous good man was he. I learned subsequently, that he was lost by shipwreck.

I recollect the storm off the coast of Spain in 1836, very well. The Irishman and the mutiny, I also remember, and that he came very near killing me. It was off the coast of Ireland.

First officer, Edward Wilson, of the ship "John Adams," was an intimate friend of mine, and I remember the meeting in Liverpool very well.

I remember the ship "Caledonia," and of my sailing for the East Indies, in 1832, but cannot bring to mind Capt. Stubbs, and friends. In regard to the spirits of these women, that have been described, it is minutely true. He has described my second, third and fourth wife in every particular. I am now living with my fifth wife.

I have always doubted Spiritualism, and have never been a Spiritualist, but I cannot deny these things. I am a stranger to Mr. Wilson, and this is his first visit to our town. He could not have been

told of these things for there is no one here that knew of them. Most wonderful.

Mr. Wilson gave many other fine tests during his visit, in all about seventy-five, and many of them as marked as those connected with Capt. M.

Here we have repeated the scene that occurred at the well of Samaria, only that this time it is a man and five wives; then it was a woman with five husbands. These things were not done in a corner, nor are they based upon the testimony of Mr. W., but it was witnessed by many persons and those, too, unbelievers. And we may say in the language of Capt. M., "I cannot deny, I must believe, I have no longer any doubt." We are in possession of the names of many who witnessed these things and are prepared to prove them.

### Our Discussion with Elder Grant, at Danville, New York.

To-day, we send you what was published of the debate in Danville, New York, between E. V. Wilson and Elder Miles Grant. It conveys but a faint idea of the debate.

A few quotations from our notes may help to convey to the reader some idea of the strong points made, and not answered by Elder Grant.

First. All testimony put in by either party and not rebutted or ruled out, is conceded, hence, the following testimony put in by the affirmative and not rebutted or ruled out, gives us the case.

First. That light, air, water, earth, the vegetable and animal kingdoms, appeared spontaneously, hence, not made, and became breathers of air and had no immortal soul.

Second. Man was made, manufactured, and that a soul was loaned to him, and must be returned to him who loaned it. The borrower must pay his debt. The animal borrowed from the air and the earth. Man borrowed from the earth, air and God or Spirit; hence, took precedence over that which appeared, hence, immortal.

Third. Elder Grant conceded that the phenomena of Spiritualism in all of its phases and teachings are true, and do take place, and I admit it, but declares it to be the work of Demons, hence, not sustained by the Bible. This concession left us nothing to do, but to prove that the phenomena of to-day existed in the days of the prophets, Jesus and the apostles. This we did both by the Old and New Testaments, and the Elder did not rebut it.

Fourth. We proved that the law against such as had familiar spirits, was simply an exhortation of Moses, and not a law of God or command from him, quoting from Deut., 18th chapter, 10 to 14th verse.

Fifth. That men did die, were buried and afterwards appeared to those who knew them when in life.

Sixth. We proved that not an angel had ever been seen or spoken to, that was not seen as a man, and spoke as a man. We then called upon the Elder to produce a single case where an immortal appeared and talked as a man, that had not somewhere in the past been a man, or an inhabitant of this earth.

Seventh. We rebutted the position made by the Elder from Rev. 16th chapter, 13th verse, by showing that the third plague affected only men, and not fishes, they having no part in the plan of salvation.

Eighth. We compelled Elder Grant to concede that he misrepresented Samuel in saying Samuel lied to Saul.

Ninth. The Elder denied that Elijah ever wrote to King Jehoram, after his translation, and affirmed, "It is not in the Bible." We then read him from 2d Chron., 18th chapter, 12th verse, written in 897—B. C. He again denied it, and said, "It is not in my Bible, and I demand that Wilson prove that Elijah had ever been translated." We then turned to 2nd Kings, 2d chapter, 11th verse, 800 B. C., and asked him to read it, and he doggedly said, "I won't." We then read the two quotations, and subtracted 887 from 896, and put it in as testimony, and Elder Grant never referred to it, from that time out, hence he stands convicted of denying the Bible.

Tenth. Elder Grant convicted Jesus of telling a lie—impached him. We quoted Matt., 11th chapter 14th verse: "This is Elias who was to come." The testimony of Jesus concerning John the Baptist.

Elder Grant arose and denied the testimony of Jesus, and then read from John, 1st chapter, 21st verse, "And they asked him, What then, art thou? He said, I am not. Art thou that prophet? He answered, No." And the Elder asked, "truly, honestly, Who knew best, whether it was Elias, John or Jesus?" If this does not impeach Jesus, then we do not understand the use of the King of the English.

Eleventh. Elder Grant introduced, Greek, Hebrew and Latin, the Septuagint, the Samaritan, Mesmerism, Dr. Clark, Dr. Hatch Tartary, Hades and Mc Donald as well as P. B. Randolph's recantation, on which we raised a point of order, viz: The Elder must confine himself to the resolution, that of these authorities were foreign to the resolution, hence, not admissible. Point of order sustained. Elder Grant then said, "If I am compelled to confine myself to Bible reading, then I may as well close the discussion first as last, for I cannot defend my position from the Bible."

Twelfth. We had nothing to do after the ruling of the chair, but to keep the Elder to the resolution, as he introduced no new points whatever, admitting everything, simply calling it evil or demonology, and then affirmed that God forbid evil craft, and familiar spirits. We showed conclusively that the word Demon, was not found in the Bible, hence, not admissible. We denied the command of God forbidding communing with such as had familiar spirits, proving beyond a doubt, that the law had no higher authority than as an exhortation of Moses, and not a law of God. We then read from Deut. 18th chapter, 9th, 10th and 11th verses, that the command did forbid communing with spirits, but prohibited the people from living in the land who had these gifts.

Thirteenth. Elder Grant complained to us of our unfairness in compelling him to confine himself to the resolution, saying, "Nor would we have accepted this resolution, if we had known your course."

In not this concession a surrender? We think so. We now repeat the challenge.

Resolved: That the Bible—King James' version, sustains the teachings and phases of Modern Spiritualism.

Discussion to be carried on under parliamentary usages. We will discuss the above resolution, with any minister of good, moral character, who is in charge of a congregation of not less than one hundred communicants, in either of the following cities: Buffalo, New York; Cleveland, Ohio; Chicago, Illinois, or Milwaukee, Wisconsin; any time within six months from March 1st, 1869, and thirty days after receiving notice of the acceptance of this challenge.

We will meet the expense of the Hall, and advertising.  
Address E. V. Wilson, Lombard, Duquesne county, Illinois.

### A THRILLING CLAIRVOYANT VIEW.

THE LYCEUM RECORD of the 6th ult., says: "Dr. Blain, being present at the election of officers last Sunday, asked permission to tell the children what he saw with clairvoyant vision during the session. He described a large collection of children, ranged in beautiful circles, one above another, and bathed in a halo of glorious light, each one bearing bouquets of flowers and green leaves, and silvery stars which looked as if made out of bright, shimmering silver. These flowers and leaves and silvery stars, the bright, happy spirit children with radiant joy, would scatter the falling snow flakes over the groups of children in the Lyceum. Some of the smaller children in the spirit groups would clap their little hands with delight at the beautiful scene, while all the circles would sing and invoke blessings on the Lyceum. The Doctor's description was graphic and interesting, as well as encouraging, on this special occasion."

Be silent at the proper time, is often better than to speak well.

You must suffer if you transgress law.

### NOTICE OF MEETINGS.

ATKINS, Miss—Lycum meets each Sabbath at 10 o'clock P. M. at the residence of Mrs. A. E. Atkins, Duquesne county, Pa.

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Toledo, O.—Meeting held regular speaking in Old Masonic Hall, Summit street, at 7 1/2 P. M. All are invited. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday afternoon and evening, at Lyceum Hall.

Chicago, Ill.—The Spiritualists of Chicago meet every Sunday afternoon and evening, at Lyceum Hall, at 7 1/2 P. M. All are invited. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday afternoon and evening, at Lyceum Hall, at 7 1/2 P. M. All are invited. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday afternoon and evening, at Lyceum Hall, at 7 1/2 P. M. All are invited.

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# RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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CHICAGO, APRIL 10, 1869.

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## Literary Department.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

### GOD KEEPS THE WAY.

BY MRS. F. O. HYZER.

I cannot pray God keep the way,  
Of the inspired of truth and love,  
Or ask that angels day by day,  
Bring choicest blessings from above:  
For well I know that the Most High,  
Can never bestow a purer bliss,  
In spheres or worlds beyond the sky,  
Than those from work well done in this.

Since first upon my vision broke  
The beauteous of my mother earth,  
Since first my infant sense awoke  
To something of her priceless worth,  
Christ's prayer to the Eternal God,  
Translated to my soul was given:  
"Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done  
On earth as it is in Heaven."

"On earth as it is in Heaven"  
I read in morning's golden light,  
To every star a voice is given  
Proclaiming it unto the night:  
The song-bird with its joyous wing,  
Touches the lyric chords of air,  
While through the summer day doth ring  
The glad sweet burdens of this prayer.

The sunbeams bear the ocean spray  
To the pure azure above,  
Warning it through the sweet, bright day  
Till gentle as a mother's love  
It stealths through the twilight hour,  
A message bearer of the sun,  
And whispers to each, drooping—  
"Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done."

The tempest aches across the sky,  
And lo! the heavy thunders crash,  
While from the fountain-clouds on high,  
To earth, the heavy torrents dash:  
To rivers swell the mountain rills,  
The song-bird to her brooding den,  
The frightened herp upon the hills  
Seek shelter 'neath the surging trees.

But rainbows wait behind the storm  
And perfume from the throbbing hearts  
Of floral bosoms pure and warm,  
In rarer exhalation starts;  
When nature's pulse its calm regains,  
Each cloud rolls backward from the sun,  
And earth through all her gladness views,  
Feels that her God's high will be done.

Thus our sweet, holy mother earth,  
Teaches her children of the law  
By which her countless, boundless wealth,  
They shall with her forever draw:  
Thus hourly she communes with me,  
Till I so love her lot to bear,  
I'd prize no immortality  
In which that mother did not share.

Such fellowship of love divine  
Compensates for all care and toil,  
Co-blessers of this exultation mine,  
No foe our treasures can depose;  
Thus all her children called to teach  
The gospel of her holy cause,  
Are paid for every word they preach  
In the rich fruitage of her laws.

Oh! mother, beautiful and fair!  
Thine orbit is my natal sphere,  
I have no power to breathe a prayer  
To be removed from labor here:  
Nor can I pray, "O God keep the way,"  
Of those to whom the gifts are given,  
To see the dear earth day by day  
Unfolding to the highest leaves.

## WILFRED MONTRESSOR;

OR,  
THE SECRET ORDER OF THE SEVEN.

A ROMANCE OF MYSTERY AND CRIME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE DE LACY, OR THE  
COQUETTE," ETC.

### BOOK THIRD—THE ARREST.

#### CHAPTER XXIX

MONTRESSOR AND MISS PERCY—A HUNT.

Miss Caroline Percy had risen from the ottoman, and was standing before a mirror adjusting her disarranged ringlets, when the door of the apartment opened suddenly. She turned and beheld Wilfred Montessor, a faint exclamation of surprise burst from her lips.

"My gloves, Miss Percy," said the man of thirty-five, bowing slightly and advancing toward a work table on which a pair of gloves were lying.

"But—Doctor Eyraud," stammered Miss Percy.

"I parted from him at the street door ere I bethought me of my gloves. The Doctor has several patients in this vicinity, and I am not a privileged visitor in all cases."

The lady remained standing in the center of the apartment, with her eyes fixed inquiringly upon her visitor.

"Frankly, Miss Percy," exclaimed Montessor, smiling, "I did not return for the sole purpose of reclaiming my gloves. I have another object—to converse with you freely and alone."

"Doctor Eyraud's injunction was that I must forbear talking—a most difficult prescription, I admit," remarked Miss Percy, with a singular mixture of hesitation and vivacity.

"The Doctor is an enthusiast in his studies and pursuits."

"As a physician he is attentive and skillful." "Both—and yet his knowledge of books is more accurate and profound than his knowledge of human nature. Enthusiasm often closes the eyes as completely as the processes of animal magnetism."

There was a lurking meaning in these words which did not escape the notice of Miss Percy, for she replied quickly:

"You are not a skeptic in mesmerism?" "I could not remain so," rejoined Montessor. "If I were accustomed to judge from appearances; but as you remarked to Doctor Eyraud, at the commencement of our interview appearances are deceitful."

"I do not understand you," replied Miss Percy.

"It is unfortunate," observed Montessor, with a grave smile. "I will explain myself more clearly. Your performances this morning have been highly creditable to your powers as an actress, and prove conclusively, whether animal magnetism be true or false, that the unsuspecting Doctor Eyraud is no match for the artful Caroline Percy."

Miss Percy's dark eyes flashed angrily, and she drew up her slight form with an air of offended dignity as she replied:

"You are presuming, sir." "Truth is never a just cause of offense, when uttered from honorable motives," said the traveler calmly. "It is important to the objects of this interview, that I convince you of my appreciation of your real character. Something I have learned from others previously to my introduction to your personal acquaintance, and the circumstances connected with Doctor Eyraud's experiments have fully satisfied me that you are skillful in deception, ambitious of notoriety, regardless of your own interests, and fond of amusing yourself with the weaknesses of others. It is surely unnecessary for me to expatiate minutely the imposture which you have practiced on Doctor Eyraud. You will not, dare not, deny it."

"I will not, sir," said Miss Percy angrily. "I deny your right to interrogate me." "Nay, madam, I assert no right," replied Wilfred Montessor, with a searching glance. "Enough of this. You perceive that I understand you."

There was an undefeatable consciousness of power in the tone and bearing of the traveler, which insensibly over-awed Miss Caroline Percy. She rose, however, under the influence of the most contradictory emotions, and said, confusedly:

Your conduct is extraordinary, Mr. Montessor. I shall request the presence of my aunt during the remainder of our interview."

"Do not be alarmed, Miss Percy," remarked Montessor. "I have no intention to wound your feelings, or to trespass very long upon your time. Before proceeding further, I claim the privilege of a friend."

"A friend?" echoed Miss Percy, with a glance of incredulity.

"Yes, Miss Percy."

"You have exhibited singular proofs of friendship."

"Our acquaintance is of recent date," said the man of thirty-five, with a peculiar smile; "but I am prepared to vindicate my pretensions by my actions. Money, in the judgment of the world, is an unerring test of real friendship. I am rich, Miss Percy. I seek not to pry, indelicately, into your pecuniary affairs—only to assure you that my purse is freely at your disposal in case a loan of money should at any time hereafter be convenient or desirable to you."

Miss Percy cast a troubled, inquiring glance at the speaker, offended pride and over-mastering selfishness were contending unequally in her bosom.

"I comprehend the meaning of your glance," said Montessor, smiling. "You rely not credulously enough to believe in disinterested friendship, and you wish to learn the quid pro quo?" "You have criticized me with merciless severity," said Miss Percy, coldly. "It seems that you imagine me capable of receiving pecuniary assistance from a comparative stranger."

"Why not?" replied Montessor. "Unless you distrust my assurances, I shall deal frankly with you, Miss Percy. I am thoroughly informed of your engagements and obligations to Mr. William Pettigrew."

The assumed indifference of Caroline Percy vanished at this revelation—a deep crimson flush mantled her cheeks, extending to her brow and temples.

After a moment's pause Miss Percy recovered herself, and turned to her visitor with a serious expression of countenance.

"Have you an object of sufficient importance, Mr. Montessor, to justify you in prolonging an interview which is both painful and embarrassing?"

"I have, Miss Percy," said Montessor, gravely. "What has been said by me heretofore is merely an introduction to the real purpose of my visit. I seek, measurably, to control your actions, and I deemed it essential to the establishment of a permanent influence over you to satisfy you that your aims, your tastes, and your position are fully known to me. In my criticism of your character, I intend no severity nor any insult in my offer of pecuniary assistance."

The fortunes of Miss Percy, as Montessor proceeded, manifested signs of wonder and admiration.

"I have an object, Miss Percy," continued the traveler. "It relates to the future welfare of Frederick Willoughby and the just claims of William Pettigrew."

"By what right, Mr. Montessor, do you seek to control my actions or to interfere in my private affairs?"

Montessor had almost instinctively fathomed the character of Miss Caroline Percy. Instead

of replying directly to her question, he remarked:

Mrs. Willoughby, the mother of Frederick Willoughby, is a person whom I greatly admire and esteem, and to whom I am under many obligations. She is a lady of high principle and virtuous conduct, proud of her social position, her family descent, proud of her son and deeply interested in his prosperity and happiness."

Frederick Willoughby himself is a young man of education and fortune; of a frank, honorable yet impetuous disposition, just commencing an active, independent career. The hopes of a doating mother, and the expectations of troops of friends depend on his proscriptions from vicious pursuits or wily entanglements. Now, Miss Percy, I question you seriously as to your intentions in forming the acquaintance or encouraging the visits of Mr. Frederick Willoughby."

My acquaintance with Mr. Willoughby was commenced accidentally. As Miss Percy uttered these words, her eyes fell beneath the steady, piercing glance of Wilfred Montessor. "And he has been to visit me but two or three times."

"Your intentions, Miss Percy?"

"Mr. Willoughby is the master of his own actions," said Caroline Percy, somewhat laughingly. "If he seeks my society, the crime is not to be imputed to me."

There was a continual struggle in the mind of Miss Percy, between the involuntary deference she felt toward her visitor and the natural pride and independence of her character. Yet probably the appeal which had been made to her selfishness, was the most powerful agent in restraining her from a contemptuous rebellion against the assumed authority of the traveler.

Her manner exhibited, to a greater or less degree, the phases of this mental struggle. At times it was subdued and timid; then by turns she became sulken, irritable, and even became haughty.

"It will become a crime," said Montessor, thus gravely rebuking the sarcasm of the lady, "if you persist in encouraging his visits after the warning I have given. You have a pleasing exterior—a lively face—you have talent and tact. Possessed of these, you may reasonably hope to inspire a passionate attachment in the bosom of a young man of warm impulses and generous feelings. You are cool, artful, and designing. Are you desirous of becoming the wife or the mistress of Mr. Frederick Willoughby?"

Again Miss Percy's cheeks flushed, but she remained silent.

"You cannot be so heartless as to think of entrapping this young man into marriage—Your position in relation to William Pettigrew utterly forbids the supposition. By flattering and deceiving him, you may, however secure his affection and command his purse; but the result would be highly prejudicial to his future prospects. As his friend, I interfere at the outset, to warn you and save him. I appeal to you rather than to him, because I do not wish to pique his curiosity, or alarm his pride, by any open interference with his movements. Besides, I am aware that you are more capable of being deceived by flattery than of saving himself."

"Your anxiety in relation to Mr. Willoughby is unfounded, I think," said Caroline Percy, with a smile. "I like him, certainly, from what little I have seen of him; but I have had no reason to think that he is disposed to fall in love with me. Your charges against me are so severe—your demands so extraordinary, Mr. Montessor."

"The course which I desire you to pursue hereafter," said Wilfred Montessor, interrupting her, "is clearly obvious to your penetration and sagacity. If you pursue it, undoubtedly, you can rely with confidence on the promise which I voluntarily made to you at an earlier period of our interview. The contrary course will assuredly be followed by the defeat of your plans and the exposure of your real character. I address you as a sensible, intelligent woman, who prefers her interests to her caprices or her feelings."

"I ought to be offended with you," said Miss Percy, as her visitor rose to depart, "on account both of the manner and matter of your communication, but you have obtained an unwelcome ascendancy over me; and I must reflect before I decide whether to prefer you as a friend or an enemy."

"It is well oftentimes," said Wilfred Montessor, "to follow the advice even of an enemy."

Two or three hours later, having dined with a friend at the City Hotel, Montessor was slowly promenading Broadway. Then he was overtaken by two gentlemen, Frederick Willoughby and Alfred Tracey, in the vicinity of Canal street.

"Tracey and I are on our way to Ottignon's pistol gallery," said Willoughby, addressing the traveler. "Will you join us, Mr. Montessor?" "Is there a dual *sur le tapis*?" inquired Montessor.

"Only a trifling wager of a bottle of Burgundy on the best ten shots."

Montessor accompanied the young men to the pistol gallery near the corner of Canal and Elm streets. There were no visitors in the gallery at the moment of their arrival. A civil, obliging man was in attendance, whose occupation it was to arrange the cards and load the pistols for the customers who visited the gallery to practice pistol shooting.

"You are the challenger, Willoughby," said Alfred Tracey. "Take your shots first, and show me what I must do to win the wager."

"Very well. Double pistols, waiter," called Willoughby. We fire at the word, Tracey, without fail."

"Agreed."

"The pistols are loaded, sir," said the waiter, respectfully handing a pistol to Mr. Willoughby.

A small card, with a black spot in the center, surrounded by black circular stripes, was fastened upon a wooden frame at the distance of about forty feet.

Frederick Willoughby fired at the word and the ball grazed the outer edge of the card.

"Try it again, Willoughby. That won't do," said Alfred Tracey.

"The first shot, Alfred. I thought to miss the card entirely. Wait till I get a little cooler, and I shall do better."

At the end of the twenty shots the cards were examined and Alfred Tracey was declared the winner of the match, one of his balls having struck within a quarter of an inch of the margin of the central spot, while the nearest shot of Willoughby was three-quarters of an inch from the same margin.

"So much for the Burgundy, Willoughby," exclaimed Alfred Tracey.

"Mine is second best, Alfred. I confess it," replied Willoughby; then turning to the traveler who had quietly watched the progress and termination of the match, he added: "Will you not fire a round or two, Mr. Montessor, and perchance lessen Tracey's triumph by excelling both of us?"

"A single shot, Frederick," said Montessor, advancing a few steps. "The time has been when I was fairly entitled to the reputation of a good shot. At Gottingen, during the prosecution of my studies at the university, I bore off the prize from hundreds of competitors. But a man's aim and a steady hand are nothing without practice."

"One—two—three—fire!"

"You have fired clear of the card," exclaimed Willoughby, somewhat hastily.

"I think not," said Montessor.

"No; upon my word," said the young man, "the ball has pierced the black center."

"Either of these shots," remarked Alfred Tracey, pointing to the holes nearest the spots in the paper targets, used in the match between Willoughby and himself, "would have killed a man as effectually as that of Wilfred Montessor."

"Pistol shooting is as harmless as any other trial of skill," said Willoughby. "We are none of us blood-thirsty."

"Not blood-thirsty, perhaps," replied Alfred Tracey, "but it is better to kill than to be killed."

"The dilemma is rare."

"Would you not fight a duel if insulted or challenged?" inquired Tracey.

"I cannot answer decidedly. My mother considers dueling as little better than murder, and has taught me to regard it with abhorrence. And yet the brand of cowardice is a fearful penalty."

"I am in favor of dueling on principle. In what other way can a gentleman redress his wrongs, or give satisfaction to one whose honor he has wounded?"

"In my opinion," said Willoughby, "a quarrel between gentlemen is always capable of amicable adjustment. A frank and simple apology for a wrong is the true reparation of a gentleman."

"There are wrongs, however, which no apology, however frank or humble, can repair."

"As, for example—"

"A blow, Frederick—nothing but blood can atone for a blow."

"But if a gentleman offered an apology, and refused to fight?"

"I would brand him as a coward. I would shoot him down in the street like a dog."

"You are a regular fire-eater, Tracey," said Willoughby, with a laugh. "If you were in error, I should be sadly displeased with you."

"Not was, more truly in earnest," replied the young man sneeringly, "as my actions will prove if I am ever put to the test."

"What are your sentiments in regard to dueling, Mr. Montessor?" said Willoughby, inquiringly.

"It is a barbarous custom," replied the traveler, "yet perhaps defensible in extreme cases."

The indignity of a blow does not appear to me so unpardonable as an insult to female purity and virtue in the person of a woman entitled to our protection."

Alfred Tracey scanned the features of Montessor with a scrutinizing glance, ere he replied, carelessly and coolly:

"Women are fair game."

"No man of honor will insult a woman. The cowardly impotence of libertines deserves condign punishment."

"So far as I have observed," said Alfred Tracey, "libertines are the favorites of the sex, and in these days, Mr. Montessor, more glances are shot at them than bullets. Few women regard a declaration of passionate love as an insult, and those who do will rarely complain if their daring lovers, in imitation of the celebrated Duc de Richelieu, storm their bed-chambers and subdue them by violence."

"Worse and worse, Tracey," said Willoughby, gravely. "You advocate dueling and excuse libertinism. What next?"

"Dine with me, at Delmonico's on Friday," said the young man, laughing, "and quaff a bumper of champagne to my last and noblest conquest; or at least, Willoughby," continued Alfred Tracey, lowering his voice, "to a quick and successful voyage to China. Do not fail for auld lang syne."

Courteously, yet with evident coolness and formality, the young man proffered a similar invitation to Montessor.

The trio left the pistol gallery and separated soon afterward.

## GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

Our sprightly and youthful cotemporary, the SPRINGFIELD LIGHT, takes up the gentleman whose name forms the caption to this article, and humorously rattles away after the following manner:

"This human curiosity—monomania, as some people call him—has a brilliancy of intellect that is very captivating. His epigrammatic style has a ponderous, sledge-hammer force that is perfectly crushing, and we can forgive many of his idiosyncrasies in consideration of the very spicy reply he sent to an overpious lady, in England lately, who wanted to convince Mr. Train that he was 'a sinner.' George showed her he did not 'see it in that light, *thougy*,' as Artemus Ward would say."

"While admiring theories, I believe in Practice. The state of one's digestion has a great deal to do with one's religion. A disordered stomach will make a bigot—a well arranged digestion constitutes a saint. We have now too much theology and not enough religion. I believe in the religion of the sun and moon and stars, the wind—and the song of birds—and the odor of new-mown hay, and the clatter of little children. Women are but grown up girls. Men are but grown up boys, without, however, their innocence or virtue. I believe in being good now, and so live as to be prepared to die. We don't agree about that after-life. All religion is organized for power and revenue. Stop the tap and you can change a man's faith. Laugh much, cry little, and take a Turkish bath often, is sound doctrine. You will be disturbed when I tell you that I have been a good man all my days—that I never did any wrong. I never pray, Lord have mercy on me a sinner, because I do not admit that I am a sinner."

No commandment have I broken, nor do I drink or smoke or gamble, nor could they make me trim in politics to be made a President. I have never met any one who came back from that other world you speak of, and in this lambasting age I don't like to take anything on trust. The Catechism is deceptive. It leads young people all astray. Who made you? They answer, God! Now, I am one of those incredulous beings who do not believe that. Yet this rubbish has gone for many centuries. The character of the Savior is beautiful. I follow out his precepts. He was fond of flowers and the women of Bethlehem. I am fond of flowers and the women of America. My prayer is always to our Mother who art in Heaven, as well as our Father. I never pray to him not to lead us into temptation, for I don't believe he would ever do so."

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

St. Ann's Barnley, May 26, 1868.

We don't blame him for not accepting Spirituality on trust. Spiritualism is making headful headway, and can afford to wait until all have a chance for investigation and conviction. *Positive tests* in the fundamental principle in the law of progress. Mushrooms are the growth of a night, mighty oaks of centuries. The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly fine. Would that all would live as George Francis Train says he does; that is, 'so as to be prepared to die.' That is the great secret of life—to be prepared for the life after death."

## A Sagacious Cat.

Last year, Charles Edgerly of Meredith owned a cat which was a regular hunter. He would often go off and bring in rabbits. If any of the family went berrying, Tommy would go too, and devote his energies to wild game. If he became separated from the party, he would climb a tree and ascertain the direction to head himself to find them. He could catch birds on trees, and the boys of the family, knowing the propensity of squirrels to take to fences and stone walls when in danger, would put him on a wall and alarm the game. One afternoon Tommy caught fifteen squirrels in this manner. He would wait any length of time when put down in a place and told to stay there. One day he brought a rat and laid it at the feet of Mr. Edgerly, who took out his knife and skinned it. Puss, surveying the operation with intense interest, and seemed highly pleased at it. Mr. Edgerly said "go get another," and the cat went off and returned at intervals during the day with three more, which were duly skinned under feline superintendence. Mr. Edgerly told the cat that he would skin all the rats he could catch; and henceforth puss made it his sole occupation to catch the rodents and see their hides removed. The skins of the rats were fastened on the bars at the distance of a few feet from the ground. Thirty-seven trophies were in time displayed on the bars. One day this feline Nimrod brought in a rat and laid it at Mr. Edgerly's feet. He was busy at the time and could not gratify the animal with the usual skinning operation. The cat laid it at his feet three successive times, and was finally repulsed in such a manner that Tommy went off with his back and fall up in the peculiar stiff gait which cats assume when they have. From that day on a rat would be caught, though other small game continued to suffer as of old. But now comes the wonderful part of the tale. On the night of the day it which he became so mortally offended, Tommy went out to the barn and tore down the hides of the thirty-seven victims to show his resentment of the result. Such a case is rarely heard of, and so we record it for our readers young and old. Though he would keep all his old habits, such as skating, (for he would slide in the best manner he was able) on the ice, whenever the boys went, he never again was known to catch a rat to the day of his death, which happened some few months after by being caught in a fox trap.—*New Hampshire Paper.*

Postmaster Gen. Crosswell has appointed Miss Anna C. Eddy postmistress at East Middleborough, Mass.



Pacific Department.

BY BENJAMIN TODD

A Disappointed Church.

Poor old tumbled walls, time-worn and form-eaten, destruction is thy inevitable doom! But alone art thou in thy old age and misery; but false, filthy and wicked doctrines and creeds which have resounded and made those old walls re-echo back again the sound from time to time, are going thy way also. Their destruction is keeping pace with thy mouldering pieces and sure to bear thee company to thy ruin. Death is written upon thee, oh, once rich and elegant tabernacle, which for years was the fashionable resort for God's holy worshippers.

Had I been caught wandering upon the seventh day many other directions, no doubt I would have been pointed to this place as the only refuge for redemption, where the sin-stained soil could be made white and a fit subject for His divine presence. Alas, how changed! The pulpit, which faces you at the entrance is also nearly demolished.

The sanctified presence of the priest-hood, proved sufficient to preserve that holy place from the destroyer's hand. It alike is falling. Look at the windows. Could you discern the least object through the small pieces which have been left to remain, perhaps unnoticed by the mischievous school-boy? Would you have supposed them ever transparent, and once the finest ornaments of that grand temple? Quite otherwise. The spider now inhabits each nook and corner, and the tiny threads are crossed and recrossed, displaying beautiful specimens of skill and architecture in the tiniest profusion.

How chilling is the atmosphere surrounding this spot. It goes to the very centre of life, and causes a shudder. How dreary, dismal, and yet bewitching, are these old ruins. I yearn to leave, and still something haunts me to linger. I feel stifled and I feel inspired. I can almost hear those songs of praise which so oft have been offered from this crumbling pile. I can, seemingly, hear those barbarous and unnatural prayers going up to God from beings more corrupt at heart than the rotten mass before me. I see the incense being offered, which purifies the guilty from those heinous crimes which curdle one's blood to know!

These and various other ceremonies bespeak the office for which this edifice was once erected. But what a change! The poor old house is left like a recreant friend, to tottle and fall alone! Like its false and insidious teachings, it will go down without one word of pity or consolation; a fair emblem of a religion born to decay by time and civilization.

Poor old creed, thou hast lived thy allotted time, and now with these crumbling walls, must thou go down alike, one mass of corruption. Thy foothold, although for a time strong, was sure to weaken for lack of truth and enlightenment. Now, farewell. Peace be to thy ashes, oh, ignorance and superstition!

LEOLINE.

Grumblers.

The most provoking class of these characters that we have among us as Spiritualists, are those that are constantly grumbling about mediums and lecturers. If there is a more thankless task in the world than that of mediumship or public lecturing on the subject of Spiritualism, I would not know where to find it. The miserly conduct of Spiritualists towards their speakers, has driven much of the best talent we ever had from the field. The solemn and weighty obligations of the consanguineous ties have forced them to seek more lucrative employments, and yet apparently the mass of Spiritualists are indifferent to the matter.

If you converse with them on the subject and urge the necessity of better-sustaining speakers and mediums, their reply generally is, "Oh, I don't particularly care about lectures, and as for tests, I have seen enough to convince me of the phenomena, and I will take my chances in the other world."

To say the least, such characters are very far from being philosophical Spiritualists.

I only wish they could once have it revealed to how mean and contemptible their little narrow, contracted, miserly soul will look by the light of the spirit world.

Again, there is a class of very egotistical persons who dilate largely on their own attainments and growth that are constantly fading fast with mediums because they do not grow out of what is by some termed the early manifestations, such as rapping and tipping, calling them low and frivolous manifestations, holding them in light esteem.

Let me tell you, Mr. Self-Righteous Ecceitist, that this is very ungrateful on your part to say the least. Was you not a child once and did not these mediums teach you your A B C through these very means that now you affect to despise? And are all educated up to that stand-point that the primary department is not needed?

So long as human beings are born, so long will rudimentary instruction be needed in common intellectual development; and this applies in Spiritualism as well.

Facts are the basis of Philosophy, and I thank the powers that be, that they cannot be separated in Spiritualism. They go hand in hand with each other like two bound in marital bands; and it is that alone that will blinder the spiritual philosophy from becoming effete in time like all other religious philosophies that have gone before.

Let all the different phases of mediumship be encouraged; they are all important. There are none high and none low in this great work; and if there are a few sanctimonious parasites who leave the ranks for fear of contaminating their spotless robe, all right. Let them go, it will only clear the track and make room for more earnest workers.

An Excellent Test.

The following correspondence was handed to me by Dr. E. A. Tompkins who is one of our most highly esteemed citizens. He is a man possessing a fine mind, highly educated, and a very successful practitioner of medicine, but unfortunately like many of his profession, is of a skeptical turn of mind. The boy medium is the one we mentioned a week or two since.

The following indoor sement, we found on the back of the letter:

"This letter and its fellow is as conclusive evidence of the truth of spirit communication as a reasonable mind should ask."

E. A. T.

I wrote this letter and enclosed it in three brown envelopes, and then caused a piece of tin to be placed on each side and riveted and then put in another envelope and carefully marked. It was returned to me unopened, and yet transcribed and answered. How was it done? The same was done to a previous letter.

E. A. TOMPKINS.

Grass Valley, February 28th, 1869.

Will the spirit or power that usually controls John A. Tyler Jr., answer the following questions and remarks?

Are we conscious of our existence after our mind or spirit separates from the body by what is called death? Are we punished after the death of the body, for the faults and follies we have committed and repented of here, and now hate and abhor?

Will we be absorbed in the Spirit World for the errors we have committed and repented of in this life of the body? When a man does no good sufficient to counterbalance his brother to others, does his committing suicide result in after misery to himself? Are my parents and former earth friends with me? Have I a guardian spirit; and if so, who is that spirit? Please answer all or such as you choose of the above questions?

E. A. TOMPKINS.

Is the following transcription of the doctor's letter, the words italicized, and every punctuation mark is the same as in the original.

Grass Valley, Feb. 28th, 1869.

Will the spirit or power that controls John A. Tyler Jr., answer the following questions?

Are we conscious of our existence after our mind or spirit separates from the body by what we call death? Are we punished after the death of the body for the faults and follies we have committed and repented of here, and now hate and abhor?

Will we be absorbed in the Spirit World for the errors we have committed, and repented of in this life of the body? When a man does no good sufficient to counterbalance his brother to others, would his committing suicide result in after misery to himself? Are my parents and former earth friends with me? Have I a guardian spirit, and if so, who is the spirit? Please answer all or such questions as you choose.

E. A. TOMPKINS.

Answers to the above questions: No, you are not punished for the faults you have committed here if you have sufficiently atoned for them already. No one is absorbed in the Spirit World, no matter how bad they may have been. We only try to improve their condition. Yes, it adds greatly to his misery in the after-life. Yes, they are with you and are happy. Every one has a guardian spirit, you among the number. You have two, namely: your mother, Eunice Tompkins, and your sister Mary Tompkins. I believe I have answered all your questions, and I trust satisfactorily.

JOSEPH RABH.

DR. E. A. TOMPKINS.

Items of Interest.

Christians say that our first-parents were born in a state of innocence. Grant it, and what does it amount to. It was only an innocence of ignorance. Virtue only comes as the result of having struggled with human passions, and brought them into subjection to wisdom.

Undeveloped children are naturally inclined to, and go through the truth until grown-up children educate them to be hypocrites.

The greatest liar in the world tells a hundred truths to one lie.

The preponderance between good and evil, is largely in favor of good in the human race, and no better evidence is needed of consummate ignorance or insanity on religion than for a person to take the ground that all mankind are totally depraved.

The book of nature is far more reliable than the Christian's Bible, for it never tells lies.

Spiritualism has taught one grand truth the world never discovered before, and that is that religion is natural. A home production does not have to be imported.

Human beings are like a clock; they can not recall past hours, and the future they have nothing to do with. It is to tick now and just so much time to do it. Be sure that you put in the tick on time, or you will lose just so much in the count of your existence.

Christians teach their children to hate—hate the Devil, hate sin, hate infidels, hate Spiritualists, and they grow up full of hate, and their parents are very apt to come in for a share.

That person who loves little children, poetry and flowers, is not very far from the Kingdom of Heaven.

That individual who loves the most, has got the bravest heart and will not fear death.

In the law of selfishness, "might makes the right;" but in the law of love, right makes one mighty.

The truly noble men and women dare to do right in the face of opposition, whilst the coward shrinks out of sight or becomes a fawning sycophant, and worships at the shrine of popular opinion.

The person that does right because it is right without fear of punishment or hope of reward can alone be said to act from principle.

Man cannot sin against God—he can sin only against something he can affect by his act. God being infinite and immutable, no act of man can affect him.

Original Essays.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Dark Circles.

BY W. R. FAIRBANKS.

BRO. JONES:—The question has often been asked, "Why can not spirits give physical demonstrations in the light, as well as in the dark?"

The answer is perfectly plain and satisfactory to all who have made the laws of spirit power, their study, and those who cavil at the necessity, might, with as much propriety, be asked, why can not spirits change the nature of galvanism, electricity or magnetism?

Every particle of matter in the universe is governed by laws, and conditions are always necessary, or no law can be in force.

Therefore, as it is natural or lawful for galvanism, electricity, or magnetism to have peculiar properties or qualities, it is natural for light to prevent physical manifestations, because it breaks up conditions which are necessary, or destroys the mutual relation which the power to demonstrate and the darkness bear to each other.

The same laws that exist and operated in former ages of the world, exist, and are operating to-day, and we have only to refer to the demonstrations of spirit power recorded in the

Bible, to prove the fact; for the greatest demonstrations there recorded were also accomplished in the dark, showing that it was a necessity then as well as now and could not be accomplished under any other circumstances.

I have selected, and will present a few of the many instances recorded in the Bible:

In the 32nd chapter of Genesis, it is stated that Jacob met an Angel in the road, and after sending messengers to his brother Esau, an angel in the form of man wrestled with him "all the night until the break of day."

In the 2nd chapter of Luke, "By night, in the dark," angels visited the shepherds, and heavenly host and said, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace and good will towards men."

In the 12th chapter of Acts, it is recorded that King Herod, after killing James the brother of John with a sword, had Peter taken and cast into prison; and the night that Herod would have brought him forth, he was sleeping between two soldiers, bound with two chains, and the keepers before the doors of the prison.

7th verse: "And behold an Angel of the Lord came upon him, and a light shined in the prison, and he smote Peter on the side, and raised him up, saying, 'Arise up quickly, and his chains fell off from his hands. And the Angel said unto him, guide thyself, bind on thy sandals, cast thy garments about thee and follow me. And he went out and followed him, and wist not that it was true which was done by the angel, but thought he saw a vision, and was not conscious until he had passed the city gate, which also opened to them of its own accord, when the Angel departed from him."

Lastly, in the 28th chapter of Matthew, it is stated that an Angel came and rolled back the stone from the door of the sepulchre, and sat upon it.

The rolling back of the stone was also done in the dark. For, "As it began to dawn," Mary Magdalene and the other Mary, came to see the sepulchre, saw the angel, and must have spoken to him, for he answered and said unto the women, "Fear not ye for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here, for he is risen, as he said, come and see the place where the Lord lay."

Now, if there be any true meaning attached to words, or honesty in martyr, I can not see how any one with a common share of intelligence, can for a moment doubt or deny the analogy between the facts recorded in the Bible, and those that are taking place at the spiritual seances or exhibitions of to-day.

It is in vain, therefore, for those who ought to teach the truth, to say that Spiritualism is opposed to the Bible, and that all physical manifestations are the work of the Devil.

That assumption not only shows the most consummate ignorance of all that is connected with spirit communion, but a spirit as uncharitable as it is unjust, and illy becomes those who profess to be the followers of the magnanimous and lowly Nazarene.

Pendleton, S. C., Feb. 17th, 1869.

ROSICRUCIAN PAPERS. NO. 6.

"The Man who Died Game."

BY F. B. RANDOLPH.

Good morning, Free Will! What a fault-finding set of mortals we are, to be sure. We are full of sharp angles ourselves, yet blather-skite our neighbors because they are so, too. I'd like to see a real saint, but they are scarce as hen's teeth. How are we to be or act outside, or independent of our personal proclivities? Our respective individualities! our efficient make-up? And then, when people find fault with, vilify, lie about and stir us up to wrath, how we do fret and fume and break things. What's the use? It makes a thinker sick to hear so much gab about harmony and progress, and all that sort of highfalutin, and in the next breath pitch into Mr. A., Mrs. B., and the hundred little C's.

What a sight of gammon there is in the world! So long as you tickle me, and I tickle you, it's all very fine, Mr. Ferguson, but you just stroke his hair cross-way, and there's trouble in the camp, and a large sized American citizen of African lineage located in the fence, is right off.

The fact is, we're all babies yet, and in a baby-age of a baby world. Jesus of Judea was familiar with the dynamic law of morals, and went about benevolently casting out devils from those who lodged that species of tenant, and we read that he once ousted no less than seven from Mrs. McDaniell, or Mag. Dallen, the only woman they probably ever did get entirely out of, and she became un-demoralized. This is a world of chemical interchanges, and at one time, we may be pure as angels, because chemically undisturbed; and within an hour, may inhale the spores or monads, which from inertness, may spring into active life, and engender changes in our organic structure that may superinduce the apocalyptic plague, in the shape of some disease or abnormal appetite or passion.

Judge Set-em-strait, yesterday, sentenced a "man to jail for seduction," and last night, Mrs. Witch-em-all cooked the Judge to the tune of all his virtue and half of his cash, and to-day, John Ludeck Iller, will run off with my lady Gay, whose buxom servant-girl will set that gentleman's heart on fire, and empty his head of its remaining senses.

And so we go. Sin! Sin! "So saith Mrs. Grundy. But who shall tell how much or of what kind? Who shall examine the fields of air, and warn us of sporadic influences, or the myriads of larvae floating there ready to descend upon and take root within us, generating demoralization, culminating in woe, death, anguish, crime?"

We are blind in our blame, blind in our hatred, more so in our scandals and revenge.

Once at a New York's prayer-meeting, Mr. Ugg Lee Megg, the celebrated reformed prize-fighter, eloquently expatiated on calvary and its crosses, to an admiring throng. He told them

that Jesus trained in the wilderness; that he was rubbed down with prickly pears; that he fought forty rounds, a day long each, in the wilderness, with the devil, who trained in hell, was a heavy weight and struck straight from the shoulder with his gould well up, while his foe was a light weight without much practice, that God held the stakes, Gabriel kept time, Michael was referee and Doctor Longphis, bottle-holder; that the Devil got the best of it notwithstanding the stakeholder patted the light champion on the back, and said, "Go in Sonny, I'll bet my pile on you!" and at last he got knocked out of time, and the sponge was thrown up. But, said he, "He died game," when one of the news boys worked up to fever heat by the wild eloquence of the speaker, sung out, "Bully for Jesus! not in irreverence, but in all honesty. And when the speaker went on to state that when Jesus fell, bleeding at every pore, he turned to the stakeholder, and said: 'It's all up!—I'm floored, but don't trouble 'em, it's a fair beat,' and died. But lo! a miracle, the blood flowed all over the ground, and came to be, first a brook, then a river, then a mighty ocean that rose and swelled and lifted up all the houses, ships and people, and floated them all to the gates of heaven, where they are all now waiting to get in. Will you, my hearers, go in? There came one vast shout from 500 boys and men: 'Of course we will, old hose. Three cheers for Jesus, the man wat died game!'"

Now, these people could not have been reached by anything half so effectively as by the use of demoralized social notions and talk, and just so it is, that not one of us but has a weak side, which side we are attacked on and suffer from, but the destined end is reached at last, provided "we die game."

In my search for knowledge of human character I have often gained what I sought by placing myself en rapport with the spirit of the person before me, in order to read the inner scroll of life, and never yet saw man or woman who had not points both strong and weak, never saw a perfect angel yet, nor have I ever seen a bad man or woman, wholly yet I know God hath given us sore and tender spots, exposed to rude touches all the time, and mine own are plentiful.

Last night, the President of the company invited the stockholders and myself to the Opera, and we all had choice seats, in which to sit and listen to the glorious Ajaic, in Offenbach's Barbe Blue. Frequently I had been to the same theatre, but poverty compelled me to take a cheap upper seat; and I shrank from people's gaze, while I and my soul listened to the music. True, I could and did hear people say as they pointed their glasses at me, "That's Randolph, the damned fellow in Boston," and "That's Randolph, the king of humbugs," or "That's Randolph as good and noble a soul as God ever made," in fact, a regular hash of pert and keen remarks, and I shrank still closer into my corner-seat, 820. But last night, I went as the peer of a man of \$600,000, and "That's Randolph the wonderful clairvoyant! That's the discoverer of Phosodyn, and finder of oil wells, and inventor of silver-plut, and the best fellow under heaven; let's go take a drink along with him, and John Pigots Esq., his particular friend," and then I tarried, I did, in fact I snickered right "out in meatin'."

The same people couldn't see me rightly in my days of poverty, and were demoralized; and now they were equally so under the supposition that boundless wealth was in my grasp. Fools, both times the man was and is the same, but Mr. John Pigot's known wealth, and my familiar seat beside him, operating chemically upon them gave life to different appreciative powers, and for awhile, I became a hero, with a cash capital, a good long way short of ten millions, yet quite large enough to pay my board bill and washer-woman, and a little balance over. But the fact is, we all wear spectacles, and see things wrongly now by reason of Grundyisms, and I conclude that the millennium will arrive when we reckon ourselves up at our actual worth; our neighbors ditto, and concede all we can to the force of destiny. Why not eat our peck of dirt quietly? Answer slang with silence or satire? Laugh at folly? Hate no one? Love all we can, and keep all of it we get? Fight forty days, and forty nights against the devil—circumstances. Strike straight from the shoulder—form correct motives. Take a drink—fortitude; when dry—lagged out. Sponge ourselves—with patience. Stick to the text of our make-up, even if "all the world takes us; strike like Stanton, but longer than he did, even if we wait till there is good skating in orthodox hell, and then it after all we get knocked out of time, let us take it coolly, and if we die, "die game."

It ought to be known that the better-land is our real home; at present we are all in boarding houses, living on hash and being hashed ourselves, and it be known that whoever makes a business of boarding is sure to be demoralized, and sour cider and w(h)ine is the order of the board.

Algernon Charles Swinburne understood mankind better than even Shakespeare, James Stewart or Freeman Dowd, an almost matchless trio, for he wrote these thrice immortal lines—lines worthy of a Shakespeare, Dowd or Stewart:

Before the beginning of years  
There came to the making of man  
Time, with a gift of tears;  
Grief, with a glass that ran;  
Pleasure, with pain for leaven;  
Summer, with flowers that fell;  
Remembrance fallen from heaven  
And madness risen from hell;  
Strength without hands to smite;  
Love that endures for a breath;  
Night, the shadow of light,  
And life, the shadow of death.  
And the high gods took in hand  
Fire, and the falling of tears,  
And a measure of sliding sand  
From under the feet of the years;  
And froth and drift of the sea,

And dust of the laboring earth,  
And bodies of things to be  
In the houses of death and of birth;  
And wrought with weeping and laughter,  
And fashioned with loathing and love  
With life before and after,  
And death beneath and above,  
For a day and night and a morrow,  
That his strength might endure for a span,  
With travail and heavy sorrow,  
The holy spirit of man.

From the winds of the north and south,  
They gathered as unto strife;  
They breathed upon his mouth,  
They filled his body with life;  
Eye sight and speech they wrought  
For the vells of the soul therein,  
A time for labor and thought,  
A time to serve and to sin;  
They gave him light in his ways,  
And love, and space for delight,  
And beauty and length of days,  
And night, and sleep in the night.

His speech is a burning fire:  
With his lips he travellath;  
In his heart is a blind desire,  
In his eyes fore knowledge of death;  
He weaves and is clothed with derision,  
Sows and shall not reap;  
His life is a watch or a vision  
Between a sleep and a sleep.

Glorious Swinburne! No truer poem ever fell from human pen! This brings us to the regions of heart-land pretty soon, by and by.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Woman—Her Relation to Man.

BY ANNIE J. SPALDING.

THE JOURNAL of January 23rd, contains an article from the pen of E. V. Wilson, under the caption, "Woman, and Her Relation to Man. Is She Dissatisfied with her Present Condition?"

The writer depicts briefly but truthfully the present relative conditions of Man and Woman, and suggests as the remedy, equality in everything. But it strikes me that he throws on woman too much of the burden of applying the remedy. He exhorts her to own herself, and never surrender the sacred right to control her person, body, soul and sexuality as well as property. Does Brother Wilson realize that in the present condition of man's development, and under the laws which he has made for her to obey, is it not an easy matter for a married woman to control her own property? She may have contributed more to the common fund than her husband, but if she is Mrs. Smith, is not the property all Smith's? And is not Smith the one who, has got to do the business and support the family? Then who but Smith should have any voice in controlling the means by which business is to be done? In ability to manage, calculate, and economize, his wife may excel him, but there is abundant room for the exercise of her gifts in the kitchen. She can save, or wisely use the dimes and dollars there, but his control of the hundreds and thousands must not be interfered with by her. He may lose in foolish speculations the accumulations of years, which would have been saved for approaching age if her voice had any weight with him. But was not his motive good? Did he not expect to make more money instead of losing all he had? Then where is the blame? This is the general understanding in regard to property. Now for woman to stand up, resist, overcome, and set right this matter looks to me like a herculean task.

I am often amused at the way men puzzle their heads over the question, "What shall be done with the women?" To me a much knottier question is, "What shall be done with the men?" For with them lies the difficulty. I am convinced that in nineteen out of every twenty cases, the uncongeniality in married life is neither more nor less than tyranny on the one hand, and resistance to tyranny on the other. The disposition to govern woman is inborn in man. This disposition is unwittingly fostered in the boy by both parents. The father is referred to as the higher authority, the mother being only second in command. The sister is only a girl, therefore, whenever her wishes come in collision with those of her brother, she must yield. In the school-house yard, where both sexes play together, the boys lead and the girls must follow. When a boy thus trained, becomes a man and marries, will the cords of love be strong enough to lead him to give up a portion of his authority and allow his wife to stand on an equality with himself? Will he yield to her wishes as often as she is required to yield to his? It is possible that in some cases he may, but these cases are exceptional. The reverse is the rule. What wonder then that there is inharmonious and incongeniality in married life?

It is a hopeful sign that so many thinking minds are suggesting remedies for these existing evils. "Amend the laws regulating marriage and divorce," says one. "Let woman take her rights," says another. "Give her the ballot, and all will be right," cries a third. Good remedies all, as far as they go; but as neither doctor has discovered the seat of the disease, so neither has prescribed the most potent and far-reaching remedy.

Let boys of the present day be taught, both by precept and example, that the authority of a mother is equal to that of a father. Let them learn to respect the right of girls, whether sisters or playmates, and be made to know that it is as hard for a girl to give up to a boy as it is for a boy to give up to a girl. Let them be trained with a view to make of them good husbands, and the next generation will give little occasion for legislating or doctoring for uncongeniality. In the mean time, chronic cases must be treated as best they may, and what can't be cured must be endured.

Though claiming for woman no superiority over man, I yet see that he is a tyrant and she his victim, and that among the many remedies sought for the correction of this sad state of things, one of the most efficacious will be found to be, the proper training of boys.

Champlin, Minn. Feb. 1st, 1869.







## Religio-Philosophical Journal

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84, Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

"The Pen is mightier than the sword."

## CONSCIOUSNESS, MAN, GOD.

You are God. I am God. We are all part of the great in-  
finite God-head. There is no place where God is not. There is  
nothing that hath not the seal of divinity upon it. —Message  
Department of Banner of Light.

In all phases of life, on all sides, we find much that invites our investigation. Nature is inexhaustible in the variety of her action, and such being the case, in whatever direction we may turn our attention, we will find much that is well worthy of receiving a passing notice.

To the close observer, a lesson can be learned in any of the departments of nature. God being infinite in nature and capabilities, his works must necessarily be endless in extent and variety, and therefore, man will find enough to do throughout all eternity. In our haste, many times, to improve, we ignore certain elementary principles that afford a permanent structure on which we can stand to carry on our investigation, and instead thereof, we theorize too much, and establish, in fact, too little.

We know, however, we exist; that we live, move and have a being, and are subject to certain laws. Plants exist, wave in the breeze, breathe the pure air, and are kissed by the sweet dew-drops, yet they know it not. Consciousness in them is not developed sufficiently for them to recognize their own existence. The majestic tree as it points upward, smiling at the heavens, saluting the stars with its rustling leaves, and in prayerful silence recognizing an over-ruling Providence, seems to be struggling upward, endeavoring to manifest a consciousness within its massive trunk, and amid its rustling limbs where the birds of the air congregate to carol their sweetest songs. Beautiful tree, Nature's edifice, erected in mid-air to demonstrate the struggles of consciousness! I would not, however, say that the tree is not conscious; for God is within it, and is he not conscious?

I would not separate consciousness from any thing, although we can discover no manifestations of its power. In the tiny flower with its rainbow tints, nursing in its little cup the dew-drop that nestled there for a night's repose, waiting for a ray of light to bear it heavenward again in the morning; the little blade of grass that slips from mother earth its sweetness; the acorn hugging the ground with its infant instinct until its aspirations are realized by becoming a majestic tree, all are, seemingly, struggling to manifest a conscious existence. Why not? God is inseparably connected with them. Can he not manifest himself in the oak, in the flower and plant? Separate God from nothing. He is everywhere; *He is everything*. Doubt not a single moment. You have seen God as much as you will ever see him. Whatseen infinitely the God of everywhere! the God of Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Venus! You see him on earth. In the falling of an apple he spoke to Newton; in the revolution of the earth he spoke to Galileo; in the water he spoke to Archimedes; in the murky cloud he spoke to Franklin; he speaks to all of us through nature. God is infinity! What else but infinity? Who ever saw a personal God? Not I, not you, not any one. The fool says in his heart, there is no God. The sun that rises in the east, says, "I am God, for I am the source of light and heat!" The earth says, "I am God, for I am the source of nourishment to earth's mortals." The atmosphere says, "I am God, for without my presence you could not live a single moment!" Gravity says, "I am God, for without me the fair orbs that deck the firmament and twinkle so beautifully, would be destroyed."

Every thing in existence has god-like qualities, and all united, constitute God himself. What, each of us a part of God? Yes; beautiful thought, shining from no borrowed light! A part of God! "Why not?" says the sun, the source of light and heat. "Why not?" echoes from the innumerable worlds that deck that blue vault. "Why not?" says the little dew-drop just nestling for the night in a bed of roses. "Why not?" says the philosopher who has just discovered the a-æsthetic telegraph, by talking with the positive and negative poles of a battery. "Why not?" echoes from the king, the president, the beggar; in fact from all humanity. God infinite? What else beside him? Nothing.

It would be well to pause, says a spirit visitant by our side, and consider another question. You seem to see God everywhere; you separate him from nothing, and in so doing prepare yourself to receive still grander truths. The world ignores certain elementary principles, and affirms many things to be true that are totally false. Life is an essence; it exists in everything. The stone, the clod of earth, the plant, the tree, in fact everything feels the effects of its influence. Unite flour and water, keep the same in a confined state for a short time, and animal life will be generated therefrom, perceptible to the senses. When the flour and water were united, a central point was formed, towards which this life-element centred as naturally as the stone when lifted from the ground, will fall to the earth. This life-element was in the flour and in the water separately, but when united together its power became focalized so that it could manifest its peculiar

nature in the shape of digesting, loathsome worms. The egg in process of incubation is constantly attracting this life-element in such proportions, and in such a manner, that a living being is produced. The earth itself, with its teeming soil is constantly subject to the influence of this life-element.

But where is God? Everywhere! You see him, I see him, all see him, yet you scarcely appreciate the sublime fact! You hear his voice in the rustling leaves, in the singing birds, in the surging clouds, in the silent movements of the innumerable worlds above. If God is infinite, he must necessarily be infinity itself; for otherwise the statement would involve a contradiction of terms, and other elements beside God could be found in space, which would be absurd. God occupies all space; he is all in all—in fact, he is infinity itself. Every drop of water, every tiny insect, every object in nature, being a part of infinity, must necessarily be a part of God. But if man is a part of God, we have a finite intelligence within an infinite intelligence; in other words, God divides himself in an infinite number of little intelligences, and yet retains the original status of infinity itself, which seems absurd, although carefully considered. (This finite mind, a part of the infinity of mind, is enough to puzzle any one; but wait awhile, and we will make it clear.)

Man a part of God, and yet finite, standing in the same relation to him as a drop of water does to the ocean of waters, or the waters of the universe? God is essentially indivisible, yet is constantly throwing off from himself, as it were, elements of life. Man being a part of infinity, is a part of God, for you cannot by any process separate man from God. We are only elements of life in God, the same as the animalcule in the blood are elements of life within us. We are the animalcule, circulating, as it were, in the vast ocean of mind, receiving nourishment therefrom the same as the animalcule of the blood receive nourishment from the same. God is infinity; we as finite creatures are traversing the arteries of the universe, occasionally coming in contact with the great Central Heart, the fountain of life and intelligence, and receive impressions therefrom, that impart a knowledge of some grand law. We are within God—not God within us, and consequently are a part and parcel of him. We are life within life; a wheel within a wheel; finiteness within infinity. God embraces all laws within his organic structure; man is an offshoot of these laws for he struggles to understand their nature. He would not, nor could he not try to understand that which is entirely foreign to himself. He may understand something of God, yet never be a God. He may bow before the shrine of infinite knowledge, and its portals open by one will open to his enraptured vision; revealing the grand truths within, yet the portals closed are still innumerable. He can circulate within the veins of the vast universe, touch its Central Heart, feel its pulsations, behold the silvery orbs that it is constantly throwing off to deck the vault of heaven, and witness the harmony that prevails in all the unfoldings of the great "I am," yet before him are fields untraversed, problems unsolved, grand scenes unvisited and voices of cherubim not heard by him. Still, an animalcule in the veins of God, he will ever reside, a part and parcel of him, grasping for the glittering truths that deck his course, and beckon him on in the path of investigation.

## THE AGITATOR.

The above named paper is published at 132 South Clark street, Chicago, every Saturday, at \$2.50 per year.

Mrs A. Livermore, Editor, Mary L. Walker Assistant Editor.

The first number of the above named neatly executed, and ably edited paper, is upon our table, asking for recognition and exchange, which we cordially respond to.

The *Agitator* is in the line of reform. We hope it may prove a success. There is no reason but one, that we know of, why it should not. Agitation and progression is the order of the day. That women are "endowed with certain inalienable rights" equal with man, we see no reason to doubt. They have but to assert those rights, and persistently ask for them, to attain them. If a majority of the women of the State of Illinois were to go to the polls on the day of election for delegates to the next Constitutional Convention, and unite with the radical "woman's rights' element" to be found among the opposite sex, whose right of suffrage is not questioned, and if refused their rights by the Judges of election, they should constitute a new Board and in every way conform to the law, providing for such election, they could secure delegates to the Illinois Constitutional Convention, to their own liking. Here is a scheme worth working for. Let the *Agitator* take the matter in hand and work up the movement. No time is to be lost; yet, there is just time enough to make a success of it, and to immortalize the *Agitator*.

We said there was but one reason why the *Agitator* would not be a success. Perhaps, that reason does not exist; but our readers will all inquire what that supposed reason is?

We answer: There are so many old fogy priests hanging on to the new movement, that would rather see it, woman included, go to "Davy Jones' locker," than to follow our advice. Well, perhaps, we ought not, for that very reason, to have made the suggestion.

Still, we have great hopes that the noble women who are leading in this movement, are adroit enough to lead the priests and carry their influence for the scheme, instead of being led by them—to allow them to lead, a more fatal step could not be taken.

## SPIRIT ARTISTS.

Jesse H. Soule enquires if there are spirit artists who give likenesses of deceased persons of whom the artists know nothing. Answer, yes.

We should think it would pay such artists to advertise in this paper, but probably they know best.

## LECTURES AT LIBRARY HALL.

E. S. Wheeler delivered his third series of lectures at Library Hall, on Sunday, March 21st.

The morning lecture was announced by the speaker, "Spiritualism as a Science," but was in fact more of an inspirational and off-hand production, than an exposition of a really scientific nature. The discourse was full of radical thought, and practical suggestion, and the lesson of the hour seemed to be appreciated by the audience; for at its close, upon the motion of Professor J. H. W. Tooley, a successful subscription was started for the purposes of the society.

Professor Tooley announced himself willing to be one of thirty or sixty, to raise three thousand dollars, to secure a hall under the control of the Committee. One thousand dollars was pledged at once, in sums of one hundred each, and assurance was offered that the remainder would be raised in subscriptions of smaller amounts. In the evening, many members doubled their subscription for the month to pay off indebtedness, and thus the amount pledged or paid during the day, was about \$1250.00.

The speaker commenced by saying: "The sunshine of this beautiful morning, the beautiful music we have just heard, and more, the countenances of so many thoughtful friends, fill me with a thrill of poetic fervor, which almost charms me away from the matter of fact disposition I have proposed as the body of my talk upon this occasion. The day is drunk with music, the very air is inspiration, the heavens themselves are all quivering, as if the world were but a thought!"

A subtle influence spreads around me and I am drawn away from the prosaic and factistic, toward, onward, upward, toward the poetic, the beautiful and the ethereal; but I assert my individualism. I have given no quit-claim deed or lease of my self-hood, to any being or class of beings, embodied or disembodied. Welcome! all help, all assistance is needed, but I must lay out my own work, and stand myself for some thing.

What we want, is not always that which we need, and we must seek to regulate life in harmony with fundamental principles of true expediency, rather than impulsively snatch at the things we may desire for the time only. And we will, therefore, forego pleasure for profit; desert our journey to cloud and rainbow land, to spirit-homes and the Valhalla of the gods; that in this present we may learn the lesson of the hour, appropriate the now and here; and so go, greater and richer to the beyond, to which our progress moves us.

Spiritualism is something more than a sensation, and yet our relation to it has been sensational. We have seen, we have wondered, and are still full of wonder; for the phenomena are as marvellous as ever. They have always existed, and always will, in accordance with conditions.

That which we need is a critical knowledge of facts, a thorough understanding of principles and laws.

We learn through Spiritualism, the nature and method of our own lives. First, that we are immortal, hence that life is important and significant; so we become courageous to bear its evils. Then we discover the nature of the existence beyond this present, and learn how to fit ourselves for our action there.

Spirits return weak, un-vitalized, puny, namby-pamby, unable to control, powerless to manifest; others living through the spheres in power as planets wheel, and bear down upon our earthly state, like steady gales charged with lightning.

The lecture was highly interesting, and we regret that we have not room for a more extensive notice.

## A NEW PROPOSITION.

Feeling willing to make almost any sacrifice to promulgate the truths of Spiritualism, we propose to furnish each of our trial subscribers with the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for three months longer for the nominal sum of fifty cents each, provided renewals are made within the next two weeks. This proposition will barely cover the cost of the blank paper, at manufacturer's price, and the expense of getting the subscribers address on the printed mail list for the mailing machine. Then there will be no longer any failure of each subscriber to get the JOURNAL in due time.

This proposition extends to every trial subscriber whether the trial three months has expired or not, or whether they shall become trial subscribers before the fifteenth day of the present month of April.

In addition to other attractions, our new department of "ARTS AND SCIENCES" will elicit great interest and will be worth more to each reader than the paper will cost.

We earnestly solicit the generous services of old and new friends to aid in continuing the circulation of this most excellent paper; not only with those who have already taken it on trial, but to the liberal throughout the land.

Promptness in renewals will secure each number of the paper for six months at the nominal sum of seventy-five cents. But remember the renewals must be made before the fifteenth of the present month of April.

## DRS. McBRIDE AND CLEVELAND.

The above named healing mediums are worthy of patronage. They have two excellent qualifications as healers; we know from experience. We have just been confined to our bed for two days with chills and fever. Not being in the habit of yielding to sickness or employing doctors, we attempted to brave it out; but finding the case desperate, and our time of too much value to be wasted in an unequal struggle with our unrelenting disease, that one moment was giving us foretaste of a theological hereafter, and the next, that of an Arctic explorer, we concluded to call to our aid the above named firm. Suffice it to say, that with the aid of our new allies, three operations by the hands of Dr.

Cleveland, succeeded in placing us in thirty-six hours back to our post ready for sixteen hour's labor out of every twenty-four. All right!

The two necessary qualifications referred to, are these: First, the power to cure the sick. Second, to be content to take a reasonable compensation for services, without playing "Jew," or enquiring how much you are worth; or, in other words, without first examining to see how much blood you have got in your veins, and then bleeding you all you can stand, a practice which has become quite common of late.

## From Terre Haute, Indiana.

MR. S. S. JONES:—Sir, in your paper of March 30th, page four, and in the fourth column, is an article entitled, "J. H. Powell." You stated that he was engaged by the Spiritualist Society of Terre Haute, for twelve months, but owing to that Society not being able to sustain a settled speaker, Mr. Powell is again in the field. Your informant was either ignorant of, or woefully mistaken in the facts. Mr. Powell came to our Society the latter part of December, 1868, under an engagement to speak for us on Sundays only, at the rate of nine hundred dollars per annum. He remained with us until the first of March, at which time our Society closed their engagement with him, giving him within a few dollars of a half-year's salary for a little over two months services. Our Society has not, and does not intend to make any engagements that they cannot fulfill. As we are in negotiation for another speaker, such a statement is calculated to leave an impression to our disadvantage, and hope you will make the correction. Satisfied that you have no intention of doing our little Society any injustice, we remain yours, for the cause.

JAMES HOOK,  
Secretary of the First Society of Spiritualists.

REMARKS: The article referred to by Bro. James Hook, Secretary of the First Spiritualist Society of Terre Haute was penned by Bro. Powell.

We supposed it true and published it, and we publish the correction with pleasure.

## THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

We desire to call the attention of our readers to the department in the JOURNAL under the above head. The article on "Our Sun, the Origin of all the Forces on Earth," is well worthy of careful perusal, for many new thoughts will be awakened thereby.

He who fully understands the wonderful changes that take place when a light, invisible gas like hydrogen which becomes condensed without any external pressure, in the one-thousandth part of its former space, in the metallic state in palladium, will not wonder when spirits under certain conditions, assume an organization as tangible as our own, and manifest themselves to mortals.

We invite contributions for this department of our paper, hoping those of a scientific turn of mind, will respond thereto.

## A. B. CHILDS.

Brother A. B. Childs, the author, informs us that he will make arrangements to lecture through the West in December, January and February, and may be addressed previous to that time at Royalton, Vermont. A. B. Childs is one of the best thinkers and writers of the present age. We know nothing of his capacity as a popular lecturer, but we can assure our readers that they who listen to him will have a treat of common sense, which will last a lifetime. We hope he may have numerous calls.

## FATON, ONTARIO.

Mrs Anna M. Seth writing from the above named place enquires the cause of certain peculiar spiritual manifestations.

Our reply is that they are principally psychical—from both planes of life—perfect from neither. The mediums are yet imperfectly developed. Give them good surroundings and they will soon be developed to a higher stage of mediumship.

## BOSTON JOURNAL OF CHEMISTRY.

We have upon our exchange list the above named valuable monthly newspaper, devoted to chemistry as applied to Medicine, Agriculture and the Arts. Terms fifty cents per annum.

JAMES R. NICHOLS & Co. 150 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

## E. F. BOYD.

The above named gentleman is desirous of opening a correspondence with all who desire to form a community, having a similar basis to that of the Oneida Community, N. Y.

His Post Office address is Minneapolis, Minn.

## BLANDVILLE, ILL.

Bro. W. B. Land writes us that they have been having a "good work done," with the assistance of Bro. Loveland, in discussions, &c.—He says speakers and mediums are in demand in his section.

## FLEMING HOPKINS.

Yours with five dollars enclosed, is at hand! You do not give your state. If our correspondents would be careful to give their full address plainly written, it would save a great deal of trouble.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to say to our correspondents that it is no indication that an article will not be published because it does not appear within the first few weeks after its arrival at this office. Good articles will keep a considerable time, and then fill exactly the place for which they seem to be designed.

## CELEBRATION AT AURORA, ILLINOIS.

We learn from Brother Morton, that the friends celebrated our twenty-first anniversary, at the residence of Mrs. Swift, in Aurora, in a very pleasant manner.

## DR. MC FADDEN AND LADY.

We are requested to say that these healers and test mediums, who have for some months past been laboring in Iowa, are now on their way to Omaha, where they expect to labor for some weeks.

## LYCEUM RECORD.

The words which form the caption of this article is the title of a most little periodical, the production of the Spiritualists of Springfield, in this State. It is a neat, creditable little sheet, and was a feast to our soul to look upon.

In reference to the objects of the Lyceum, it truthfully says:

"The grand result sought to be attained is the harmonious development of the child into the perfect man and woman."

The means by which this good work is to be accomplished are:—

The judicious exercise of the physical, to meet that ever restless desire, and necessity of the child to be moving; hence the calisthenic exercises and the marching.

The proper and legitimate "prompting of the mental powers to activity, eliciting the free thoughts of the child, unshackled by catechism rules—hence the questions and answers."

The cultivation of the moral, by the simple application of the natural law and effect; that suffering must follow the infringement of law, and that there is no "vicarious" atonement, but that the full demands of transgressed law must be satisfied. This applicable to physical, mental, moral and spiritual relations.

The promotion of the spiritual according to the divine laws of spirit communion; the development of the angel side of human nature, independent of supernaturalism. The universal fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man, is the banner motto of the Lyceum idea."

## TESTIMONIAL TO D. D. HOME.

Through the columns of the London *Morning Chronicle*, we learn something of the whereabouts of this wonderfully gifted medium; as well as the following pleasant instance and testimonial of his worth from a crowned head of Europe.

D. D. Home chanced to be among the visitors a couple of weeks ago, at the fashionable German watering place, Hamburg. The Emperor of Russia was at his chateau, some few miles distant, and hearing accidentally that Mr. Home was at Hamburg, sent the royal carriage and servants to convey him to the chateau, greeted him with much affection, expressed sympathy for the recent treatment he had received at the hands of his capricious would-be mother, and gave him hospitable entertainment.

We heard from one whose word we deem perfectly reliable, that a most remarkable scene took place during the evening, and extraordinary tests of spirit identity were given.

For sale at this office. Sent by mail on receipt of \$1.25 and 16 cents for postage. Address S. S. Jones, 84 Dearborn street, Chicago, Illinois.

## UNDERHILL ON MESMERISM.

The above named very popular work will be sent free by mail on receipt of \$1.50. It is the most valuable work ever published, to those who desire to become developed as mediums. For sale at this office.

## WANTED \$500 TO \$1000.

Under the above heading will be found an advertisement in another column. "Those who have addressed G. B. box 121, will please write again, addressing G. B. box 131, Waverly, Iowa. Our compositor mistook the figures."

## DR. DURN.

The above named Brother called upon us while on his way home from the southern part of the State. He goes to his family in Rockford to spend a few weeks to rest, preparatory to again entering the field.

## DEWITT C. SEYMOUR.

Brother Seymour informs us that he is soon to take a lecturing tour through Kansas and Missouri.

## Literary Notices.

The Atlantic Monthly for April has arrived and as usual, is "chuck full" of articles relating to the arts, sciences and politics. Terms per annum, \$4; single number, thirty-five cents.

Fields, Osgood & Co., publishers, Boston.

"Our Young Folks" hails from Boston, published by Fields, Osgood & Co. It is a cheap monthly (twenty cents), and we opine, a favorite with boys and girls. Stories, science, music, poetry and pictures, are all admirably mixed in the number for February.

Oliver Optic's Magazine—"Our Boys and Girls" for March, Lee and Shepherd, Boston, is a weekly issue, and calculated to interest and instruct both young and old, gay and grave. "Our Picture Gallery" presents a portrait of George Washington, accompanied by a biographical sketch of the "Father of his Country."

"The Gospel Pulpit," published quarterly by Rev. W. J. Chapin, 51 Reynold's block, Chicago, makes its first bow, which we hope may not be its last. The gospel pulpit has long been a benighted one, and only occasional flashes of vital religious fire have been felt. Now we have, thanks to Paine, Voltaire and others, Spiritualists included, a liberal Christianity, or gospel pulpit, which alone is acceptable to the people.

We see something of the true light in the first number of this Quarterly. We wish it success—"Madame De Chamblay." A novel by Alexandre Dumas. Turner Brothers & Co., publishers, 808 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

Dumas has written too much and been before the world too long, to need words of praise from us. He has sketched some of the most thrilling, melodramatic, touching stories that have issued from the press. "Madame De Chamblay" purports to be a fragment of the autobiography of Dumas himself, and as such, alone would interest the novel reader.

Charles Scribner & Co., 654 Broadway, New York, are about issuing the "Illustrated Library of Wonders," from, with specimens we have received, promises to be a repository of "wonders," and no mistake. The pictorial representations will doubtless commend the work to the lovers of Fine Art.







## Communications from the Spirit Life.

We shall give His angelic charge concerning thee."

All Communications under this head are given through  
**MRS. A. H. ROBINSON,**  
 well-developed trance medium, and may be implicitly re-  
 lied upon as coming from the source they purport to—the  
 spirit world.

(Reported by Nibbles and Nivens, short hand Reporters, 118 Dearborn  
 street, Chicago, Illinois.)

Questions, to be answered at our Inner Life sessions,  
 should be laconic, well written, and directed to the editor,  
 when convenient for the questioner to be present at the  
 session.

## INVOCATION:

Oh, Our Father! With a consciousness of Thy  
 power, and Thy wisdom, we again approach Thee,  
 and as a part of Thy children offer our sincere  
 thanks for the privilege Thou hast given us, in  
 manifesting ourselves unto Thy children who are  
 yet upon earth.

We thank Thee that Thou hast so enlightened  
 their minds that they are enabled to receive us with  
 thankful hearts, and listen to the words of comfort  
 and consolation that we, through Thy divine wis-  
 dom, are enabled to give unto them. Not through  
 fear do we approach Thee, for we know that Thou art  
 the embodiment of goodness, and we have  
 naught to fear.

But, with thankful hearts and desires intense,  
 would we be in the sunshine of Thy ever-endur-  
 ing love. Feeling that assurance we would call  
 upon every one to worship Thee, as the Creative  
 Principle and an ever-present spirit, and as they  
 would thank Thee for their joys, may they be  
 thank Thee for seeming sorrows; for as they realize  
 that Thou art the Creative Power—the life and  
 animating principle of all things—they will see  
 Thee alike in joy and sorrow.

May every trial which it shall be our lot to expe-  
 rience bring us to a more perfect understanding of  
 Thee, and for these things we will ever thank and  
 praise Thee, our Father.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

QUESTIONS BY R. COOK, AVON, LIVINGSTON CO.,  
 N. Y.

QUESTION.—Do you believe that the divine  
 intelligence, that you speak of, is separate and  
 distinct from nature?

ANSWER.—It depends upon what you call  
 "nature." If you mean the whole grand, divine  
 economy, then we will say that it does not exist  
 separate. But if there is a certain portion of the  
 universe which you term nature, and a certain  
 other portion which you call divine, then we  
 say that the divine Principle called God does ex-  
 ist, separate and apart from nature.

Q.—I have been in the habit of considering  
 nature as embracing all existence. Is not that  
 the import you would give it?

A.—God is the innermost. Nature is that  
 which clothes the innermost. God is the Father—  
 Nature the Mother.

Q.—You have said when making invocations  
 "Father and Mother God."

A.—No such a thought from me. I have said  
 Father God and Mother Nature. The idea is  
 that one is just as high and holy as the other.

Q.—What idea do you have when you make  
 use of those terms? In your life you may have  
 something that we can not understand. Can  
 you really define anything outside of nature?

A.—The divine Principle permeates every-  
 thing. It is not outside. It is to this divine  
 Principle to which we look, as the child looks  
 to its parents, with confidence and an abiding  
 trust.

It is not because we define them, Father God  
 and Mother Nature, as one, but a union of the  
 positive and negative.

Some are so constituted that "mother" comes  
 nearest their souls. While others the word  
 "father" strikes an answering chord. The two  
 united answer all the demands that can exist.

Q.—What kind of mediumship would you call  
 that of Andrew Jackson Davis? Was it given  
 by spirits, or was it his nature brought up to  
 that point?

A.—Certainly, he must have in his nature the  
 element of mediumship. He was developed to  
 that condition which enabled him to give forth  
 his ideas, or else he would not have been chosen  
 for that purpose; but that he was controlled by  
 spirits, we know. Others think he was not.

Before individuals were unfolded, spiritually,  
 such manifestations as come through mediums  
 were supposed to be manifestations of some  
 power of mind itself, and not by an influence  
 foreign to itself.

Q.—What name would you give to that seem-  
 ing intelligence which exists throughout the  
 animal economy?

A.—The power working through the animal  
 system the same as the human?

Q.—Yes, that exists in all organizations.

A.—We go right back, as in the other case,  
 and say that it is the God principle which in-  
 cludes the whole. The intelligence manifested  
 in the animal is not a separate principle of God,  
 and yet it is a part of the whole.

Q.—It is something more than a developed  
 form of crystallization?

A.—Something more than that? Yes.

Q.—What are the functions of the human soul  
 in the animal kingdom?

A.—The human soul is to us the covering of  
 this germ which we have before spoken of—  
 The soul is the spiritual body.

Q.—As I understand it, we have a material  
 body, a spiritual body within it, and then a soul  
 within the spiritual body.

A.—You can call the innermost life principle  
 soul if you choose. When you become disrobed  
 of the material covering, you will still have es-  
 sential senses. We call the soul the spiritual body  
 to be taken cognizance of. The germ—the in-  
 terior principle—we call the spirit.

Q.—I want to know if that germ is the inter-  
 nal entity?

A.—Don't you want to carry me along and  
 have me forget my starting point?

Q.—No, I don't want to do that. Every ques-

tion of this kind arouses in my mind a desire to  
 inquire into causes.

A.—As it is aroused, a new field of inquiry is  
 opened. Now, what is it that causes this  
 thought in your mind?

Q.—I do not know how they came into my  
 mind. I know they are there. I have lived  
 thirty years of my life without believing in any  
 future state, and I am convinced from what I  
 have witnessed here and elsewhere. Now, why  
 didn't spirits bring this about before?

A.—Go back in history, and you will find de-  
 monstrations which were unaccountable in those  
 times, but in the present age individuals have  
 become intelligent and liberal enough to investi-  
 gate. In those days the persons who were me-  
 diums were in danger of losing their lives, but  
 now minds have become liberal enough to grant  
 to others the right to their own opinions. The  
 minds of the people in past times being so lib-  
 eral, spirits could not approach them. Individu-  
 als can now express their thoughts freely. A  
 force of spirit power can now be brought to  
 bear against antagonistic influences.

## JANE DARLING.

J. A. MORRELL, MEDIUM.  
 Chicago, June 6th, 1898.

Home at last! glorious home with all its beau-  
 ty, its love, ever ready and in waiting to receive  
 the weary traveler after his journey through  
 the life of earth's experiences and trials; ever  
 ready resting place where the way-worn travel-  
 er, the sorrow-stricken child of earth, may find  
 a home of rest, of peace, and of love; where the  
 soft light of Truth from the Divine Heart of  
 Love, breathes a sweet lullaby of quiet rest till  
 the soul awakens to a realization of its own God,  
 and the glory which surrounds Him.

After I left the body there was a time of quiet  
 unconsciousness, when I was in the sacred keep-  
 ing of our dear, dear friends that were wait-  
 ing to receive me. My first consciousness found  
 me reclining on a couch of roses and lilies that  
 had been prepared by the hands of love; its  
 fragrance inspired me with new life, and look-  
 ing around, I beheld the loving presence of our  
 friends in spirit-life, and many, many more that  
 were attracted to me by the bond of sympathy.

As I gazed about in rapturous wonder, a voice  
 as sweet as the wind-harp, and as soft as an  
 infant's whisper, directed my attention towards  
 my future home. At first there appeared to be  
 a veil or curtain between me and the landscape  
 beyond, the texture of which is indescribable;  
 its warp appeared to be formed of threads of  
 sunlight, and its woof from the shadows of sweet  
 scented flowers. As the veil gradually drew  
 from before me and my eyes took in the grand  
 and lovely view, my soul assumed a God-like  
 proportion that I had never known!

Oh, sister dear, could you but view my glori-  
 ous home and see the mansion being built for  
 you, you would rejoice that I am here to help  
 build the house that is to be the home for you  
 and him.

Each good work and each good thought  
 creates a gem which we gather to form the outer  
 walls of your mansion, and its decorations will  
 be formed from your aspirations, and concep-  
 tions. My home was more elaborately decorat-  
 ed than I could have expected, had I known the  
 philosophy of these grand truths.

"In my Father's house there are many man-  
 sions."

At some future time I will endeavor to give  
 a description of my beautiful mansion and its  
 surroundings. Your sister, Jane.

June 17th, 1898.

My mansion, dear sister, is beautiful beyond  
 description, therefore, we have endeavored to  
 faintly shadow its outlines upon the mind of  
 your mate, that he may assist us in giving some  
 slight idea of its extent and beauty.

I could not be entirely happy even amid all  
 this beauty, were I deprived of the privilege of  
 coming to you and other dear friends, and tell-  
 ing you and them of my grand and joyous home!  
 My house is square, having taken form from my  
 nature. It is what you would call two stories  
 high; the roof projects some distance, and is  
 supported at its outer edge by a lattice-work,  
 which is carved in all manner of ornamental  
 shapes, and covered with a perpetual growth of  
 flowering vines. The walk around the house  
 and inside of the lattice is paved with small  
 stones of all the colors of the rainbow; each  
 stone or jewel emits its own light and its own  
 peculiar hue, each one apparently trying to  
 light or illumine its neighbor, and while this  
 constant strife of love lighting is going on  
 around my home, I find every apartment illumi-  
 nated thereby.

The lesson of this, my dear sister, is, my house  
 was built on a foundation of love; and love  
 you will find emits all the colors and tints that  
 are known; even in the spirit-spheres, each  
 color, and each tint of color speaks its own  
 language, and when you learn to read the colors,  
 and the poetry of the tints, you will read and  
 read, and listen and gaze until you will become,  
 as it were, lost to yourself and swallowed up in  
 the great vortex of love which surrounds you.  
 On entering my house, my friends took me to  
 what they called the reception room, which is  
 high and airy; its beauty was dazzling, though  
 I had already been prepared to view spirit  
 beauty which you know not of, nor can you  
 know till you have finished your work here  
 below and come up higher.

The apartment, as I have said, was high and  
 grand; its cornice is elaborately carved and  
 gilded in colors, each carving has its own mean-  
 ing so that the friends or visitors may gaze and  
 read, and grow wise in reading; the walls are  
 decorated with spirit paintings of scenes and  
 localities in the higher spheres, each painting  
 containing and conveying intelligence and wis-  
 dom of a higher life. When I speak of spirit  
 painting, I find no language capable of convey-  
 ing an idea of what it really is. While you  
 gaze upon the picture, it takes life, and as you  
 look you read lesson after lesson, truth after  
 truth, until you feel yourself drawn upward  
 and onward through the mazes of mystery into

the higher courts of the temple of wisdom.

From the centre of the ceiling hangs a sort  
 of chandelier of curious form, and beautiful in  
 design, its lights or burners are crystal globes,  
 which act as receptives and reflectors of light  
 which comes shimmering up from the immen-  
 sable love jewels which form the foundation of  
 my mansion.

The floor is a mirror covered with a transpa-  
 rent carpet of richly perfumed flowers. Such is  
 my reception room, and when I have learned to  
 describe things as they are, perhaps, I can give  
 you a better view.

One more apartment I would fain describe;  
 it is my chamber, or resting place; it is a room  
 situated in the south-west corner of the house  
 looking out upon a landscape that is ravishing  
 in its beauty. The walls of this chamber are  
 decorated with emblems of every good thought,  
 and aspiration of my heart, while I was permit-  
 ted to remain on earth. The ceiling is glorious  
 with a god-like beauty which has emanated from  
 answered prayer; here on the ceiling over my  
 head while I recline on my couch of sweet scented  
 flowers, can I read my past life, and see how  
 very, very good the great God of nature has  
 been to me, in giving me the varied and severe  
 experiences I have had.

I can read here the prayer of my earlier life  
 for my infant child; there the fond hopes of  
 a doting mother, here the warm solicitude for  
 a friend, there the sorrows of my heart for the  
 affliction of the bereaved, all are written in  
 letters of light, and all have their divine lesson  
 annexed thereto. My walls reflect every good  
 work of my life, and oh, how good it is to feel  
 that you have done well in earth life, that your  
 mansion is ready for your reception. Oh, sister  
 dear, could I have realized what was in store for  
 me, I would have put forth greater exertions, I  
 would have made greater sacrifices and would  
 have labored more for others; for in proportion  
 to your good works on earth is your mansion in  
 spirit-life, unless you are assisted by benevolent  
 and charitable friends who will give a part of  
 their own jewels to build a home for you. From  
 my chamber of repose my eyes drink in the  
 ever varying lovely landscape before me; I in-  
 hale the soft zephyrs freighted with sweet odors,  
 and my soul is gladdened by the sweet music of  
 singing birds, all is light and harmony, it is a  
 paradise in truth.

The timid fawn and the wild gazelle join the  
 little lamb in his noon-day frolic and all keep  
 time to the music of a wind harp as it breathes  
 its ever swelling anthem of praise to the all per-  
 vading spirit of love and progress.

My grounds are quite extensive; my friends  
 tell me that is because my charity was broad  
 and expansive.

I find that I have retained every function of  
 nature, consequently I am provided with every  
 necessity of my being; my taste and appetite has  
 changed so far as requiring gross food, that hav-  
 ing been the call of my physical nature, and  
 having laid aside my earthly body, I no longer  
 have to sustain it by the use of gross food, but  
 fruits nuts and vegetables as you have them,  
 being more spiritual in their effect, as a physical  
 nourishment, it is not strange that our diet  
 should be spirit fruits and vegetables of which  
 we have an abundance, and in such varieties  
 that the most delicate spirit may find that which  
 is adapted to its taste and nourishment, and  
 there are many, very many, that are so weak  
 and delicate when they come here that they re-  
 quire careful nursing and the most delicate  
 nourishment to raise them to a realization of  
 their spirit-life.

My grounds are covered with that which is  
 beautiful and at the same time useful—economy  
 I find is a law in spirit-life; a law more per-  
 fectly manifest and understood than it is with you.  
 My ornamental trees (of which there are very  
 many) are not only perpetually in bloom, but  
 are constantly laden with delicious fruits; my  
 lawns are covered with a rich coating of vegeta-  
 tion, which imparts a sweet and invigorating  
 aroma, exhilarating in its effect like cordial.

Every tree, every shrub, and every plant has  
 its use, and oh, how perfectly does each perform  
 its divine mission; and could you, my sister, look  
 from my plane of observation, you would see  
 that all manifestations of life, even in your  
 earth sphere, whether animal, vegetable or min-  
 eral, have their mission of wisdom and love—  
 One important feature of my surroundings is,  
 what I call the Bath of Beauty, a description of  
 which must necessarily be very meagre. It is a  
 fountain situated in a valley of beauty, only to  
 be understood and appreciated by being seen;  
 its waters are sent high in air, in a steady  
 stream or jet, which spreads at the top like a  
 canopy, and falls in a soft, dewy spray, beautify-  
 ing everything that comes within its influence—  
 At some future time as I become more acquaint-  
 ed with this wonderful fountain and its utility, I  
 may attempt to give a better description.

Continued next week.

## Phenomenal.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
**Wonderful Spirit Manifestations at Fox  
 Lake.**

BY GEORGE MORGAN.

BRO. JONES.—During the past few weeks, a  
 goodly number of the citizens of this town, have  
 been witnessing some of the most wonderful  
 spirit manifestations on record, given through  
 the mediumship of Mrs. Maria E. Lord, formerly  
 Maria E. Barrock, of Fox Lake, Wisconsin,  
 the great test medium, who has just closed a  
 series of circles here, which has been a source of  
 wonder and surprise to the skeptic; of joy and  
 gladness to the few believers in this place, and  
 for which this humble writer feels thankful to  
 our Heavenly Father and the holy angels. We  
 will give you some of the wonderful manifesta-  
 tions that were given in the circle, on one occa-  
 sion. The circle was composed of some twenty  
 gentlemen and ladies. Two ladies were appoint-  
 ed a committee to examine the medium and see  
 if she had any flour or other substance about  
 her person that might be taken for flour by  
 candle light, and who reported that after careful

search they could find nothing. The medium  
 then took her seat in the center of the circle.  
 Then the writer took a teaspoon and put into  
 her hands as much flour as she could hold with  
 out scattering any. The light was then put out,  
 and, in five or ten minutes, the little Indian  
 girl, Snow Drop, could be heard distinctly by all  
 in the circle, calling for her beads. Then some  
 one would say, "Who touched me, some one  
 is shaking my hand." Others would say, "I feel  
 a hand laid on my head." At the same time, the  
 guitar would pass around the room over our  
 heads, playing a tune, frequently lighting on the  
 heads of different ones in the circle, and playing.  
 There would be as many as three or four who  
 felt hands laid on them at the same time, which  
 would preclude the possibility of the medium  
 doing it. We have other proofs however, for  
 when the light was procured, the flour was  
 found in the medium's hands. Not a particle  
 could be found on the medium's dress or on the  
 floor where the medium sat, in fact, the flour in  
 the medium's hands had become moist like  
 dough, from the moisture of the hands.

But as some in the circle were not satisfied  
 with the above tests, another and different one  
 was tried.

A gentleman was permitted to sit at the me-  
 dium's back and grasp her arms just above the  
 elbow, and hold her fast if she attempted to  
 rise from her seat, or make any of the demon-  
 strations with her hands, to give immediate  
 notice to the circle. The light being put out  
 again, the demonstrations went on as before.  
 During the sitting, the gentleman was asked  
 several times, if he still held the medium's arms,  
 and to which he replied in the affirmative, and  
 when the circle closed, he declared to all present  
 that the medium could not have made the demon-  
 strations, and this man admitted he was a  
 skeptic before. On one occasion, a lady had  
 her spectacles taken off and carried around the  
 circle and given to different ones and finally  
 brought back and placed on her head, in the  
 same position as they were when first taken.  
 Immediately after, an Indian spirit approached  
 this same lady and said, "Me want blanket, me  
 want blanket," and took hold of her shawl and  
 pulled it from her shoulders, rolled it up and  
 put it into a lady's lap on the opposite side of  
 the circle. The words were distinctly heard by  
 several in the circle. In several instances, spirits  
 came and gave their names audibly and distinct-  
 ly to their relatives or friends.

On one occasion, while the writer was sitting  
 in the circle, my little boy who passed over to  
 the Spirit Land two years and nine months old,  
 came to me and called me, pa, put his little hands  
 in mine, pulled my whiskers, patted me on both  
 cheeks, on the head, and kissed me, the same as  
 he had done while in the body, many times.

In one instance, the guitar passed outside of  
 the circle several feet, and rapped against the  
 door. On several occasions, water was sprinkled  
 on all in the circle. Little Snow Drop made her-  
 self very conspicuous in carrying things around  
 the circle: such as beads, buttons, combs, &c.  
 She was the favorite of all in the circle. It was  
 wonderful to witness with what rapidity she  
 would pass round the circle. Seemingly, she  
 moved with the velocity of lightning. She was  
 quite talkative, and would speak so as to be  
 heard by all in the circle, creating a good deal  
 of levity by her odd speeches. In some instances,  
 the medium would describe spirits in the circle  
 so as to be recognized by the friends. On one  
 evening, the medium gave a cabinet exhibition.  
 This was given at the house of the writer. A  
 small bed-room was used for the purpose. Dark  
 blankets were hung up in the door-way to  
 darken the bed-room. A committee was then  
 chosen to examine the room and see that no  
 person was in the same, or any thing by which  
 the medium could be assisted in any way; and  
 also to tie the medium's hands. A small cord,  
 some fifteen feet long, was furnished. The com-  
 mittee placed the medium's hands behind her,  
 crossed them at the wrists and commenced  
 tying in the middle of the cord, then wound the  
 remainder of it around the body and arms in  
 such a manner that there were some twenty  
 knots made in tying. The committee as well as  
 others, said that the medium could never untie  
 herself. The medium then went into her cabin-  
 et, and soon, hands, arms and faces of persons  
 were shown. Some one remarked that the me-  
 dium was doing it. On the instant the curtain  
 was raised, the medium came out with hands  
 tied the same as when she went in. She went  
 back into the cabinet, and in two minutes, the  
 rope was thrown out into the room to the aston-  
 ishment of all present, and the medium  
 walked out with her hands at liberty. The cord  
 was so tightly drawn around the wrists, that  
 the marks were distinctly visible, and the me-  
 dium went into the cabinet, having the rope in  
 her hand. Immediately, voices were heard  
 therein, like two persons talking to each other.  
 This continued for ten minutes, when the me-  
 dium came out having her hands tied behind  
 her. The committee and others declared that  
 they were tied more securely than at first.  
 Again, she went into her cabinet, and voices  
 were heard as before, when a gentleman asked,  
 "What are you doing there." The answer was  
 given by the spirit: "We are trying an ex-  
 periment." In about four minutes from the  
 time she went in, she came out, and to the  
 astonishment of all present, some twenty per-  
 sons, ladies and gentlemen, she had on a vest  
 that had been left hanging in the bed-room,  
 which belonged to the writer. The vest was  
 put on the medium, the same as the writer would  
 have worn it, dressed to go out. The hands  
 still tied behind her, and no one present could  
 discover that the rope had been untied or even  
 loosened; in fact, all seemed to feel satisfied  
 that there had not been sufficient time for any  
 one to have untied and tied the rope while the  
 medium was in the cabinet. Besides, the me-  
 dium's hands were considerably swollen from  
 the tightness of the cord. Surely, wonders will  
 never cease.

I will mention but one more incident which  
 took place. While the last circle was being  
 held, some twenty-five persons, ladies and gen-  
 tlemen, were present; the medium said she saw  
 a spirit or person standing outside of the circle,  
 and commenced describing him, when all at  
 once she cried out, "Oh, how frightful he looks!  
 he seems to be all crushed to pieces about his  
 chest! The blood is running from his mouth  
 and ears. Don't let him come into the circle,  
 he looks so frightful!" At this juncture, the  
 spirit spoke and said: "I must come in this way."  
 This was distinctly heard by those sitting on  
 that side of the circle where the spirit stood  
 some in the circle said, "Let him put his hands  
 on a gentleman's head, the back part of the head,  
 the fingers fronting forward into the circle,  
 showing that the spirit stood outside of the  
 circle behind the man. The spirit then passed  
 into and across the circle, put his hands on to  
 another man's head. The gentleman said, "If  
 this is Mr. Buck, put me on the head three times.  
 This was done. By this time the medium had  
 become so alarmed at the frightful appearance  
 of the spirit, that the light had to be brought  
 and the circle closed.

Now, all in the circle recognized this last  
 presentation as the spirit of a Mr. Buck, with  
 whom all were acquainted while he lived here in  
 the body, the facts of his death, and the manner  
 in which he died were known to all present.  
 The facts are these: He was moving a building  
 on rollers. He put his head and shoulders un-  
 der the building while it was moving, to  
 examine something about the building. Just at  
 that instant, it dropped from the roller and  
 caught him just back of the head, upon the  
 shoulders, and crushed him in the manner the  
 medium saw him. One gentleman in the circle  
 who helped take him from under the building,  
 declared that the medium had described him  
 just as he looked at that time.

Feb. 7th, 1899.

## Minnesota Quarterly Convention of Spiritualists.

The first quarterly Convention of the State Asso-  
 ciation of Spiritualists, was held in Mankato, Feb.  
 20th and 21st.

The Convention assembled on Saturday, the 20th,  
 at two o'clock p. m. The President being absent,  
 the meeting was called to order by Mr. T. C. Flow-  
 ers, of Mankato. After a greeting song by Mrs.  
 Logan, the meeting went into convention.

Mrs. F. A. Logan, Missionary agent, then gave an  
 interesting account of four months' Missionary la-  
 bor, extending over some fifteen or more counties,  
 with a full report of the seances, showing a great  
 amount of labor performed, organizing spiritual  
 associations and Star Armies, a new order of Tem-  
 perance societies for children, "with a success in  
 raising funds, beyond the most sanguine expecta-  
 tion of the Executive Board, all of which, together  
 with many letters sent to the Board from different  
 parts of the State, earnestly recommending and  
 desiring her continuance in the Missionary labor, ful-  
 ly satisfied all the members of the Board present,  
 that she is eminently fitted and qualified to do a  
 great and good work as Missionary agent.

Mrs. Lois Walsbroer then addressed the meet-  
 ing under a powerful spirit influence, closing with  
 a beautiful inspirational poem; and many others  
 followed with short speeches, closing with a song  
 by Mrs. Logan.

## EVENING SESSION.

Evening session opened with song by Mrs. Lo-  
 gan, followed with a lecture by Mrs. Lois Wals-  
 broer, to which the audience listened with warm  
 attention for more than an hour, after which, the  
 angels gave some beautiful and stirring inspirations  
 through Mrs. Logan, followed by some very inter-  
 esting manifestations in controlling and develop-  
 ing a speaking medium, Mrs. George Gibbs.

## SUNDAY MORNING SESSION.

Convention called to order by Mr. M. F. C. Flow-  
 ers, at 10 o'clock, and was ably and eloquently ad-  
 dressed by Mrs. Lois Walsbroer, concluding with  
 a song by Mrs. Logan.

Adjourned to meet at 2½ o'clock p. m.

## AFTERNOON SESSION.

Executive Board met for business. H. C. Train  
 sent in his resignation as member of the Executive  
 Board; accepted, and E. Pratt, of Garden City, was  
 appointed to fill the vacancy.

Members of the Board present: M. F. C. Flow-  
 ers, A. B. Rhyester, E. Pratt and D. Birdsell.  
 The financial account and report was then audit-  
 ed and accepted, showing after all legal expenses  
 for Missionary labor and contingent expenses were  
 fully paid, and satisfied, there still remains in funds  
 and in subscriptions on Missionary funds yet un-  
 paid, \$130.

On motion, it was ordered that Mrs. F. A. Lo-  
 gan, be continued and employed as Missionary agent.  
 On motion, ordered that the Society be author-  
 ized to employ Mrs. Mary J. Colburn, as Missionary  
 agent.

On motion, ordered that the Society be author-  
 ized to employ J. L. Potter, or some other compe-  
 tent man to act as State Missionary agent.  
 On motion, ordered that the Treasurer pay Mrs.  
 Lois Walsbroer the sum of \$15 for lectures and  
 pamphlets.

On motion, ordered that the next quarterly  
 meeting of the State Association meet on the 5th  
 and 6th days of June next at Rochester, if the  
 friends there will make the necessary arrangements  
 for the meeting; after which, Mrs. Logan gave a  
 very able discourse on the use of Spiritualism, to  
 the general acceptance and satisfaction of a large  
 and attentive audience. Meeting closed with song  
 and benediction by Mrs. Logan.

## EVENING SESSION.

The evening session opened with invocation by  
 Mrs. Walsbroer and song by Mrs. Logan, follow-  
 ed by Mrs. Walsbroer with a lecture on the uses  
 and benefits of Spiritualism, which was acknowl-  
 edged by many to be one of the best discourses  
 they had ever listened to, after which the spirits  
 again controlled Mr. G. Gibbs, and after giving  
 some of the most amusing manifestations, they  
 gave through him some of the best inspirations  
 given during the meeting. A conference meeting  
 was continued until a late hour, in which M. T. C.  
 Flowers, Mrs. Logan, D. Birdsell, George Gibbs,  
 and others participated, with songs by Mrs. Logan  
 and others. The meeting then adjourned.

The most perfect harmony reigned during

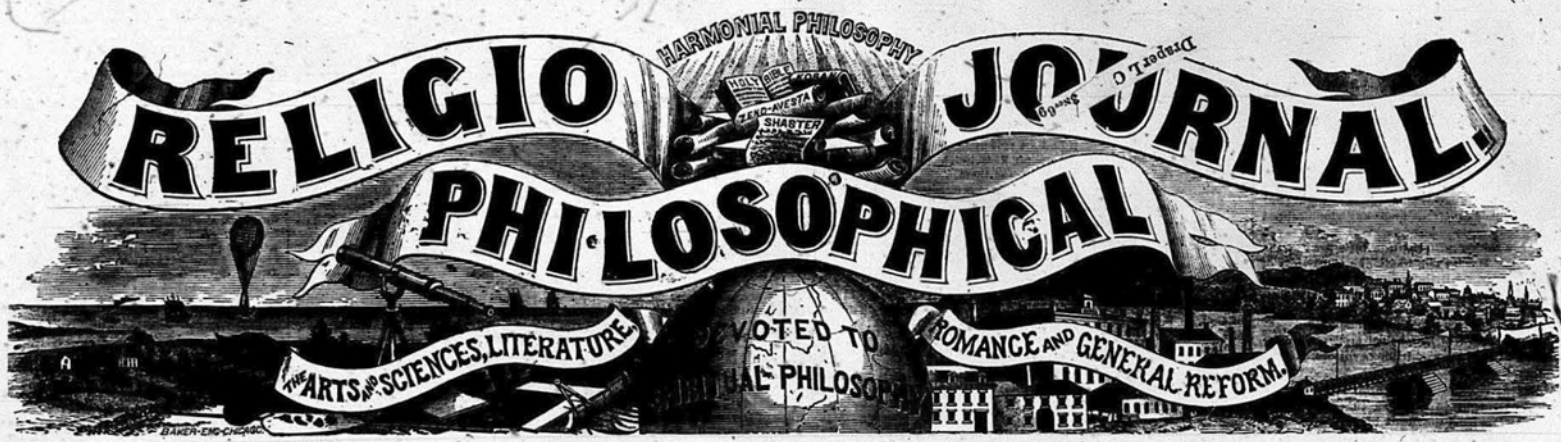


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\$3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause; she only asks a hearing. [SINGLE COPIES EIGHT CENTS.] CHICAGO, APRIL 17, 1869. VOL. VI.—NO. 4.

Literary Department.

OUR YOUTHFUL DAYS. BY J. WILLIAM VAN NABER. Our youthful days are fed for aye, And we are older grown, Then let us not recall again The joys and pains we've known, For 'mong the memories of the past Are many shadows deep, And if we call them up again, We can but sigh and weep. Weep o'er the broken idols then, And faded dreams so bright, When we thought life a happy day, Filled with the sunshine bright, And in those early days of life, With joyous, buoyant heart, We learn the lesson sweet, to love, But soon we learned, to part. For death with icy fingers closed Around our loved ones' eyes, But now, living in brighter spheres, Their spirits hover near; And as we journey on in life, We feel the weight of years, And know how vain are all regrets, And sighs, and dreams, and tears. Then let us not recall the past, But leave it buried there, And to the future turn our gaze, And overcome despair. Our youthful days are fed for aye, With all their joys and pains, And as we journey on in life, Recall them not again.

WILFRED MONTRESSOR; OR, THE SECRET ORDER OF THE SEVEN. A ROMANCE OF MYSTERY AND ORROR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE DE LAC, OR THE COQUETTE," ETC.

BOOK FOURTH—THE CONFESSION. CHAPTER XXX. THE SEVENTH—THE CONFESSION.

The sun went down without a cloud, and a bright star-light evening succeeded. At half-past seven o'clock Master Masters, the police officer, posted himself at the corner of Broadway and Leonard street. His mind was apparently absorbed in the contemplation of the passers-by. For a long time he had been accustomed to judge of the pursuits and characters of men from external signs, and he had acquired great facility and accuracy of discrimination. His keen eye detected the slightest difference of dress, walk, gestures, and his judgment, with almost unerring certainty, referred them to their peculiar causes, whether of occupation or of character. The twilight slowly departed while the police officer was thus employed. During the space of three-quarters of an hour, he remained standing quietly at his post. At the expiration of that period, a person of medium stature and gentlemanly address, with his face partially muffled in a black silk handkerchief, approached the officer, and said, in a disguised tone of voice: "The stars are out, Mr. Masters." "You have the word," replied the police officer, but who are you?" "I am the Seventh."

"Follow me," said Masters. Mark Masters turned into Leonard street, and proceeded at a moderate pace in the direction of the Tomb. On reaching the prison he did not seek the main entrance, but passing along the rear of the gloomy structure, he stopped at a side entrance in Franklin street, principally employed for the admission and discharge of prisoners. He jerked the bell handle somewhat rudely, and the heavy door was opened by one of the turnkeys, a stout, purplish, bull-necked man, with long arms, broad shoulders, and a large head, covered with thick curly hair. "Donovan," said the police officer, addressing the turnkey, with a significant gesture, directed toward Wilfred Montessor, "this is the gentleman concerning whom I spoke to Justice Drake in your presence, this afternoon. He desires an interview with Simonson, the burglar. Will you conduct him to the proper cell?" "I will, Mr. Masters," replied the turnkey. "Mike Donovan is a prudent man," said the police officer to his companion. "A safe man, and understands his business. I leave you in his hands."

The police officer departed, and Wilfred Montessor, passing the threshold of the prison, removed the handkerchief which had partially concealed his features. "It is chilly out of doors," said the traveler, as if apologizing for the use of a muffler, "but the air within these walls is hot and close."

"Neither honest men nor rogues like to breathe it," said the turnkey, chuckling. "Sure I am there is no hurt in it, for I have breathed it many a day."

The turnkey took a portable lamp from a pine table near the entrance, and conducted Wilfred Montessor toward a long corridor or passage way, on either side of which, at regular distances, were small doors leading to as many

cells for prisoners. At the distance of five or six yards from the commencement of the corridor, the attention of the traveler was arrested by a low, moaning cry issuing from a crevice in one of the cells. "That chap takes on hardly," said Mike Donovan, in reply to an inquiring glance from Montessor. "He is a new hand at his trade, and was taken last night in company with your man Simonson."

"His name?" asked Montessor, sharply. "Williams—yes—Williams."

"Unlock the door of the cell for an instant. I will speak with him before I visit Simonson."

"My orders extend only to Hugh Simonson," said the turnkey. "I suppose everything will be right, sir."

Montessor made no reply except by a trifling gesture, but the features of Donovan instantly brightened, and without any further difficulty he unlocked the door of the cell and threw it open. As Montessor and the jailer entered the cell, Andrew Williams sprang from the straw pallet on which he was lying, and clasping his hands together eagerly demanded: "Tell me—tell me! Am I accused of burglary or murder?"

"Murder!" said the turnkey, Donovan, in a tone of inquiry.

"Yes," exclaimed the prisoner, shaking as with an ague. "Is the policeman dead?—the one who was stabbed by Simonson?"

"No more than you or I," replied the turnkey. "Mike will be on duty again in a day or two; the stab was only a flesh wound in the breast."

"Thank God!" said Williams, joyfully; but relapsing almost instantly into his former condition, he murmured audibly, "Still I am a murderer; for I have killed my poor wife."

"Your wife is living," said Montessor, in a kindly tone.

"Have you seen her to-day?" asked the prisoner, tremblingly.

"No, Mr. Williams, I received my information from the physician who is in attendance upon her."

"Is she better, sir? tell me that, for mercy's sake."

"Doctor Everard speaks encouragingly."

"They have taken me from her sick bed," said Andrew Williams. "They have separated us forever, but it is my fault. I have only myself to blame."

"If you could procure bail," remarked Montessor, "you might go at liberty until the day of trial."

"Who would stand bail for a poor man like me?" replied the despairing prisoner. "It was poverty, sir, that drove me to this—it was indeed. I was willing to work for a living, I didn't want any man's riches. It was the fear of starvation that urged me on to this false step, besides being over-persuaded. And yet, sir, I don't believe that I could have used the money gained by robbery if I had got off safely. I have been thinking of it to-day, as the folly and wickedness of my course rose up before me."

"It may not be so difficult to procure bail as you imagine. If you will solemnly promise to abstain hereafter from dishonest courses, your temporary release from prison shall be effected."

Andrew Williams sank upon his knees, his eyes gushing with tears, and in a tremulous voice made the required promise.

"See to that poor fellow, Mr. Donovan," said Montessor, in a whisper to the turnkey. "Nature never intended him for a thief."

The cell of Hugh Simonson was the next but one to that tenanted by Andrew Williams. "Hallo, Simonson," said the turnkey, as he entered the burglar's cell, "a gentleman wishes to see you."

The burglar was stretched, at full length, upon a narrow mattress, with his face buried in the scanty bed-clothes. His coat was hanging upon the back of a rickety wooden chair—otherwise he was in his ordinary dress.

"A gentleman?" muttered the thief. If I had been born with a silver spoon in my mouth I might have been a gentleman myself."

Hugh Simonson turned upon his couch, and partly raised himself upon one elbow. His coarse, matted hair—his bloodshot eyes—his swollen, disfigured features—and the savage, almost fiendish, expression of his countenance, were repulsive in the extreme. He eyed the jailer and Montessor with a malignant scowl, and demanded, in harsh, unmusical tones: "What do you want of me?"

"I will leave you alone with him," whispered the turnkey, addressing Montessor. "When you are ready to go, tap lightly against the door of the cell, and I will release you immediately."

Donovan placed the small lamp which he carried, in the hands of Montessor and retired, closing and locking the door after him.

The sound of the closing door, and the harsh grating of the key roused Simonson more effectually from the stupor of his broken slumber. By an awkward, ungraceful movement, he brought his feet to the floor, and assumed a sitting posture on the rail of the bedstead.

"What do you want of me?" repeated the burglar, surveying Montessor with a stare partly of mistrust, partly of defiance. "Are you a person, or a lawyer?"

"Neither."

"I don't believe in the devil," said the ruffian, coarsely, "and I am destitute of money, so that I have no need of the services of the former, and cannot purchase those of the latter."

"Your career of villainy and crime has not thoroughly stifled the voice of conscience."

"Conscience!" exclaimed Hugh Simonson, derisively. "Get me out of these stone walls, and I will laugh at conscience."

"Every hour of imprisonment will sharpen your stings," said Wilfred Montessor. "The

events of the past will intrude upon you by day and by night, in frightful memories and hideous dreams."

"What have I done, more than others?" said the burglar boldly. "The world owed me a living, and I took it. The rest of mankind are pursuing the same end, save that they rely upon fraud and trickery, instead of violence."

"The causality of thieves and burglars may justify them, in their own eyes, in deprecating on the property of others, but no man can sleep quietly with the guilt of murder resting upon him."

Simonson threw an anxious, uneasy glance at the speaker.

"Do you come here to frighten me?" said the robber, with an effort to appear calm and resolute.

"Not to frighten you, Hugh Simonson," replied Montessor, fixing his eyes upon the burglar, "but to tell you that your guilt is known to man as well as to God, and to bid you reflect perpetually upon the dying agonies of your innocent victim."

The countenance of Simonson changed perceptibly, as he listened to his visitor, and he answered, tremulously: "I killed him in self-defense."

"Him—who?"

"The policeman, last night."

"I speak not of him—the policeman is not dead—of her—of Zorah."

The thief rose from the bed, and gazed at Montessor with a look of undisguised astonishment.

"A woman?" he stammered, almost inaudibly.

"Yes—of her whom you murdered, in cold blood, in the dead hour of the night."

"It is a lie!" said Hugh Simonson, stamping violently on the floor of the cell. I have plundered rich men, and killed strong men, but I never missed a woman, or wronged a poor man out of a cent, during my life."

"You cannot deceive me," said Wilfred Montessor, scrutinizing the features of the ruffian, "the proofs are too strong."

"Proofs?"

"Have you ever seen this gold leopine watch? this diamond cross?" demanded Montessor, displaying before the eyes of Hugh Simonson the articles which had been pledged at the pawnbroker's establishment of Benjamin Hoskins.

The burglar's countenance grew dark and sullen as he silently inspected the articles.

"You are seeking to entrap me," said he, angrily. "No man is compelled to criminate himself."

"Fear not; I shall not appeal to the vengeance of the law. The doings of last night will consign you to the walls of a dungeon for twenty years."

"Twenty years! a life-time!" muttered the robber.

"In every hour of that weary space, the stings of conscience will grow sharper and sharper, haunted as you will be, day and night, by the ghost of your murdered victim."

"You will madden me," exclaimed the burglar furiously. "I am no murderer."

"At a loss one shouted, Hugh Simonson, and glanced in the bed-chamber of a house in A-street, on Friday night of last week."

Simonson was silent.

"On the same night, in that very apartment, a lovely woman, Zorah, was basely, cruelly murdered. You are her murderer."

"Denial is useless; the cruel deed was committed during my absence, on the night of the robbery. These trinkets were taken from Zorah's bed-chamber, were in your possession, were pledged by you at a pawnbroker's shop in Chatham street. You have been tracked successfully in your career of crime. The law will pronounce you a felon, and condemn you to ten years' suffering, or mental torture as the severest infliction."

As Wilfred Montessor uttered these words, the angry, sullen expression disappeared from the countenance of Hugh Simonson, and a glance of intelligence beamed from his bloodshot eyes.

"It was your house, then?" he asked, bluntly.

"Yes."

"You were absent in the dead of night. At what hour did you return home?"

"About one o'clock."

"If a murder was committed in your house on that night, you are more probably the murderer than I."

The traveler was surprised at the brazen audacity of the prisoner.

"I confess to you that I scaled the second-story of a house of crime, on Friday night, by climbing on the roof of a small rear building, and encircling the blinds of a window, whose lower sash was raised. At the moment when I entered the apartment, which was dimly lighted by a small lamp, I was startled by the creaking of a door in the lower part of the house. I seized a gold watch and some trinkets, which were lying exposed on the top of a bureau, and hastily left the chamber as I had entered it."

Having gained the roof of the rear building, I crouched behind a chimney until I could ascertain the cause of the noise which had disturbed me. After two or three minutes, the door of the apartment which I had left was opened, and I heard distinctly the sound of footsteps. I determined to retire as quietly as possible with the booty I had obtained. As I cautiously descended to the ground, my attention was excited by a quick, snappy cry, which died away in an instant, and was followed by low, protracted moanings. If murder was that night committed, the person who entered the apartment after me was the murderer."

"Can I rely upon your statement?" inquired

Montessor, with a mixture of surprise and incredulity.

"I have told you the truth, for there seems to be a dreadful mystery connected with the affair; and I cannot bear to be thought worse than I am."

"If your confession is confirmed by evidence, you will have no reason hereafter to regret your frankness."

At the appointed signal, the turnkey presented himself at the door of the cell, and releasing Montessor from duress, conducted him to the entrance through which he had been admitted. Wilfred Montessor departed from the Tomb in a state of perplexing uncertainty. The narrative of Hugh Simonson was connected and plausible, and his manner, bold, insolent, and even ruffianly, added to the internal evidence of its truth. But Montessor reflected that his confession was the confession of a villain—a hardened offender against the laws of God and man—one to whom the selfish interests of life were everything, and honor, justice, and the sanctity of oaths, nothing.

"Besides, if Hugh Simonson be innocent," he asked himself, "who is the murderer of Zorah?" Suddenly, in the midst of these reflections, the allusion of Alfred Tracey to the exploits of the Duc de Richelieu, in his career of gallantry, was recalled to his mind.

Hugh Simonson was forgotten.

A wild, terrible suspicion fastened itself irrevocably upon the soul of Wilfred Montessor.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal Anniversary Celebration in New York City. BY LEO MILLER.

DEAR JOURNAL: Last evening, the Spiritualists of this city, commemorated the twenty-first anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, in the large hall of the Cooper Institute. Two thousand people at least were assembled on this occasion, and I do not think Cooper Institute ever had a more intelligent audience gathered within its walls. The New York Tribune speaks of it as a "very intelligent assembly."

The time was occupied with brief addresses, interspersed with singing and music. Mr. P. E. Farnsworth presided in the absence of Judge Edwards, who was kept away by illness, though the very address which he had prepared for the occasion, was read by Mr. Farnsworth.

A selection from the opera "Trovatore" was then played upon the piano by Mrs. Manzerauch, and was received with great applause.

Hon. Warren Chase gave a brief but forcible review of the growth of Spiritualism during the last twenty-one years.

A solo and chorus entitled, "Realm of the West," was then rendered by the choir of the Everett Room Spiritualist Society, after which your humble correspondent was called upon for an address.

I endeavored to show that the advent of Modern Spiritualism demonstrated the truth of the religious hopes of humanity concerning a higher life; that it confirmed the universal conviction of the race in its belief of an over-ruling Divinity that shapes the destiny of nations and individuals; and shows us that this "divinity," and these "gods," and "guardian angels," were none other than the dear departed of earth, who were watching over the nursery of human existence with a solicitude as deep and loving as that which a mother feels over the cradle of her newborn babe.

Another solo and chorus entitled, "Life, Beautiful Life," was followed by the introduction of our great pioneer author and lecturer, Mr. A. J. Davis. Mr. Davis made a very brief speech, but it was in his happiest vein. He said that it seemed to him that Spiritualism should be taken as a notification served upon mankind that the world has taken a new step in its progress, that it is the ringing of the bell of the Car of Progress. It was the blowing of a steam whistle on this new locomotive. He said that Spiritualism was unorganizable. There had been several disastrous attempts during the past twenty-one years to get it in an organized form, and these had failed because Spiritualism was as yet only an announcement, and it does not yet appear, fully what it shall be. Mr. Davis said he had been in New York City more or less of the time for the past twenty years, was familiar with its principal places and streets, and yet this city was not more a reality to him than the Summer Land.

Mrs. Mary J. Davis was then introduced and read a note from Mrs. Charlotte B. Wilber, regretting her inability to be present, and expressing her joy for the advent of Spiritualism. It had given to woman everywhere the right to speak, sing, pray, and appear before a public audience. It was a religion for woman as well as man. Women were foremost in promulgating its principles and religion.

Mrs. Davis then read an original poem on "The Soul's Question." It was a beautiful production, and when she had done reading and the last cadence of her clear, sweet, matronly voice had fallen upon the audience, bursts of applause followed her to her seat.

Mr. Charles B. Partridge made the closing speech, and offered some resolutions which were unanimously passed by the vast audience.

Miss Katie Fox was on the platform and very frequently during the exercises responsive raps through her mediumship, were heard in all parts of the hall. At half-past ten o'clock the audience dispersed, all seeming to feel that it had been good to be there.

New York, April 1st, 1869.

Scientific Daring. One dull day in August, just after noon, a balloon rose in the air at the foot of Cleet Hill, on the western edge of the central plain of England. It was inflated with the lightest of gases which chemical skill could produce, and it rose with amazing velocity. A mile up, and it entered a stratum of clouds more than a thousand feet thick. Emerging from this, the sun shone brightly on the air ship; the sky overhead was of the brightest and deepest blue, and below lay an immeasurable expanse of cloud, whose surface looked as solid as that of the earth now wholly lost to view. Lofty mountains, and deep, dark ravines, appeared below; the peaks and sides of these cloud mountains next the sun glittered like snow, but casting shadows as black as if they were solid rock. Up rose the balloon with tremendous velocity. Four miles above earth a pigeon was let loose; it dropped down through the air as if it had been a stone. The air was too thin to enable it to fly. It was as if a ship laden to the deck were to pass from the heavy waters of the sea into an inland unsullied lake; the bark would sink at once in the thinner water. Up, up; still higher! What a silence profound! The heights of the sky were as still as the deepest depths of the ocean, where, as was found during the search for the lost Atlantic cable, the fine mud lies as undisturbed from year to year as the dust which imperceptibly gathers on the furniture of a deserted house. No sound, nor life—only the bright sunshine falling through a sky which it could not warm.

Up—five miles above earth! Higher than the inaccessible summit of Chimborazo or Dawn-giri. Despite the sunshine everything freezes. The air grows too thin to support life, even for a few minutes. Two men only are in that adventurous balloon—the one steering the air ship, the other watching the scientific instruments, and recording them with a rapidly bred of long practice. Suddenly, as the latter looks at his instruments, his sight grows dim; he takes a lens to help his sight, and only marks from the falling barometer that they are rising rapidly. A flask of brandy lies within a foot of him, he tries to reach it, but his arms refuse to obey his will. He tries to call on his comrade, who has gone up to the ring above; a whisper in that deep silence would suffice—but no sound escapes from his lips—he is voiceless. The steersman comes down into the car; he finds his comrade in a swoon, and feels his own senses falling him.

He saw at once that life and death hung upon a few moments. He seized, or tried to seize, the valve, in order to open it, and to let some of the gas. His hands are purple with intense cold—they are paralyzed; they will not respond to his will. He seized the valve with his teeth; it opened a little—once, twice, thrice. The balloon began to descend. Then the swooned steersman returned to consciousness, and saw the steersman standing before him. He looked at his instrument; they must have been nearly eight miles up; but now the barometer was rising rapidly—the balloon was descending. Brandy was used. They had been higher above earth than mortal man or any living thing had been before. One minute more of inaction—of compulsory inaction—on the part of the steersman, whose senses were failing him, and the air ship, with its intensely rarefied gas, would have been floating unattended, with two corpses, in the wide realms of space—Once a Week.

A Shiftless Man. In the spring of 1841 I was searching for a studio in which to set up my easel. My searching ended at the New York University, where I found a vacant room, and one of the turkeys of that stately edifice. When I had fixed my choice the janitor who accompanied me in my examination of the rooms, threw open a door on the opposite side of the hall and invited me to enter. I found myself in what was evidently an artist's studio, but every object in it bore indubitable signs of wanton neglect. The statues, busts, and models of various casts were covered with dust and cobwebs; dusty canvases were faced to the wall, and stumps of brushes and scraps of paper littered the floor. The only signs of industry consisted of a few masterly crayon drawings and little "luscious studies" of color pinned to the wall.

"You will have an artist for your neighbor," said the janitor, though he is not here much of late; seems to be getting rather shiftless; he is wasting his time over some silly invention, a machine by which he expects to send messages from one place to another. He is a very good painter, and might do well if he were only stick to his business; but Lord! he added, with a sneer of contempt, the idea of telling by a little streak of lightning what a body is saying at the other end of it! His friends think he is crazy on the subject, and are trying to dissuade him from it, but he persists in it until he is almost ruined." Judge of my astonishment when he informed me that the "shiftless" individual, whose foolish waste of time so excited his commiseration, was none other than the President of the National Academy of Design—the most exalted position in my youthful artistic fancy. It was possible for mortal to attain it. S. P. Morse, since better known as the inventor of the electric telegraph. But a little while after this his fame was flashing through the world, and the unbelievers who voted him insane were forced to confess that there was at least "method in his madness."—Editor's Drawer, Harper's Magazine.

The Morgan County Agricultural society has leased twelve acres, about a quarter of a mile west of Martinsville, for a fair-ground. The lease runs for ten years, and the work will be commenced as soon as the weather will permit.



## Pacific Department.

BY BENJAMIN TODD

## Spiritualism.

When Modern Spiritualism was introduced into our world some twenty years ago, it was not announced by any great prophet of ancient or modern times; nor was it guided in its course by any pillar of cloud by day or pillar of fire by night; nor was its principles given from any cloud-capped Sinai whose encompassing darkness was cleaved light and truth; nor with shafts of lurid fire like the teachings of Moses; nor was it like the lightning of a Divinity clothed in mortal flesh wrapped in swathing bands and in a manger-cradle; nor did it come from any effigy mythology or theology worn thread-bare by time.

No sacred ranks of marshalled armies with fire and sword forced it on unwilling subjects, like Mohammedanism.

It was never cradled in the arms of any church or sect or sought to establish the same. But it came all warm from the heart of the spirit world, heaven-born and angel-crowned.

Like some mighty river whose source is inexhaustible, it pours its realities tide broad and deep all along the shores of mortal life; and on its way, silvery breast, gilded by the hands of our loved and gone before, there floats those god-hallowed arks laden with the riches of immortal existence. It is a spiritual genius, as beautiful like the roseate hues of the morning dawn, started the slumbering world from the religious sleep of centuries, and before its onward, stately march, the darkness of ages folded up their shadowed curtains and hastily fled away. It does not seek especially to affiliate itself with the rich, the proud and the great in the land, nor does it desire to dazzle the minds of mankind with its greatness, by the rearing of towering spires or lofty rounded domes. But it comes to the scenes of every-day life, where the poor, mourning, down-trodden and tolling millions, grow heart-weary, and it administers to them a balm for their trials and sorrows, whose fragrance and healing qualities the balm of ancient Gilead never knew.

Its principles take deep root in the human heart, spring up luxuriantly, bearing flowers whose fragrance sweet, day by day becomes a holy incense before the pure shrine of the angel world. It goes into the chambers of the human soul where the chords of affection lie bleeding and torn, severed by the hand of death and reuniting it in immortal life. Its bright bow of promise, all radiant with immortal beauty overarches every dark cloud of sorrow and care, until it sweeps itself away in tears which like dazzling pearls of unsurpassing splendor shall adorn our future crown.

It breaks the chains from every fettered human soul that listens to its teachings and gives to every heart a higher and holier aim in life. It seeks to dwell not in the temple, but in the willing hearts, and worships at no shrine but that of the Divine in us.

It sweeps away with one mighty swoop the holocaust of the Christian world where thousands on thousands have been sacrificed to a religious idea, and erects instead an altar sacred to the supremacy of the human soul and deity worship at its shrine.

It acknowledges no sacrificial blood as shed for human sins, whether it be on Pagan, Jewish or Christian altars; whether it be bird, beast or god incarnated in human flesh; but it affirms personal responsibility for all acts by the person performed. It tells no indulgences to commit sin like the Christian world at large, nor does it deal in New Jerusalem stock and sell preemption right to a golden-paved heaven, to the favored few.

It accepts, concentrates and crystallizes all the truths of the past and present revelations and stands pledged for future needs; and finally, it has stripped him of his power that once was known as the King of Terrors, and changed the shadowy vale into a way of beauty that leads to life and light beyond.

## Modesty.

There is no quality, perhaps, more estimable in woman than modesty. I love to see it in it one of her greatest charms; but when in the name of modesty all other qualities are obliged to succumb, and are rendered insignificant, it loses its virtue altogether, and becomes worse than none. I can conceive of no greater misfortune than an over abundance of modesty, or at least of that kind which affects some of our women at the present time. It is, indeed, seeking in the extreme to meet a nature to this description, and I am sorry to say that objects of this character cross my pathway frequently.

Here is a lady who possesses to no great extent this quality, that were I to judge I should consider it a most direful calamity. She is harassed from morning until night, and made perfectly miserable for fear of committing some impropriety. She would sacrifice everything she held dear rather than to render herself immodest in the eyes of any; but more especially in the eyes of a certain class, and whom do you think this class may be? Why, the masculine persuasion, of course, for whoever heard of a lady having an extra amount of modesty, that did not seek their approbation first of all, and could rest quite content without the good opinion of any others, were they sure of them.

One would suppose that modesty consisted in making one retiring, unassuming and natural, but strange as it seems quite the reverse. Those women who are so terribly devoted to modesty, are those who make the greatest display, who harangue the loudest, who are often seen in public places, and on the broad high-way, displaying the latest styles and fashions, by which to attract and create a sensation, who court the gentlemen's society, decorating themselves for the purpose of pleasing and drawing their attention, to paint and dabble, and what they do not do to excite notice, has not yet been discovered. They are distressed to death by the idea of female suffrage, for it would bring them so much in contact with the common element.

Poor things, how their modesty must tremble at the thought!

Ladies whose minds are ever upon the stretch, devising means by which to attract, please and fascinate this very element of society, I do not wonder are opposed to this step, for in opposing this, they are certain of gaining its approval to the greatest extent, and this seems to be their only object; and yet these women are too modest to vote, too modest to be in favor of woman's rights, too modest to appear other than to excite the pleasure and passion of the gentlemen, to modest to dress in a manner which will give to herself and offspring, perhaps, health. She is so extremely modest, she would rather murder her unborn infant than give it a chance to develop itself as God designed. It would be sacrilegiously vulgar to dress and act in any other manner.

I say this is not to be wondered at. They are acting consistent with their own feelings; but they never made a greater blunder than when they assume the name of modesty. A woman who would quietly pass to the polls and cast her vote for the alleviation of a depressed sister, and benefit of her own daughters, would be considered immodest, masculine and bold. She would be spit upon by our refined and modest women and not fit to touch the hem of the garments which enshroud them.

L. OLIVER.

## Temple.

"R. F. Barrett has addressed a book of seven letters to Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in which he undertakes to prove that the Swedenborgian idea of the Trinity, the union of love, wisdom and power, is the true one."

Which has the most respectable and sensible idea of God, B. F. Barrett or Rev. Henry Ward Beecher?

A student in the Assyrian Tablets in the British Museum placed the date of Abraham at 3,900 years before Christ, nearly 400 years earlier than Fisher's chronology. Other chronologists have placed it at various periods ranging from 16,000 years up to the twenty-ninth century before Christ.

What is the Bible chronology worth to the student of history when it can be varied a thousand years. The majority of the Bible writers commenced their historical facts, "And it came to pass in those days." What days or when, no one can tell. We suppose it means somewhere from the commencement of all things until now. That would be definite enough for Bible purposes.

The Hartford (Conn.) ministers' meeting has been discussing woman suffrage, and all but two out of forty opposed it as unscriptural.

What a blind set of bats these ministers are. Only two in forty have got their eyes open yet. It will take something more than Gabriel's trumpet to resurrect them.

Rev. L. W. Bacon, one of the Directors of the American and Foreign Christian Union, accuses that body with publishing incorrect, mendacious, fraudulent and otherwise scandalous books—a pretty serious charge.

As a commentary on the American and Foreign Christian Union. We venture the conjecture that the Rev. L. W. Bacon has been reading the Christian Bible.

"At a monastery in Tibet a praying machine is turned by water power, and while prayers are thus offered at the rate of two a minute, the monks occupy their leisure in playing cards."

This praying machine, we consider, a rare invention, and worthy of being patronized by the Christian world that have a large amount of that kind of labor to perform.

For the benefit of all concerned, we hope it will not fall into the inconsistent practices of human praying machines, who habitually contradict themselves as often as once for every minute they pray. Again, we hope that it will not lack the good taste that humans manifest in making suggestions to God as to the manner of his conducting affairs generally. With these improvements attached, we go in for the machine as a matter of saving time, and just as harmless as any other kind of praying.

## The Postscript.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

## Witnesses for Spiritualism.

A Lecture Delivered by G. W. Field, at Monticello, Iowa.

The witnesses for Spiritualism, are both numerous and intelligent, competent and credible, and belong to all ages of man's history.

If we go back to the records of mankind, we shall find them replete with accounts of spiritual intercourse, angelic ministrations, and various forms of spiritual manifestations. Particularly is the Bible filled with evidences of this character.

It is a great reservoir of spiritual experiences and phenomena. In these respects it is, perhaps, unsurpassed, though the religious and sacred writings of other nations and people, contain much of a similar character.

That I am sustained in my statement, in regard to the Jewish and Christian Scriptures by the record, allow me to refer to a few passages.

Gen. xvi, 7: "And the angel of the Lord, found her by a fountain of water in the wilderness. \* \* \* And he said, Hagar, Sarai's maid, whence comest thou?"

Gen. xviii, 1: "And the Lord appeared unto him (Abraham) in the plains. \* \* \* And he lifted up his eyes and looked, and, lo, three men stood by him; and when he saw them he ran to meet them from the tent door, and bowed himself toward the ground."

Gen. xix, 12: "And there came two angels to Sodom, at even; and Lot sat in the gate of Sodom; and Lot seeing them rose up to meet them, saying, 'Behold, my lords, turn in I pray you into your servants' house, and tarry all night, and wash your feet, and ye shall rest up early.' \* \* \* And they turned in unto him, and entered his house, and he made them feast, and did bake unleavened bread and they did eat. \* \* \* And when the morning arose, then the angels beckoned Lot, saying, 'Arise, take thy wife and thy two daughters, lest thou be consumed in the iniquity of the city.'"

Gen. xxxii, 12: "And Jacob went on his way and the angels of God met him; and when Jacob saw them he said, 'This is God's host.'"

King, ch. 1: "And as he (Elijah) lay and slept under a juniper tree, behold then an angel touched him, and said unto him, 'Arise and eat.' \* \* \* And the angel of the Lord came again the second time and touched him, and said, 'Arise and eat, because the journey is too great for thee.'"

Numbers, xli, 31: "And the Lord opened the eyes of Balaam, and he saw the angel of the Lord standing in the way."

Daniel, xi, 21: "Yes, while I was speaking in prayer over the man Gabriel, whom I had seen in the vision at the beginning, \* \* \* touched me about the time of the evening oblation. \* \* \* And he informed me and talked with me."

But there is evidence for Spiritualism found in 1 Samuel, xxviii, which deserves more than a mere reference. It relates to the consultation of a spirit through the famous medium—the woman of Endor, by the Jewish King Saul.

This record furnishes the most convincing evidence of the ministry of angels or spirits; and as there are thousands of instances, and experiences at the present day, similar in many respects, which many deny for want of evidence as they suppose of these things to be found in the scriptures, it may be profitable to read the whole account relating to this ancient and memorable scene.

It is as follows: "Then Saul said unto his servants, 'Seek me a woman that hath a familiar spirit, that I may go to her, and inquire of her.' And his servants said unto him, 'Behold there is a woman that hath a familiar spirit at Endor.'"

And bring me him up, whom I shall name unto thee."

"I went like many at the present day under cover of the night."

"And the woman said unto him, 'Behold, thou knowest what Saul hath done, how he hath cut off those that have familiar spirits, and the wizards out of the land; wherefore then layest thou a snare for my life, to cause me to die?' And Saul swore to her by the Lord, saying, 'As the Lord liveth there shall no punishment happen to thee for this thing.'"

From this part of the account it is evident that notwithstanding Saul had "cut off" those that had familiar spirits, the mediums of that time, still he had faith in them, and was desirous of consulting the spirits through one. There is much of this same inconsistency at the present day.

The civil liberty we enjoy, secures us against any positive interference of political or religious tyrants.

But if we may believe some of the most distinguished mediums of our country, they are frequently visited, and the spirits of loved friends consulted, by "ministers and clergymen," who many times caution their churches against these things, and even actively aid in extending the prejudice of the unenlightened and the ignorant against the mediums of angel ministrations of the present time.

Then said the woman, "Whom shall I bring up unto thee?" And he said, "Bring me up Samuel."

And when the woman saw Samuel, she cried with a loud voice, and the woman spoke to Saul saying, "Why hast thou deceived me? for thou art Saul."

What an evidence does this furnish of the presence of super-mundane intelligence! The medium was not only informed of the presence of the spirit of Samuel, or "perceived" him, but she knew who he was, and she knew that he was the spirit of Samuel, the distinguished King, Saul himself, the persecutor of mediums. Thousands of similar occurrences and tests have in recent times been given by the numerous mediums of our land.

To continue the narrative: "And the King said unto her, 'Be not afraid; for what savest thou?' And the woman said, 'I saw gods ascending out of the earth.' And she said unto her, 'What form is he of?' And she said, 'An old man cometh up, and he is covered with a mantle.' And Saul perceived that it was Samuel, and he stooped with his face to the ground, and bowed himself."

It will be perceived from this part of the story that Saul as well as the woman, "perceived that it was Samuel."

It is hardly consistent for those who claim the Jewish Scriptures to be an "infallible record," to deny that Samuel did in person, with his living body, appear, and become visible to the spiritual eyes of the woman of Endor.

Saul had never been so fully convinced of the truth of spirit intercourse. The popular theory of the world, he probably accepted; but the tests he had received, were overwhelming, and as the conviction of the actual presence of his old friend Samuel, the nearness of the spiritual world and the glorious privileges growing out of these facts, rushed over his mind, he like thousands of the nineteenth century, was humbled, "and he stooped with his face to the ground."

And Saul said to Saul, 'Why hast thou disquieted me, to bring me up?' And Saul answered, 'I am sore distressed for the Philistines make war against me, and God is departed from me, and answereth me no more, neither by prophets, nor by dreams; therefore, have I called thee, that thou mayest make known unto me what I shall do.'

Then said Samuel, "Wherefore dost thou ask me, \* \* \* for the Lord hath rent thy kingdom out of thy hand."

Moreover the Lord will also deliver Israel with thee, into the hands of the Philistines:—And to-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me."

The prophecy herein contained was similar to thousands now made through mediums from the spirit-world; and it will be remembered by those familiar with the history, was fulfilled in every particular.

But more especially does the spirit-world aid and assist, through suitable mediums, to perform cures by the simple laying on of hands, that are most wonderful and apparently miraculous.

Time will not permit me to expound or illustrate this subject. It has frequently been done by the most successful healers of our time; and the efficacy of the efficacy of this mode of healing, has frequently been given within the last ten years.

Mark, xvi, 17, 18, contains the following as the language of Jesus: "And these signs shall follow them that believe: In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents, and when they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover."

So likewise, wisdom, learning, prophecy, political gifts, the discerning of spirits, the gift of tongues and the interpretation of tongues, are among the common manifestations of the spirit-world; and now (as in former times) are "given to every man to profit withal."

Jesus, many of the apostles and others, possessed these gifts in early times; and they, or some of them, are enjoyed by thousands of mediums of the present day. Jesus plainly intimated that greater things (wonders) should be done than he performed, because he would go to the spirit-world where he could accomplish more wonders by spiritual presence.

These gifts were recognized and encouraged by the Christian church for a time; many of the Catholic Fathers practiced in particular, the art of healing in this way, some of them; St. Bernard said, "Xen, for instance, obtained great efficacy as a healer by the 'laying-on of hands'." And the books are pointed to as "miracles," by Catholics at the present day.

But the churches have ceased to recognize these "gifts." They prescribe and denounce those who do these good works, imputing them to evil spirits or the devil. They have in these respects departed from the faith (in angel ministry), and are giving heed to seducing spirits, and the doctrine of devils (Tim. i, 12).

Thus we find in the religious experiences of the Jews, and in the teachings of primitive Christianity, to which so many look for light, an infallible guide, abundant evidence of spirit intercourse and spirit manifestations.

Not only have we these witnesses, but the brightest lights of all nations and people, both ancient and modern, have given their testimony for the cause. The most prominent philosophers of ancient Greece, it is well known to the student of history, entertained very generally a belief in the intercourse of spirits with men. Such were the views of Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, and many others. I might refer to a long list of poets of all ages and peoples, of similar views, and whose sentiments as recorded in their poetical literature, have been translated into the language of Milton. "Millions of spiritual beings walk in the air unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep."

Some of the brightest luminaries of the church of modern times have been of this class—men eminent for their virtue and learning.

For example, George John Wesley, the eminent reformer, and the founder of Methodism.

On page 289, volume 2, of his Journal, he says: "What pretence have I to deny well

attested facts, because I cannot comprehend them? The English in general, and indeed, the best of the nation, have given up all accounts of apparitions (spiritual appearances) as mere old wives' fables. I am sorry for it; and willingly take this opportunity of entering my solemn protest against this violent compliment, which so many who believe the Bible pay to those who do not believe it. I know of no reason, therefore, why we should suffer even this weapon to be wrested out of our hands."

One of the Capital objections which I have heard urged over and over to these things, is this: "Did you ever see an apparition yourself?" No, nor did I ever see a murder yet, I believe there is such a thing; yes, and that in one place or another, murder is committed every day. Therefore, I cannot as a reasonable man deny the fact, although I never saw it, and perhaps never may. The testimony of unexceptionable witnesses, convinces me both of the one, and of the other."

The singular spiritual experiences of Elizabeth Hobson, one of the same, are thus set forth in the same volume, page 289, to 293. Elizabeth Hobson was serious from a child, and grew up in the fear of God; and the whole tenor of her behavior was suitable to her Christian progression. She told me she had seen spirits from her childhood, and especially on the occasion of the death of relations or intimate friends they would appear to her. The following are her own accounts:

"A little before Michaelmas, 1703, my brother George, who was a good young man, went to sea. The day after Michaelmas day, about midnight, I saw him standing by my bedside surrounded by a glorious light, and looking earnestly at me. He was wet all over. That same night the ship in which he sailed split upon a rock, and all the crew were drowned."

"On April 9th, 1707, about midnight, I was lying awake, and saw my brother standing in front of my bed. Just at that time, he died in Jamaica."

On page 296, of the same volume, Wesley relates the following accounts of another spiritual medium:

Margaret Barstow came to me by invitation, and I asked her an abundance of questions. I was soon convinced that she was not only a true medium, but a glorious light, and looking earnestly at me. He was wet all over. That same night the ship in which he sailed split upon a rock, and all the crew were drowned."

Her account was: "For above a year I have seen this angel, whose face is exceedingly beautiful; her raiment is white as snow, and glitters like silver; her voice remarkably soft and musical. She tells me many things before they come to pass—She foretold that I should be ill at such a time and in such a manner, and well at such an hour, and it was so exactly. She has said such a person shall die at such a time and he did so."

On page 406, referring to spiritual gifts, he remarks: "The grand reason why the miraculous gifts were so soon withdrawn was, not only that faith and holiness were well nigh lost, but that dry formal orthodox men began even then to ridicule whatever gift they had not themselves, but to deride them all, as either madness or imposture."

Who can deny in view of this record, made by Wesley himself, that he was a believer in the ministry of spirits?

It is interesting to notice the similarity of the manifestations of spirits, to those mediums, recorded in the Bible, and those in the New Testament, before referred to. Moses and Elias "appeared in glory," and to those who visited the sepulchre, the spirits, angels, or men, appeared "in white and shining garments," as testified by several of the evangelists. Elizabeth Hobson saw her brother surrounded by a glorious light, and Margaret Barstow saw an angel spirit, "whose face was exceedingly beautiful; her raiment \* \* \* white as snow, and glistering like silver; her voice remarkably soft and musical."

The concluding portion of this interesting narrative is as follows: "I have seen straightway all along the earth, and was so afraid, because of the words of Samuel; and there was no strength in him, for he had eaten no bread all the day, nor all the night."

And the woman came unto Saul and saw that he was so troubled, and said unto him, 'Behold thy handmaid hath obeyed thy voice and I have put my life in thy hand and have hearkened unto thy words which thou spakest unto me.'

Now therefore hearken thou unto the voice of thy handmaid, and let me set a morsel of bread before thee, and eat that thou mayest have strength when thou goest on thy way."

But he refused and said 'I will not eat.' But he comforted her with the words of the Lord, and he hearkened unto their voice, so he arose from the earth, and sat upon the bed."

And the woman had a fat calf in the house, and she hastened and killed it; and took flour and kneaded it; and did bake unleavened bread upon the hearth."

And he brought it before Saul and his sons, and they did eat. Then they rose up and went away that night."

Perhaps there is not a more touching and tender incident in the Jewish scriptures, than this contained in the concluding portion of the narrative, relating to the interview between Saul and the woman of Endor.

Belonging as she did to a persecuted class, a class who held communion with the departed, a class against whom it appears, the malice or prejudice, and the tyranny of Saul himself had been directed with most sanguinary results, a woman under the ban of the law, and still called by many by the odious appellation of "witch of Endor," still a woman in feeling and action, kindly furnishing Saul with unmistakable tests of spirit presence of Samuel, and also valuable and truthful information both present and prophetic; and though probably poor and unappreciated by the world around her, generally, and only valuing to Saul the information he desired, but moved with compassion for the unfortunate king, the tired and exhausted, the weak and hungry, the oppressed and defeated Saul, whose power and glory and honor were about to depart, urging and persuading him to arise from the earth and be comforted, and partake of the best hospitalities which her house afforded, the unleavened bread and the fattest calf.

These acts, noble, generous, hospitable, womanly, should furnish themes for the most exalted encomiums, instead of odious epithets; praise instead of persecution.

Nor is the New Testament a less pointed or important witness for Spiritualism.

Matthew (xxviii, 23), referring to the tomb where Jesus was laid, and his resurrection, says: "The angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and rolled back the stone from the door."

His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow. "They entered into the sepulchre and found not the body of the Lord

Jesus. \* \* \* And much perplexed thereabout, behold two men stood by them in shining garments. \* \* \* And they said unto them, 'Why seek ye the living among the dead?'

Luke (xxiv, 3, 4): "The stone was rolled away. \* \* \* And entering into the sepulchre they saw a young man sitting on the right side clothed in a long white garment."

John (xx, 17), records as follows: "But Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping; and as she wept she stooped down and looked into the sepulchre, and seeth two angels in white, sitting the one at the head and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain. And they said unto her, 'Woman, why weepest thou?'"

"Because they have taken away my Lord and I know not where they have laid him." And when she had thus said she turned herself back and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus. Jesus saith unto her, 'Woman, why weepest thou?'" She supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, 'Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him.' \* \* \* Jesus saith unto her, 'Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended to my father \* \* \* and your father, and to my God and your God.'

Again; Luke records (ix, 28, 30): "And it came to pass, that after these things, Jesus took Peter and John and James and went up into a mountain to pray. And as he prayed the fashion of his countenance was changed, and his raiment was white and glistening. And behold there talked with him two men, which were Moses and Elias; who appeared in glory and spoke of his decease which should be accomplished at Jerusalem."

It is recorded in Acts (xiii, 14, 15), as follows:

"And as Peter knocked at the door of the gate, a damsel came to hearken named Rhoda. And when she knew Peter's voice, she opened not the gate for she said, 'I see a man who is called Peter standing before the gate.' And he said to her, 'Thou art mad.' But she constantly affirmed that it was even so. Then they said, 'It is his angel.'"

Also Acts (xxiii, 9): "For the Sadducees say there is no resurrection, neither angel nor spirit; but the Pharisees confess both. And the scribes that were of the Pharisees' part, arose and strove saying, 'We find no evil in this man (Paul); but if a spirit or an angel hath spoken to him, let us not fight against God.'"

And again in Revelations (iv, 1): "And after this, I looked and behold a door was opened in heaven, and I heard a voice which said it was of a trumpet, talking with me which said, 'Come up higher.'"

And finally, in Revelations (xlii, 8, 9), John says: "And I, John, saw these things and heard them; and when I had heard and seen, I fell down to worship before the feet of the angel which showed me these things. The angel (the angel) unto me, 'See thou do it not, for I am thy fellow servant and of thy brethren the prophets; \* \* \* worship God.'"

From the foregoing quotations it seems clear that the words "angel," "angel of God," "angel of the Lord," "angel of spirits," "angel of heaven," "angel of the living," "angel of the dead," "angel of the resurrection," "angel of the judgment," "angel of the reward," "angel of the punishment," "angel of the glory," "angel of the power," "angel of the wisdom," "angel of the knowledge," "angel of the love," "angel of the mercy," "angel of the grace," "angel of the peace," "angel of the joy," "angel of the hope," "angel of the faith," "angel of the charity," "angel of the holiness," "angel of the righteousness," "angel of the truth," "angel of the beauty," "angel of the wisdom," "angel of the knowledge," "angel of the love," "angel of the mercy," "angel of the grace," "angel of the peace," "angel of the joy," "angel of the hope," "angel of the faith," "angel of the charity," "angel of the holiness," "angel of the righteousness," "angel of the truth," "angel of the beauty," "angel of the 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The Pen is mightier than the Sword.

## ORTHODOXY AND SPIRITUALISM.

MOSES having a high standing reputation and influence with the people of his time with whom he lived, made and published many false statements and declarations in his pretended history of the "creation," on subjects of very high interest and importance in the estimation and judgment of a very considerable portion of the world, and those statements having gained very general credit and belief throughout Christendom, have been acted upon under the almost endless variety of human feelings and passions of the subject of religious opinions. Moses' history of the creation has been a principal part of the basis of discussion and contention on religious subjects. Does the progress and improvement thereby produced, justify the innumerable instances of strife and contention, of persecution, of holy wars, of torture, of cruelty and suffering, of murder, of assassination, of the "inquisition," of burning at the stake, of martyrdom in numerous ways? Are such the ways and means to promote religion, the approbation and love of God and good will among men? And all this done in the pretended name and service of God. What must necessarily be the character of a religion thus obtained?

But in the lapse of time, great changes have taken place, in relation to the general and public feeling, passion and opinion in matters of religious belief. More toleration and charity and liberality and regard for individual right prevails, and of course, many erroneous opinions are seen and discarded or neglected, and some corresponding advances made in the admission of truths in matters of religious belief. Now, then, in calm consideration, has not, what is, and has been called "religious belief," been the cause of all this disturbance, persecution, human and inhuman barbaric cruelty; and all done in the professed service of a righteous God? Such religious belief influences its possessors to see what they believe God ought to do with the unbeliever, the wicked sinner, and in their holy zeal, they at once undertake to do, what they believe God neglects to do. Fortunately, to all such scenes, there is a decided comparison and contrast.

What is this wonderful, miraculous power of "belief," that gives such right and authority to compel the assent and acknowledgement of it, and its acceptance and professions by the unbeliever; or else to suffer the consequences of persecution, imprisonment, torture and death? In reality and truth, it is a confession and acknowledgement of such belief, that he is ignorant of the subject of his professed belief. He is as ignorant as he is lacking in knowledge. It is ignorance then, and his zeal in it, that gives this false and self-righteous claim to persecute his fellow beings. Bare belief is always weak, needing knowledge to sustain it or to disprove and overthrow it. Belief may be the governing power of a fool as well as of a zealot or bigot, each of whom would use it as a settled matter of fact. It has often been the instrument of the self-righteous, the oppressor and assassin, showing it to be a dangerous weapon with those who allow it unlimited power; as often, it is neither the true representative of fact, knowledge or truth. The revolution in public sentiment on the subject of religious knowledge and belief, under the name and power of Spiritualism, exceeds any previous revolution on that subject, in its peaceable and rapid progress, freedom from violence and bloodshed, and in the number of its converts, forms a very significant comparison, and contrast to all former revolutions on that subject.

A great contrast is the knowledge it gives us of immortality and its accompanying truths, which in a great degree, were otherwise left to doubts, conjecture and belief.

Another very important fact of contrast is, it does away the fears of future punishment, and especially of "eternal misery."

Another contrast is, it establishes the fact and the invaluable truth of the communication here, between persons in this life, and the spirits of those who have left it, and who live in the next world, giving the priceless enjoyment of social intercourse with relatives and friends, as well as with others.

Another priceless contrast is the gift and power of healing the sick and diseased "by the laying-on of hands."

By the evidences of its truths, it appeals to the reason and judgment of the inquirer, rather than to the old views and opinions of the Jews, which is another contrast.

Its peaceable and present widely extended and progressive success in its reformatory movements, its converts being numerous among the various classes and conditions of men and women, forms another contrast to all former revolutions in religious knowledge and belief. Instead of a division of the human race into saints and sinners, righteous and unrighteous, holy and unholy, Spiritualism teaches the brotherhood of man, the right and freedom of private judgment, and the free and public expression of it.

This is a true preventive of the spirit of persecution, and of ill-will and enmity between

men. The opposite spirit promotes division, ill-will, enmity and persecution.

The spirit of this age is progress, advancement, a more thorough knowledge of right and wrong, in science, religion, and ought to be in morals.

In this connection of inquiry, is it not appropriate to ask, what progress, advancements and additions have been made in a religious point of view, by the popular theology of the past half century? Has there been anything further than the renunciation of errors, or a neglect to support them, to which they have been compelled by the advancing progress of more liberal views. They not only have been; but are now stationary till driven by public sentiment to renounce errors and yield a cold and silent assent to the advancing intelligence and spirit of the present age.

## THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

The first principle of this religious dogma shows its absurdity and falsehood. It necessarily discloses and determines the sex of the parties, and by the means of their sexual intercourse, the result was the birth of a male child, a human infant being. In the historic account of this infant child until he was about thirty years old, there is nothing very remarkable, as being out of or above the common course and character of most other children, excepting the dispute with the doctors in the temple. From about the age of thirty years, until his crucifixion and death, which was about three years, he appeared a considerable portion of that time in public, saying and doing many wise and wonderful things. During his life, he had the common qualities and physical condition of other children, and of youth and manhood.

It is evident he was not God; but was a human being, having like frailties, feelings, passions, appetites and like need of support as other human beings.

This statement of his humanity is made for the purpose of showing by contrast and comparison, what kind of a being he must necessarily have been, if he had really been a matter of fact lineal descendant of the Holy Ghost, one of the three Gods of Christendom. Under such circumstances the offspring should have been one-third God, or three-thirds Holy Ghost, or one-half God, and the other half, human. These must be the legitimate results of the theological dogmas of the trine God.

The Westminster Catechism says: "There are three persons in the God-head, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one God, the same in substance, equal in power and glory."

Equality destroys supremacy. A son can not be as old as his father, unless he outlives his father.

By the aforesaid authority, the Holy Ghost is a person, and one equal joint, third part of the God-head, and yet acting separately with the virgin Mary, because it could not act with the son, he not then being in existence, and out of all due respect to the Father, it is not even alleged that He had any part in the transaction of the generation of the son. Therefore, the Holy Ghost must claim to be the Father of the son, or allow "Joseph the carpenter" to be the rightful father, as he was the true husband of the virgin Mary.

The dogma of the trinity has attempted to sustain itself by the science of mathematics; but as mathematics will not lie, even to favor the Holy Ghost, and will not permit one to be three—or three to be one, it has discarded it from the multiplication table, and sent the dogma to the four winds of heaven, and the Holy Ghost may go with them.

The ancients were very expert in manufacturing Gods, and usually kept themselves well supplied for all purposes. In this respect the good people of Christendom are evidently beginning to take the back track, and to become satisfied with one God, without worshipping any other gods or ghosts. In truth, they were in a great measure, excusable for believing in more than one god, as the two additional ones were already made and delivered for their acceptance, by those most interested in their formation and adoption.

## LETTER FROM A WORKER.

BRO. JONES:—We have sent you about one hundred and forty, three months' subscribers to the JOURNAL, from this place. Our town numbers two thousand and five hundred inhabitants. Will be three years old next June. We have a graded school of four hundred scholars, with four teachers, and our motto is, "Nature and Reason," versus "Theology and Superstition." Truly, Carthage is alive.

Fraternalty yours,

C. C. COLBY.

Cor. Secretary.

Carthage, Mo.

REMARKS:—We return to our brother and all the friends in Carthage, our heart-felt thanks for their efforts in our behalf. The cause of liberal principles is bound to be the controlling element for good, in that young and thriving city of the West.

The Carthaginians are now, as of yore, brave, fearless people. They love the right, and do it. Our brothers of sister towns in the West, as well as in other parts of the world, will do well to imitate so worthy an example, by devoting time to the same work. We will guarantee that any one who shall regret making a similar effort, shall have his or her time compensated for in any amount required.

Think for a moment of the influence which will be effected by so large a number of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNALS being received and read in a town of twenty-five hundred inhabitants.

Say, Bishops and Priests of old theology, is Catholicism or any other "strictly evangelical religion," to rule America?

## MR. E. A. TALKADON.

Of Westville, Indiana, will answer calls to lecture.

## FAIR PLAY.

Under the above caption, Col. Fox of the Present AGE, makes a lame attempt to avoid the question of the officers of the American Association of Spiritualists, receiving, under the name of agents, compensation for services. We assumed that if those officers could appoint themselves agents and fix their own salaries, while under the constitution of the Association they were prohibited from receiving compensation, it was no better than a political dodge, to constitute themselves agents and fix their own pay for the same. We say so yet, and so will the millions of Spiritualists who are called upon by these officers,—agents, to blindly pay over their money for membership and under other pretenses, to the American Association of Spiritualists, say, more, to pay over five dollars a year to such officers,—agents, even to be permitted to hold membership in a state organization. No; Col. Fox, this subterfuge won't win with the mass of Spiritualists throughout the United States. The state organizations will follow the course of Massachusetts. We believe your own state, Michigan, has already a second state organization.

Illinois will never submit to a draft of five dollars per year from each member, to support the American Association, whose officers presume to appoint themselves to agencies to use up the money so raised.

If necessary, we are prepared to state just how that little scheme was carried through the Springfield adjourned convention, consisting of thirteen delegates, professing to represent the Spiritualists of Illinois! Col. Fox, President of the American Association of Spiritualists, says, speaking of the same.

"It already has several agents in the field who are doing good service, and so far as reports have been transmitted from the Secretary, to the President, have paid into the treasury of the Association, more than the amount of their salary drawn; thus making the agencies a source of actual gain to the association financially, besides the amount of labor performed under its auspices. Mrs. Brown is to be an active agent, and when she assumes her duties as such will sustain a corresponding relation to the Association, entirely independent of her official relation."

The insinuations of "pretense" and political intrigue thrown out by the author are gratuitous, and do not merit our notice.

They may not merit the notice of Col. Fox, but he will find they will merit and receive the notice of the Spiritualists of America. Massachusetts and Michigan have already spoken; other states are ready and will speak in a voice that will give assurance that Spiritualism is not, to be governed by intrigue, which has been the peculiar province of all theological institutions, to practice upon blind devotees in ages past, for the benefit of those holding positions and power.

An inquiry is being made by thousands already to the effect: "What is being done with the money that has been paid into the treasury of the American Association?" That inquiry will be continued.

It is generally believed by Spiritualists that there are two classes of officers in that Association: One class is of sterling integrity and would do nothing if they worked at all, but that which was believed to be for the best interest of Spiritualism; and some are so uncharitable as to believe, that there is a breach daily widening between the officers, and agent-officers of that board, which will shortly result in an open rupture.

We will endeavor to keep an eye single to this subject. It will "merit our notice."

## PLANCHETTE NO TOY.

The *Univers*, a Catholic Journal of Philadelphia, in speaking of Planchette, remarks:

Some call Planchette a toy. If it were a toy, its motive power could be detected by the eye, and taken to pieces by the hand. But neither the sight of the eye nor the touch of the hand can spring by which Planchette moves. Therefore it is not in its movement, a toy. It moves; undoubtedly it does. And how? Intelligently! It answers questions of any kind put to it in any language required. It does this. This cannot be done but by an intelligence. Planchette is, therefore, moved by an intelligence. Well, by what description of intelligence. It cannot be supposed that the divine intelligence is the motive; for how can God be conceived to make such a manifestation of Himself as Planchette exhibits? A corresponding reason cuts off the idea that it is presided over by an angelic intelligence. And it is evident to all that a human mind does not control it. There is but one more character of intelligence—that of the evil spirits. Therefore Planchette is moved by the agents of hell. But why should the devil connect himself with a Planchette—a little triangular board set on small wheels, furnished with writing facilities, and having hands lightly placed on it. Does not such a thing appear very ridiculous? What is true. No one can give the devil's reasons for this act. He can operate in countless ways. He is not restricted to this, or to that, or the other reasons. Anything that may assist him in endangering the salvation of men is welcome to his judgment. He has found his way into persons, why not into Planchette? The success of the thing proves his malignant understanding. We suppose the experienced scoundrel is ready to do anything human wickedness may ask of him, when souls are the price of his condescension. But his reasons for particular manifestations are of small importance here. Facts are facts; and the point is that Planchette is not a toy; that it is moved by an intelligence; and that the intelligence which moves it is necessarily evil. We would, therefore, advise all those who have a Planchette, to build for it a fire of pitch and brimstone. It is a bad ornament on the side-board, and a bad amusement in the drawing-room. No one has a right to consult the enemy of God. They who do so are in danger of becoming worshippers of the devil and dwelling with him forever.

Right again, our Catholic friend. True; Planchette is something more than a mere toy. And we are very grateful, indeed, for the candid admissions made in favor of the true agency of control contained in the foregoing extract. Let Protestants admit as much, and then Spiritualists have only to prove (which is more than half done for them by such admissions), "God" and angels may, can or might, control Planchette; which would fairly and undoubtedly establish the facts of Spiritualism.

Our readers will doubtless recollect that we claimed a great deal for Spiritualism through the agency of the little plank; and we cite this

as another evidence of the correctness of our speculations. Yet, it is not what it will do, so much, as it is the agencies it will set to work to spread the facts and philosophies of Spiritualism.

## THE JOURNAL.

This number of the JOURNAL will be found to contain much that is very interesting. The address of G. W. Field furnishes an unusual amount of food for reflection, for he draws on the Bible for incidents to establish the truth of Spiritualism.

In the Inner Life Department, too, the reader will find in the questions and answers, much that will interest. The communication from Jane Darling sparkles with beauty and love, and is well worthy of a careful perusal. We hope to hear from her again. The communication from Henry to his Father, reported by Lavina I. Ingalls, is one of great interest, and will be read with pleasure.

Tests of spirit presence, Articles from our best mediums and speakers, articles on the Nature of God and Man, and the Philosophy of Spirit Intercourse, etc., will constitute the principal features of the JOURNAL.

Fearless and out-spoken, ever advocating the cause of humanity and justice, the JOURNAL is becoming a power in the land. Our circulation is rapidly increasing, convincing us, that our efforts are fully appreciated.

## NEW OFFICERS.

The Society of Spiritualists of Springfield, have elected the following named officers, for the present year:

John Ordway, President; A. A. Brackett, Vice Pres.; W. H. Planck, Sec'y; Mrs. L. M. Hanson, Treas.

## SPIRITUELLE.

The above named pamphlet by A. M. Lafin Ferree, will be found of service to the investigator. For sale at this office. Price 30 cents, postage 2 cents.

## M. H. HOUGHTON.

And his gifted wife intend to take a trip soon through Michigan and Ill., and will answer calls to lecture. Mr. Houghton's address is Milan, Ohio.

## CHINESE NORTHERN YAM.

See Wm. R. Prince's advertisement of the above named valuable vegetable, in another column, and send for a book explanatory of its value as a substitute for potatoes.

## L. D. ROUSE.

Writes to us that a good Healing Medium would do well to locate at Binghamton, New York.

## Literary Notices.

"The Herald of Health and Journal of Physical Culture," advocates a higher type of manhood—physically, intellectually and morally.

It should be in every family. Miller, Wood and Co., Publishers, 13 and 15 Light street New York.

Terms \$2 per annum; single copies 20 cents.

The Scientific American comes to us regularly. As a Scientific Journal, we prize it highly. Every mechanic, every business man, every farmer, in fact, everybody should take it.

Munn and Co., Editors and Proprietors, New York.

Terms \$3 per year.

## Personal and Local.

D. C. Seymour has been lecturing in Kansas.

Ex-Senator Guthrie, of Kentucky, left about \$1,000,000.

Five octogenarian sisters recently attended a funeral in Brownstown, Pa.

Jefferson Davis denies that he has heart disease, and says that he was never better.

It is said that the daughters of Andy Johnson left the Presidential mansion in better order than it has ever been left, before, by an outgoing President.

Frank Pierce's Cabinet was the only one in the history of the United States that remained unbroken from the beginning to the end of the administration.

As a proof of the remarkable decline of Alexander Dumas' popularity as a romancer, it is mentioned that the manuscript of his last novel was offered to six publishers, none of whom would give him more than a few thousand francs for it.

Bayard Taylor, in his last work, "By-ways of Europe," bids farewell to his duties as a literary traveler.

W. E. Woodward, Esq., of Roxbury, Mass., has issued a catalogue of his private library, numbering over 6,000 volumes, almost exclusively American, which will shortly be sold in New York. The library contains some very early American imprints, and some of such rarity as to be unique. The sale will probably attract the universal attention of some bookmaniacs.

Francis Dwyer, a Major of Hussars in the Imperial Austrian service, has written a book on "Seats and Saddles," which will shortly be published, giving a minute description of the horse as an animal to be ridden, telling also how the saddle should be adjusted and what are the different styles of riding.

The burgomaster of Leipzig has prohibited velocipedes riding in the streets of that city, owing to the numerous accidents which have recently befallen the velocipedists of Leipzig.

Three epicures, who dine every day at the famous Parisian restaurant, "Les Freres Provencaux," pay a hundred and seventy-five francs for every meal they eat.

A Paris book-seller, M. Gosselin, has just been sentenced to three years' imprisonment, and fined one thousand dollars, for selling books and pamphlets not very complimentary to Napoleon and Eugene.

Queen Victoria will this year, visit Switzerland again, and make also a trip to Sicily and Greece. She will, however, keep away from Florence and Rome, and go by steamer from Genoa to Palermo.

The presents which Henry the Fifth, the Legist pretender to the French throne, received on New Year's Day from his adherents in France were worth upward of one hundred thousand francs.

A Gypsy prophesied to Gulzot in his childhood, that he would live until he was over a hundred years old. It seems as if the prediction shall be fulfilled.

## Amusements.

"The Flash of Lightning," flashed to good audiences, during the two weeks it was kept upon the boards at McVicker's theatre, but has finally flashed out to make way for the more steady light of the standard drama, which was recommenced on Monday the fifth inst., at McVicker's, with Mary Gladstone, being her first appearance in this city. Her first appearance was in the character and play of "Mary Stewart." She also appears in "Leah," "Katherine and Petruchio." Mrs. Gladstone is an English lady by birth, but is thoroughly Americanized as an actress. She will doubtless continue to be as she has been, well patronized during her stay in this city.

The great Pantomime, "Humpty Dumpty," which drew such packed houses at the Opera House last fall, remodelled with many valuable additions, was on Monday the 5th inst. again put upon the stage, at this grand resort of amusements, for a three weeks run. Tony Denier is the clown, Mr. Sloan the Pantomime, Mr. Leslie the Harlequin, Miles, Aural the Columbine. M. St. Ody, Miles Antonino, Ventoroli, and Alexandrina are the attractions of the ballet. Mr. Alfred Moe is the champion skater.

It will be heartily welcomed during its entire run, no doubt by a large audience.

Contrary to our expectations Mr. Alken presents a new sensational play, which has taken the habitues of the Dearborn Theatre, both by surprise and storm. It is entitled, "The Knives of the Pack," a translation from the French, and has manifested its sensational character by full houses.

Much new scenery has been prepared for the piece, and the cast includes Messrs. McKee, Rankin, Padgett, Keller, Wilson and Crisp, Miss Cluer, Mrs. Stoneall and Alice Holland.

The "Ticket of Leave Man," has been upon the board at Wood's Museum, for the first time under the new management, during the present week, with the following cast: Mr. Blaisdell as Robert, the "Ticket-of-Leave Man"; Mr. Lingham as Hawkshaw; Mr. Dillon as Green Jones; Mr. Little as James Dalton; Mr. Edwards as Mr. Gibson; Miss Josie Booth as May Edwards; Mrs. Marble as Mrs. Willoughby; Miss Crocker as Emily St. Evremont.

At Theatre Comique more new Stars are announced. First appearance of Miss Carrie Duval, Mr. Sam Cole and the Hawley Brothers—Friday evening benefit of the great Campbell. Admission only 35 cents.

Velocipede exhibition, Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings of this week at Zouave Hall. Admission 25 cents.

## PEN AND SCISSORS.

Kansas will cultivate grapes extensively this season.

The latest idea is to run machinery at Buffalo by the water power of the falls of Niagara.

The bridge proposed to unite New York and Brooklyn will, it built, have the enormous span of 1,600 feet.

A Houson genius sows cow's tails on old horse hides, and thus converts the latter into a merchantable article.

The rubber works at Newton Conn., have received an order for a rubber belt three hundred feet by four.

Sereno Edwards Todd, of the New York Times, receives a cent a word for all the articles he writes for the press.

It is estimated that there are 255,000 threshing machines in the United States, without counting the "school marm's."

The great depth of snow in the woods of Maine the past season proved fatal to a large amount of game, as the hunters were able to approach very near.

A few days ago, in Manchester, New Hampshire, a man worth one hundred thousand dollars earned twenty-five cents for carrying home a fowl for another man. He said he thought himself lucky to get pay for taking needed exercises.

The *Rock Island Argus* lately said: "It isn't generally a good plan for young men whom nobody knows to be writing letters to young ladies who haven't the pleasure of their acquaintance, and don't wish to have—by no means. So, if Henry Marston, of Rock Island, will call at this office, he can receive the very silly and impertinent letter which he wrote to a young lady across the river a few days ago."

A block of red cedar was found 23 feet below the surface, while digging a well at Vinton, Iowa.

A citizen of Keokuk has discovered that he owns 40 acres of land within the corporation limits of St. Louis.

A demented preacher, at Fort Wayne, wants to discuss the "ball business," and challenges any Universalist to meet him.

Waterloo, Iowa, has 5,000 inhabitants.







# Communications from the Inner Life.

"He shall give His angels charge concerning thee."

All Communications under this head are given through

MRS. A. H. RODINSON,

well-developed trance medium, and may be implicitly re-

lied upon as coming from the source they purport to—the

spirit world.

(Reported by Blanche and David, who had reported, 115 Dearborn street, Chicago, Illinois.)

Questions, to be answered, at our Inner Life sessions, should be laconic, well written, and directed to the editor, who is convenient for the questioner to be present at the session.

## INVOCATION.

Our Father, unto Thee, as the living principle, we would give our thoughts at this hour. Not that they will be any more acceptable unto Thee because they are vocal utterances, but that Thy children may feel and know of our ideas of Thee. We realize Thy goodness. We feel Thy perfecting influence throughout all forms of life.

We realize, oh, Father, Thy blessing in affliction; yes, and even in that which seemeth to possess naught but sorrow. We feel that everything is a part and portion of Thee. We would thank Thee for all things. We would bring every immortal soul upon the material plane of life to realize Thy presence at all times. Our Father, we would ever realize Thy presence, and as we realize it, ever offer thankfulness unto Thee, as the great permeating, pervading, and life-principle. We would have all to realize that Thou art ever near, ever mindful of their needs. As a loving parent watches over its child in infantile moments, so may we realize that Thou in Thy wisdom art ever watching Thy children.

We thank Thee for this assurance. We thank Thee for the wisdom Thou hast given unto us, that we may feel that all is in accordance with Thy will, and that Thou mayest bring every one of Thy children to look upon Thee as Thou dost exist—a part and portion of each and every one of us. As we realize Thy perfect condition, we shall know more of ourselves, and by that knowledge know more of Thee. We thank Thee for every form and manifestation of life; we thank Thee for the knowledge that Thou hast given us in the past and in the present. We feel the assurance that all things are in accordance with Thy will and are well.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

QUESTIONS BY A GENTLEMAN PRESENT.

Q. Did you ever visit the Moon, as a spirit?

A. No, my brother, I never did.

Q. Do you know whether it is inhabited or not?

A. Only as I hear from those who claim to have been there.

Q. What do they say in reference thereto?

A. They say that it is inhabited.

Q. Do they describe the inhabitants thereof?

A. The same as you would describe the inhabitants of earth, were you to describe the planet where you now exist.

Q. Can you give a description of the Moon, as detailed to you by those who have visited it?

A. Only that it is similar, yet more refined than the planet upon which you exist.

Q. What causes the dark shades on the Moon?

A. We can not say that the Moon really has dark shades.

Q. What is the cause of the northern lights, or the aurora borealis?

A. Such are the questions that have been given to us frequently, and we have never answered them. There are spirits that would be able to do so, but we are not.

Q. Dr. Kane, when he was exploring the Arctic regions, found birds that had rice in their crops, and he supposed from that fact, that around the North Pole there was a climate equal in warmth to our temperate regions. Is that the case? I assume, of course, that spirits know something in reference to this matter?

A. It seems that spirits should know, yet we can not say from experience individually.—There are spirits that devote their time wholly to such subjects, and if they should come and take possession of this medium they could tell you.

Q. Have you any knowledge of a pre-existence—of an existence anterior to the life which you now possess?

A. I have not.

Q. Are there spirits who claim that?

A. It is a fact that there are spirits who claim that they have impressions of things that transpired before their existence upon the material plane of life.

Q. Do you believe it to be true?

A. True to the individual.

Q. Do you believe it to be true, in fact?

A. So far as our experience goes, we should say that it was not true, from the fact that before you can make an impression, you must have something to make an impression upon.—Now, if the spirit or life-principle permeating and pervading the soul, had a previous individualized existence before it manifested itself upon the material plane of life, that, to us, does away with the idea of the natural birth of human beings. I can not see any necessity for any birth. Again, we do not see where they have existed. We do not find any place for them.—After the spirit is once individualized, we see no necessity for its taking upon itself a material organization for the purpose of an individualized entity of that life-principle. If they had life and memory, they must have had a body and brain, or soul cover. We do not see any thing of the kind. We are not conscious of any thing of the kind. Still, that individuals believe this to have been the case from their experience, we know. We do not doubt their sincerity, but we find that such spirits or individuals will confine their ideas to about the time of their birth. They do not say much in regard to what they remember back of that. To us it would be the same, for their memory carries them right on, precisely the same as individuals passing from the material to the spiritual plane of life.

Q. Do you ever visit other circles?

A. Yes, my brother, I visit other circles.

Q. Do you know anything in reference to the manifestations of Father King, which are now taking place in Kansas?

A. I will find out and report to you at our next sitting.

Q. I would ask whether a spiritual organization can clothe itself with a physical organization again, as tangible as ever?

A. We answer, square and fair, yes.

Q. Now, I desire to understand the law by which that is done. I claim that it is accomplished in this way: on the same principle that governs the action of certain "chemicals" when dissolved in water. You place a wire therein, and around it the dissolved chemicals will concentrate, in accordance with the well known law of "chemical attraction and affinity." Now, according to my idea, under certain conditions, the spiritual organization will attract from the elements and the emanation of the medium a body as tangible as our own, and all done, in accordance with the well known law of chemical attraction and affinity. As the substance in the water naturally concentrates around the wire, so, in my opinion, the constituent parts of the elements, under certain conditions, are attracted to the spiritual organization, forming a body as tangible as our own. What is your idea in reference thereto?

A. My dear brother, as the man said, "Just so."

Q. That is true?

A. Precisely so.

Q. That is my idea in reference to it.

A. Then you have a spiritual idea in reference to it, because you are just as much a spirit to-day as you will ever be.

Q. That may be, but I don't know anything in regard to this law.

A. Well, you are first-rate about receiving impressions that come to you from the great fountain of thought.

Q. Are you a believer in phrenology?

A. I am a believer in everything.

Q. Then you believe that we have faculties, that manifest themselves through the brain.

A. I do not feel to say anything, only that it is so.

Q. Does the brain, as claimed by some metaphysicians secrete thought the same as the liver does bile?

A. We may say that the brain secretes thought, or in other words, there is an impression made upon the spiritual brain. Every thought that it has ever had,—no matter by what means it is obtained, the impression is there.

Q. I wish you would explain why repetition is so necessary in order to permanently fix any fact or principle upon the mind? Why is it, we cannot remember it by going over it once, as well as we can by repetition?

A. Thoughts make their impression. In order to become familiar with them so as to give them readily, they have to pass through the mind more than once. Now why is it? I can only say it is in accordance with nature's law. Some individuals are so constituted that they retain the thought, and its mode of expression much easier than others. For instance, take yourself. You can get impressions and transmit them to paper much easier than you can give expression vocally.

Q. That's so!

A. Well, now, when once transmitted to paper, they are there, and can be referred to at any time. Now, from experience, we see that every act, every thought—we go back to our experience upon the material plane of life—has made an impression upon our life-picture, so to speak, and it is there. We can go over that at will and recall it; and that is the reason why individuals when they come in contact with another person, can go on and give incidents that transpired in years gone by. It doesn't necessarily follow that a spirit must of necessity be there present when all such things are remembered. It is generally supposed that the spirit is present when an impression is made. With us, the spirit is judged from the appearance of the life-picture of the individual. For instance, the very emanations from your organism partake of all these different experiences through which you have passed. If you will analyze that, then you can tell just what you have passed through.

Q. I would like to learn something of this law of transmission of the thoughts of the spirit to the mind of the medium. Can you give us any information with reference to it?

A. Precisely the same as the impression is made upon the spiritual brain, or spiritual mind, whatever you choose to term it; upon the same principle that impression is made upon you by the spirits, in other words, the law of positive and negative forces is brought into regulation. You must of necessity be negative to the spirit, else the impression would not be made. Light is positive; it possesses positive elements, hence the necessity of darkened rooms to produce certain manifestations.

Q. It is accomplished on the same principle that the psychologist influences his subject,—is it not?

A. Yes; you can call it that if you choose—that is upon the law of positive and negative forces—call it psychology, mesmerism, or any thing you choose—any thing that seems most acceptable to yourselves.

Q. I have attempted for the past five or six weeks, to write upon a certain subject, and have not been able to do so. Can you give the reason therefor?

A. You particularly desired to write upon that subject did you not?

Q. Yes; and I knew nothing of the subject that I did write upon, and had not the remotest idea of treating that subject.

A. You said you had a desire to write upon a particular subject?

Q. Upon a particular subject, yes.

A. And have not been able to do so?

Q. No.

A. And you want to know the reason why?

Q. Yes.

A. Give me your hand.

[The medium grasps the questioner by the hand.]

A. I will tell you. I will let you take a pencil and paper and sit down at the table by yourself, all alone, and I will hold my hand over your head and you can write with the greatest ease, and ably so, too. Why? Because it will help to banish the positive influences around you, and every circumstance of business that you have been engaged in; and another thing. You particularly desired to succeed, and a failure would make you anxious the next time, and consequently make you a little positive. Now, when you least expect it, and you sit down to write upon something else, that particular subject which you have desired to write upon, will be the very subject of your writing.

## JANE DARLING.

J. A. MONRELL, MEDIUM.

Chicago, June 6th, 1895.

Continued from last week.

My home with all its beauty is poor and dull when compared with life beyond me, though my spirit is young and I am possessed of a fresh maddening beauty, known only to the spirit world, yet when I occasionally see, by my spiritual clairvoyance an angel from some higher court of light and wisdom, I feel my own littleness, and I become as it were lost, and swallowed up, in the immensity of God's creation.

While I am blessed with instructions from the higher spheres, I am permitted to see and visit the spheres below me, as all of God's children are joined together by one continuous chain which reaches from the highest archangel, down through every grade of progression even to the very lowest form, or expression of life, so it is by that chain of sympathy and love, that I can receive intelligence from those who have drank deep draughts from the fountain of wisdom, and by means of the same bond of connection, I can draw near to the poor, suffering wretch, who by his own will, or by his unfortunate organization has unwittingly plunged himself into a hell of torment.

The most lively imagination cannot depict the agony of those self-judged victims of lust and passion. Their habitations are of the most squalid kind that can be imagined; in some of the lowest grades of spirit life, you will see the man or woman who has given himself or herself to wilful murder, crouched back into a narrow cave under some slimy rock, which is reeking with a foul and poisonous fluid, infested with hissing and stinging insects, and reptiles. There the poor creature sits cowering back, with a vain endeavor to hide himself from the world, while great monsters and serpents crawl up in front and behind him, and hiss and sting, and gnaw at his very vital life, until he becomes terrified or enraged, as the case may be, and with a bound of desperation, and a shriek that would make your spirit tremble, he tries to free himself from his torment, only to find that he has sent forth a monster from his own being more terrible in appearance than those that have tormented him; maddened by rage or despair, he goes howling along through the dark and fetid caverns of his home or hell of torment, frightening or maddening others into a similar condition until it would seem that all the furies of the universe were let loose; the elements seem aglare with lurid fire, the wind whirls in fitful gusts, the thunder peals, the spirit shrieks and howl until you would think that all earth and hell were being ground together, and swallowed up by some great fiery dragon of immense proportions.

Sister, this is a terrible picture, but I assure you it is only a faint one; but when we contemplate that they, even they are God's children, and will in time be angels of light and love, I feel to say: "Great and marvelous are thy works: Lord God Almighty just and true are all thy ways, thou king of saints."

Little children seem to have a striking mission with these poor creatures, as for illustration, my guide, though now a bright spirit, was once an inhabitant of this terrible place or condition.

I will give you his story in brief.

Being ushered into earth life as an unwelcome guest, and inheriting all the bad mental attributes of both father and mother, but endowed with a strong physical body, he naturally followed the bent of his uneducated and unrestrained mind, which led him to set his hand against his brother, and to be an enemy and terror to the world. He led a long and desperate life on earth, and came here as all must, to settle his own accounts, and in the only way by which such accounts can be settled by performing such good acts as will in a measure overbalance the harm that has been done, and by being made to feel every pang of suffering and sorrow caused by him wilfully, and to carry the same until forgiven by his victims, sunk so low by the weight of sin, not one ray of hope or light reaching his darkened soul, desperate, and at last goaded on to greater desperation, every act sinking him apparently deeper, groaning, cursing, shrieking, crying, praying, defying, laughing, taunting and jeering at others.

Such he tells me was his life, when one day he thought he could discover a little latent ray of light away off through the smoky distance, and oh! how his soul yearned and prayed to keep it there, if it could not come nearer; day by day, hour by hour, was his heart encouraged by seeing this light more clear, and more near, until at last the vision of an angel appeared, clad in garments of pearly white, and wearing a crown of glory upon her head; nearer and nearer did she approach, until bending over the poor crouching supplicant, she said with a voice melodious with heavenly love: "Brother, I forgive thee, and will aid thee in thy unfoldment." When she had thus spoken, a transformation as quick as thought, put her in the state to be recognized, and lo! to my horror, he says it was an infant victim, that I had in my fury dashed into eternity.

When the first pangs of remorse and condemnation had subsided, she began her first lesson

or message of love. She pointed out the first step to be taken, and then the next and so on, until I could see the light of my own existence, and feel that I was God's being, possessed of an immortal and indestructible soul.

Day after day, did that little child, as a child watch over me and instruct me in the first lessons of true religion and love; and as my mind began to expand, so did she gradually grow from child to youth, and from youth to full maturity, and angelic beauty. I watched her unfolding step by step, with the deepest interest, and oh, with what tenacity did I cling to her until I saw that she was no longer the little child, neither was she the young girl, full of confiding trust, but she stood before me the bright, and glorious angel I saw while in my cell.

'Twas the same that brought the little child as I had supposed, but now a new lesson is learned, the bright angel was once a little child on earth. I had deprived it of earth life; it had matured in the spirit spheres, and by the will and wisdom of the great all-wise Father, it was permitted to come to me first as an angel of light, to show me that there was a heaven of love, and though wicked as I was, sunk into the deepest depths of wretchedness and despair, I, even I, might hope for deliverance.

Second, she assumed the form, and simplicity of a little child, that she might place herself fully in my confidence, and teach me the infant lessons of true spiritual love. So when I had fully comprehended the work she had done for me, my heart overflowed with gratitude, and I prayed from the innermost depths of my soul, that I, too, might have a work of love to do.

My prayer was soon answered by my guiding angel, who directed me to old familiar scenes on earth, and said she thought from whence thou didst come—go there, and thy work will be before thee; do that which you find to do, and remember that all God's children are thy brothers and sisters.

I now began to feel that I had attained to a life of usefulness to others. My past life stood as a record before me to spur me on to works of love and mercy. As I felt that I had been raised by love, manifest to me, my soul overflowed with love towards others, and I went about my mission with an energy and zest only known to spirits of similar organization and experience.—I worked on overcoming obstacles which sometimes seemed piled up mountain high. Faith was strong, but when my lamp of hope burned low; and waned a little, my guiding angel would be near with me as a bright shining star, a beacon light to guide my bark in safety; then would I grasp the helm more firmly; then would I shake out my sails to the breeze, and ride the rolling billows of sin and misery of earth, and the horrid gulfs of the lower regions of spirit life.

Many a poor soul has coupled me in his prayers of thanksgiving, as his savior, and as the son of God, but thanks to the great all-wise Father, they soon find that they as well as those that have gone before, can and will be saviors and sons of God, and all will sooner or later learn the true mission of Jesus of Nazareth, and interpret his teachings in their true light. He instructed his followers to love one another, and not be selfish, for according to their works here, so should be their mansion in heaven. This every spirit will find to be true, the one that comes here covered with blackness and corruption, as I did, will find that he has no mansion, nor can he have one until he has created the materials out of which his guiding angels may construct one for him.

During my mission to earth and the troubled spheres, my good angel, was busy gathering every gem as fast as created by my good works or holy aspirations, and placing them in form of a temple of love for my reception.

Suffice it to say, I was soon called by my guiding star to view my new home. Home indeed thought I. By what right have I a home. My works of love had been so easy, and so pleasurable, that I felt that I had been fully paid for all my labors as I went along, but sure enough, I soon found that a home was ready for me, and oh! what a glorious home it was to me. As I neared the spot, I was surrounded by a band of bright spirits, each one playing some sort of musical instrument, and singing songs of praise and love; they were there to welcome me to my new home. Escorted by bright spirits, and my soul regaled by the sweetest music, we soon arrived at the foot of a mountain covered with lofty trees, and flowering shrubs; here my escort halted, and bade me go forward. Said they, note well your surroundings, for all of which you see, has been prepared by hands of love.

Concluded next week.

## FROM HENRY TO HIS FATHER.

REPORTED BY LAVINA L. INGALLS.

You must not feel, dear Father, that because I communicate less frequently with you individually, that it arises from want of love and affection. When I speak I include both you and mother, knowing you to be one in thought and deed. I am conscious of the yearning love which is ever present with you for your boy, and it is returned a thousand fold. When in the bitter hour of anguish that heralded my doom, I saw your form bent with sorrow, felt the struggle you were making for resignation, I resolved if it were possible to watch over you, to comfort and sustain. Angels have recorded the vow and grief I not fulfilled my mission?

When grief or sorrow menaced you, I have been with you turning your thoughts toward that land where there is no shadow of change. If with the lengthening of your days, comes the faltering step, the uncertain light and strength, you will not be desolate, dear father.—We from the most distant sphere of eternity will launch the life-boat, and when you are seated therein, we will drift away into the boundless expanse of spirit life. Our prayer is, that the harvest be ready for the gatherers near the same time, that one be not left long to mourn alone, that the hour-glass may gently and slowly drop the sands of life into the reapers' hand,

that passing from your labors on earth, you may speedily be reunited; that the life commenced on earth may be blended harmoniously into one in heaven.

HENRY.

I would here remark that nearly all of my communications were received at home through the mediumship of girls who at the time were members of our family. Two of them were developed after they came to live with us. At the close of the day, we usually had our sitting; generally no one but the medium and myself were present. At this time we had fitted up a little room in the house, for a bed-room, and decided in future to have our sittings there. The first evening as we were going into this secluded little place, I remarked, perhaps some of our spirit friends, would dedicate it for us. When to my astonishment, the following beautiful, dedicating prayer, was received.

O God! I thank Thee for past benefits and blessings. We beseech Thee, O Father, still grant our righteous petitions, lead these Thy children through whatever is required to elevate and refine. To Thy purposes, we dedicate this, their retreat. Great and Almighty God! grant that no unholy thoughts enter, that the twilight hour be one of earnest struggle for strength to work thy will, earnestly and sincerely seeking light and truth. We ask, oh, Father, in submission, that we bow humbly to thy decree! But if it be in accordance with thy will, let the poor lifted heart here be strengthened and comforted, that the balm of thy mercy be felt and acknowledged. If it seemeth good in thy sight, let the rod of affliction pass lightly over thy servants. May the struggle and strife of the outer world be removed from their hearts, that they may be sanctified to thy will.

We would ask, oh, Father! that strains of heavenly music be borne to their outward senses, that the light emanating from the spheres, be manifest to their sight. Grant, we implore thee, that the baptismal waters of past years, work every corroding sorrow from the heart. Enfold in thy love all that searcheth for thee here.

In thy name, Almighty God! we bestow the name, "Angel retreat." May none but pure and holy thoughts enter here. Hallow and decorate the temple as seemeth good in thy sight. May thy blessings rest upon thy children; guide their foot-steps into thy paths, oh, God! now and forever more. Amen.

William Graves, former minister of North Woodstock, Conn.

I would here remark that Mr. Graves has been in spirit life more than fifty years. My parents were members of his church. He baptized their children, and in this communication, he evidently refers to my baptism.

In less than three weeks, we heard two even-ings in succession in that little room, music thrillingly sweet and plaintive—ah! it is beyond my power to describe it. A few evenings later, two evenings in succession, beautiful spirit lights were seen, looking like silver ribbons, darting around the room.

The death of Mr. Graves, his being laid out in state, the funeral being attended by thirty or more ministers (forming the consociation), and the church draped in mourning, are associated with my earliest recollections.

The following was received from the spirit of an infant child (our first born), who passed from earth thirty-five years ago, without any reference having been made to him.

TO MY MOTHER.

When in the bitterness of grief and anguish at the loss of your baby boy, you thought life was almost unbearable. You did not know there was a haven of rest for motherless children where everything noble and good would be taught them. I have grown in knowledge and stature.

Brother Henry and I are not very often together.

## FROM REBECCA PARKER.

I will not take but a very few minutes of your time. My husband, Harry, is a reader of your paper. One night after he retired to rest, strange sounds were produced at the head of the bed, and at the side, and all around. By the questions that was asked, he believed that I was one of the spirits, trying to manifest myself at that time. He has been from the first, anxious that I should come here, and say whether I had anything to do with it or not. Now, my husband! I did have something to do with it; not for the purpose of frightening you or injuring you, in any way either physically or in the estimation of your friends; but it was because I found you in a negative condition, your mind ready to receive truth. Others were equally anxious with myself to call your attention to the fact of the possibility of such a thing. I did not do it alone, for I could not, it would have been impossible. I can only tell you I was there, and when you said, "Let us for fun, if for nothing else, ask them to rap; once for no, two or three times for yes." We did rap, just as you desired. Before you would fairly get the question formed in your mind, you would get an answer, negative or affirmative. It is not so much for my happiness that I want you to know this as it is for your own.

The belief that we really die is painful, and the belief that we really live hereafter is beautiful.

Yes, it was pleurisy. I remember it now distinctly. It was that which caused my death. I like to have forgotten. It was in Brooklyn, New York, where I died. You wanted to know if I could tell where you are now living. I know how you are living, and I know where you are living at present. I know you are in St. Louis. I know that you intend to go from St. Louis to Dubuque. Now I will go.

A notice posted on a bridge near Athens, Ga., imposes a fine for driving over it faster than a walk; "If a nigger, twenty-five lashes on the bare back; N. B.—Half the above reward will be given to the informant."



[illegible]



## Frontier Department.

BY E. V. WILSON.

## Farmington, Ohio.

Where is Farmington? you may ask. We answer, it is in Trumbull county, Ohio, ten miles north of the Cleveland and Mahoning Rail Road, and a nice little country place it is, and contains many liberal souls, and some of the truest Spiritualists in the world. From this pleasant country town, came our intellectual inspirational brother, A. B. French, and none better qualified than he to do our Master's work. Long may he live and prosper, and as I look up to his picture in old, that hangs on the wall at my left (for I am stopping with his parents), I can not help saying, God speed thee, dear brother, and good angels guard thee in the good work before thee.

I have been here four days and nights; found here Brothers Wheelock, Saffell, Kellogg, and many others from afar, all drawn together to attend a discussion and a very animated one, going on between our Brother Wheelock, Ohio State Missionary, and Prof. A. M. Craft of the Western Reserve Seminary, under the control of the Methodist church. Both are young men of fine ability and good debaters.

Wheelock is very excitable and nervous, but a good reasoner and clear thinker, and holds his opponent well to his work.

Prof. Craft is staid of nerve, better posted on his subject, evidently having given it a great deal of attention. Uses exhortation for effect rather than argument, and frequently very personal, in fact, both parties are. On the whole, from what I have heard, Brother Wheelock has held his own remarkably well.

We were called here to give four lectures and readings, as well as to see, and when it was understood that we were to be on hand, the church people clubbed together and imported the Rev. Mr. Graham, a genuine Methodist, from Pennsylvania, to meet us.

On reaching Farmington on the 9th, we found Union Hall full to overflowing, and Brother Wheelock speaking. Soon it was Prof. Craft's turn. On arising and after saying that we were in the house under our magnetic presence, Prof. Craft, was made to cry with a loud voice, "Wilson! Wilson! I whistle! I whistle!" This man's cry reminded us of the days of Jesus, and the man among the tombs, and evidently the Professor was as badly affected by our presence on this occasion, as the evil spirits were by the presence of Jesus.

In the evening, we met our Badger, but received no bites or scratches of any account from him. During the evening, we referred to a man near the desk: "You are a bundle of fish books done up in a package of sand paper," and then gave our explanation of the symbol, which was accepted as true by all present.

During the next day, this man called on us for an explanation of what we meant, which was readily given, and after this, we said: "Sir, to-day when in your seat there, pointing to the place, 'we saw with you a young woman about eighteen or twenty years of age, holding in her arms a child about three months old. She held it out to you and said, not yours but your wife!'"

"What do you know of this?" He answered, "I have never lost a wife or child."

"We did not say that you had lost either. Now, sir, we will describe the woman, and did so, and then the child, adding, 'I am a boy.'"

Again he repeated, "I never lost either."

"We did not say you did; but, sir, we now ask you, are you not living with a woman who buried her first husband, and a little boy three months old?"

"I am," he answered.

Again we asked, "Have you not buried a sister?" He answered, "Yes, I have, but your description does not answer for her."

"Will you describe her?"

He did so and agreed with us in every particular, after which, he went over to the enemy, and told them that he had been told by Wilson, that his spirit wife had appeared to him, standing by his side, holding in her arms a little boy three months old, saying, "Your boy, yours," and that, too, in the face of the fact, as all his neighbors knew he had not lost a wife nor child.

In the evening, when Father Graham came to reply, he used our statement in this wise: "This world renowned medium from Chicago, this man greater than Christ, gives us a Spiritual test. Here it is, and I have it from the man he gave it to, who is a respected citizen and a Christian man, well known to you all, and there is not a word of truth in it. It is this: 'I see by you, your wife and she holds in her arms a little child, and says it is yours, and they died long ago.' This like every other Spiritual test, is a humbug, and there is no truth in it, and our friend has never lost a wife, which was followed by a great laugh.

Our turn came soon, and we asked, "Who is your authority for this statement, Mr. Graham?"

"He answered, 'Mr. Hashmord.'"

"Is Mr. Hashmord in the house?"

He answered, "Yes, sir, I am here; what do you want?"

"Did you make this statement, Mr. Graham has read this evening?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

"Did I tell you thus?"

"Yes, sir, you did."

We then turned to the audience and repeated what we told the man, and asked him if this was not what we told him, and he answered, "No."

We then turned to the audience and asked, "Is there any one in the house who heard us make this statement to Mr. Hashmord?" and there stood up fifteen men, and all stated that which we said was true, and that which Graham, the minister, had read, was false."

"Well, said Graham, Hashmord told me so;" after which Mr. Hashmord very impressively called us to account before the audience, stating: "You said that I had lost a wife, and every body knows I have not."

We answered, "You have lost a wife, and your spirit sister says you buried your first wife to such an extent that she was compelled to obtain a divorce from you; hence, you have lost a wife, and, sir, your spirit sister tells me much more about you." And then Mr. H. drew his head into his shell.

The discussion was an able one, and we are told by good judges that Brother Wheelock came off with honors well earned.

On Tuesday evening following, the friends of Spiritualism made a donation visit to Brother Wheelock, from which he realized \$30. Altogether, it has done good, and our cause has lost nothing, but gained grandly.

New York uses 9,000,000 eggs a week.

## Organization.

The cry for and against organization seems to be about equal, one party claiming that organization tends to fossilize conditions, hence, forms, ceremony, and ritualistic teachings. The opposite view is that without organizations we cannot succeed; will ever remain fragmentary and will never be a power in the land.

From careful observation and marked attention to what has been said and written upon this subject, we find L. Colby, Esq., of the BANNER OF LIGHT; S. S. Jones, of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL; Dr. Gardner, of Boston; A. E. Carpenter, late of the American Convention of Spiritualists; A. J. Davis and Mary Davis, besides many others, fully or partially opposed to the organization adopted at Rochester in August last. On the other hand, Wm. White, of the BANNER OF LIGHT; J. M. Peebles, Warren Chase, George A. Bacon, Dr. Hallock, H. T. Childs, D. M. Fox, and many others support the organization. With the Spiritualists at large, from Maryland, Kansas, to Utah, New York, including seventy societies and calls we have lectured before and met with, we find a majority of them disposed to keep clear of the American Organization of Spiritualists, as understood from the Rochester platform; and the principle objections seem to be against: 1st. The \$5 yearly membership; 2nd. The doing away with local delegations, and in inaugurating or making up the American Convention out of the State Organizations; 3rd. The mass, the great body of Spiritualists that we have met, feel or seem to feel that the officers and board of trustees appointed by the American Convention of Spiritualists, have in a measure, exceeded their authority, or are doing what they are not authorized to do.

Again: State and local societies in many places feel indignant at the appointment of Missionaries to collect funds for a National College, when it is almost impossible to support local or State organizations.

Others complain of the one-man power, and that the board of officers and trustees ought to report at least every three months, if not every month, their proceedings. Others ask the question, "Who are the Missionaries? What do they get a year, and what authority have the board of managers under the action of the late Convention at Rochester, to appoint and pay the Missionaries?" Others feel that in the appointment of these Missionaries, there has been special favoritism shown.

Again: That it is in bad taste, to say the least, for a member of the board to accept pay as a Missionary, as in the case of Sister H. F. M. Brown. All these cries portend a stormy time, when next the Convention meets. Every action of the board of officers will be sifted, and they will be held to a strict accountability for their acts and doings.

Our position will be to stand by the right. Our record is before the world, both at the Cleveland and Rochester Convention. We are in favor of a declaration of principles, and in favor of local organizations, represented in State organizations, and delegates from State organizations, to make up the American organization. We are in favor of a Spiritual college, under the auspices of the American Convention of Spiritualists. We think it would have been wise and acceptable to the Spiritualists at large, to contribute as yearly honorary members, asking all speakers and mediums to act as agents in procuring subscribers under the \$5 resolution of membership, leaving the next Convention of Spiritualists to deal with the college and Missionary question. We do not approve of the Missionary movement thus far, and would advise the Missionaries to resign, and especially our Sister H. F. M. Brown, for we do not believe she can consistently act as such, and hold her place on the board of trustees.

We do not fully approve of all that the board has done; but we do approve of the American Association of Spiritualists, and shall stand by its principles, so long as justice and truth marks its proceedings and councils, yet we will be the first one to oppose usurpation and oppression, and will help overthrow any party or clique who may undertake to rule in arbitrary authority.

Then, brothers and sisters, let us watch and wait for you on our bodies we shall see the glory of our God. — More anon.

**February Report of the Illinois State Missionary, Dr. E. C. Dunn.**

The first of February found me in the little village of Current, some twelve miles south of our State capital, where I had an engagement for the first two Sundays of the month. The weather being very unfavorable, and the roads impassable for teams, hence my audiences were small. Considering the inclemency of the weather, there was a much larger turn-out than I expected; many of my audience coming three and four miles on foot. I found a happy and comfortable home in the family of Bro. Wm. Johnson, a strong Spiritualist and a reformer in every sense of the term, fighting hard against the opposition of bigotry and superstition of the age. He is tolling and confident of success in the end. At this place, I received in all for my labor, twenty dollars.

From Current, I went to Springfield, having been disappointed in my previous engagement. I remained in Springfield two weeks, healing the sick, and speaking for the First Society of Spiritualists, the last Sunday in the month. My evening address was attended by a large concourse of people, many members of the Legislature being present, and the Hall being crowded.

The Society in Springfield is, not in the most flourishing condition, as they are laboring under many disadvantages, although the Lyceum is in successful operation under the skillful management of Bro. B. Richards, whose soul seems dedicated to the cause of the children. During my stay at the capital, I witnessed the quarterly exhibition of the Progressive Lyceum which was in every way a success. The closing series of tableaux, four in number, in stately, put upon the stage under the skillful management of Munson Dubois, far surpassed the most sanguine expectations. I received in all from the Springfield Society, fifteen dollars and sixty cents. After a promise to return at some future time, I bade the Springfield friends, "good by," and took up my route for Du Quoin, my next regular appointment.

Money received for the month of February:

Current, ..... \$20.00  
Springfield, ..... \$15.00  
Total, ..... \$35.00

Rev. Mrs. P. A. Hannaford is to supply the pulpit of the Universalist church at Walhalla, Mass. for the coming year, in addition to her charge at Hingham.

## E. V. WILSON

Will be at his home during May, June and July next.

Will accept calls to lecture Saturday evenings and Sundays, during that time, within one hundred miles of Chicago.

He is already engaged as follows:  
May 1st and 2nd, at Aurora, Ill.  
May 8th and 9th, at DeKalb, Ill.  
May 15th and 16th, at Evansville, Wis.  
May 22nd and 23rd, at Ripon, Wis.  
May 29th and 30th, at South Bend, Ind.  
June 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th, at Cassopolis, Mich.  
Early calls will be attended to.  
Address, E. V. Wilson, Lombard, DuPage Co., Ill.

A church member of a Western city was recently asked to subscribe for a chandelier for a church.

"Now," said he, "what's the use of a chandelier? After you get it, you can't get any one to play on it!"

## NOTICE OF MEETINGS.

ATENES, MISS.—Lyceum meets each Sabbath at 10 o'clock p.m. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ASTORIA, OREGON.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress meet each Sunday at 10 o'clock p.m. in the Temperance Hall, and the evening speakers traveling their way to give them a call. They will be kindly received.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.—The First Spiritualist Association meets in this hall, 22, Summer street. M. T. Dolan, President; Samuel N. Jones, Vice President; Wm. Dunckley, Treasurer; Mrs. J. M. Fox, Secretary; and J. M. Fox, Guardian of Groups. All letters should be addressed to Charles W. Hunt, Assistant Secretary, 51, Pleasant street.

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA.—Every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, and will continue until next May under the management of L. B. Wilson. Engagements have been made with the Science and Inspiration Society.

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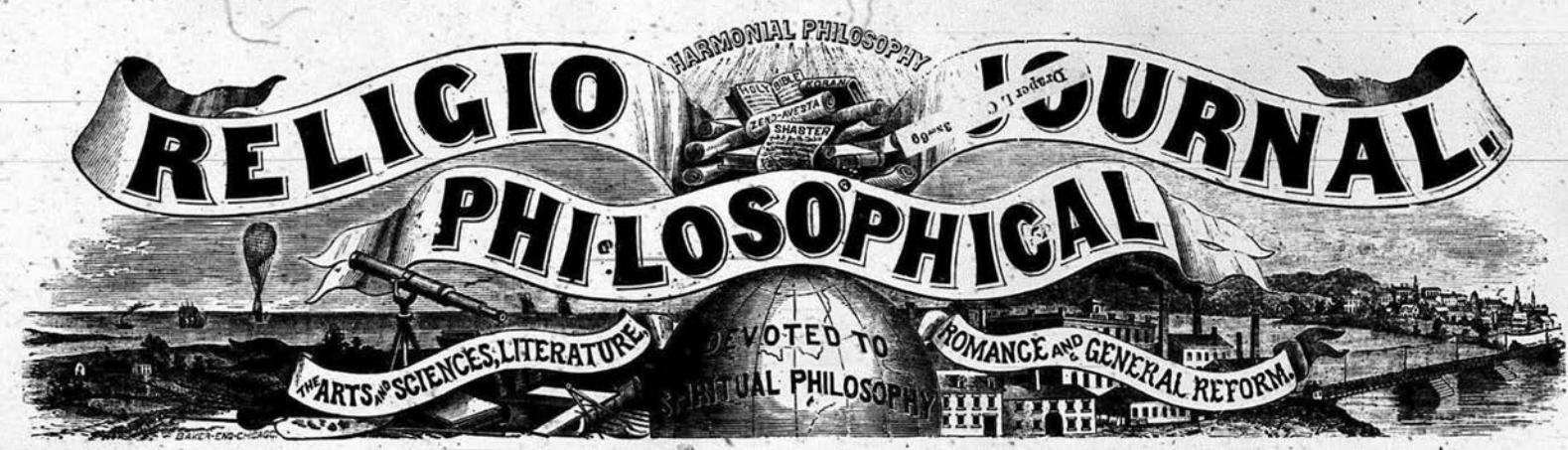
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\$3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.]

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause; she only asks a hearing.

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PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

CHICAGO, APRIL 24, 1869.

VOL. VI.—NO. 5.

## Literary Department.

### BURN AND HIS HIGHLAND MARY.

The circumstances of the production of the following lines are these:—  
Mrs. Frances O. Hyster, of Minneapolis, Vermont, is sometimes influenced to write both poetry and prose, purporting to emanate from departed spirits. She had one day been reading some of these productions to a lady visitor, who asked her if Robert Burns (the lady's favorite poet) had ever communicated to her. She replied that she had never been conscious of his presence, nor was she familiar with his writings. The lady remarked that she hoped he would come to her mind, which question she did not express. A few days subsequently, Mrs. Hyster felt impelled by spirit influence to pen the following, which on being shown to the lady, was found to be an appropriate reply to the query she had in her mind.—K3.

Fair lady, that I come to you  
A stranger—hard, for 'twas I knew,  
For ye've known naught of me, save through  
The lays I've poured from Scotia's gloom:  
But when I speak of gliding Ayr,  
O' hawthorn shades and fragrant ferns,  
O' Doon, and Highland Mary fair,  
Mayhap, ye'll think o' Robert Burns.

I am the lad—and why I'm here,  
I heard the gods decree: when she said  
"Ye'd know, in Japan's equatorial sphere,"  
If Burns was wif' his Mary weel,  
I sought to tell her o' our joy—  
Na' muckle impress could I make  
And lady, I have down to see,  
If ye'd my message to her take.

Tell her that when I passed from earth  
My angel-lasse, crowned wi' flowers,  
Met me wi' glowing, low-lit torch,  
And led me to the nuptial bowers:  
That all we'd dreamed o' wedded bliss,  
And more, was meted out to us—  
And sweeter was my dearie's kiss  
Than on the flow'ry banks o' Ayr.

Where Love's celestial fountains played,  
And rose buds burn'd, and seraphs sang,  
And myrtle twined, and corns to shade,  
I clasped the love I mourned so long:  
And while by angel-harps were play'd  
The bonnie "bride's" strains,  
Though na' gown'd priest the kirk-kirk said,  
Burns was wif' his Highland Mary wed!

There's na' destroying death-front here  
To up the Hesperus and ere they bloom—  
The bride's tear is through the sphere  
Eternity's honeymoon.

And now, my lady, if ye'll bear  
These words unto the anxious dame,  
I think I can go reward,  
Ye'll ne'er be sorry that I came.

## WILFRED MONTRESSOR;

OR,  
THE SECRET ORDER OF THE SEVEN.  
A ROMANCE OF MYSTERY AND CRIME.  
BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE DE LACT, OR THE COQUETTE," ETC.

### BOOK FIFTH—THE APPOINTMENT.

#### CHAPTER XXXI.

##### THE SICK CHAMBER—THE SECRET.

"I have just run over to inquire after your health," said Mrs. Ramsbottom, as she entered the apartment of Mrs. Williams, on the following morning, "and I thought it might be your would like something palatable and strengthening for the stomach, so I have brought you a nice custard of my own baking."

"You are kind, ma'am," replied the invalid, slowly and feebly, "but I have no appetite for food of any kind."

"Try a little of it, Mrs. Williams," rejoined the visitor. "Jane, get a saucer and spoon for your mother, and I will persuade her to eat a part of the custard. Try and force it down. You can't live if you don't eat."

"My race is nearly run."

"Don't say that, Mrs. Williams—the doctor don't give you up. I dare say you will get along very well yet if you don't fret yourself to death about your husband."

Jane Williams turned an imploring look upon the garrulous mistress of the boarding-house, but in vain.

"For my part," continued Mrs. Ramsbottom, "whenever any thing goes wrong, I remember the old proverb, 'what can't be cured must be endured, and you may depend upon it there is a great deal of comfort in that proverb.' When dear old Ramsbottom died, I thought it was all over with me. He was taken away suddenly with a fit of apoplexy you know, I went on dreadfully, till it high upon made me sick; and where was the use of it, Mrs. Williams? It could not bring him back again to this vale of tears, as parson Thornton calls the city of New York. So as I was saying about your husband—don't fret yourself—it's his first offense, they say, and the courts ne'er punish a man very severely for his first offense."

A loud rap was heard at the street door, and Jane Williams left the room. She returned almost instantly, followed by a young man, who surveyed the apartment with an expression of wonder on his handsome features.

"It is Mr. Tracey, mother," said the invalid's daughter.

Mrs. Williams glanced quickly toward the new comer.

"There is some mistake, Jane," muttered the woman, feebly.

Alfred Tracey advanced toward the bed-side, and said, in a kindly manner:

"You sent for me yesterday, Mrs. Williams." "There is some mistake," the invalid repeated, more distinctly. "Is your name Tracey?" "It is—Alfred Tracey."

"Owen Tracey?" "No, madam: Owen Tracey is my brother."

"You reside with him, perhaps?" "I do."

"At a glance I perceived that you are not the gentleman to whom I sent my child. You are a young man, and he, Mr. Owen Tracey, must be pretty well advanced in years."

"Over fifty years of age, ma'am," interposed Alfred Tracey—"a grey-headed man."

"I wish to see him," murmured the invalid.

"My brother," said the younger Tracey, "is actively engaged in the city every morning, and has little leisure for visiting. If you are desirous of making any communication to him, I will be the bearer of it. You appear to be very ill, Mrs. Williams, and in distressed circumstances."

"Yes, Mr. Tracey," replied the sick woman, gasping for breath, "and a dreadful misfortune."

The tears flowed freely from the sunken eyes of the invalid.

"Her husband, poor thing," said Mrs. Ramsbottom, "was taken to jail this morning on a charge of burglary. He has always borne the character of an honest man, till he got out of work and money, and for my part, I believe there are hundreds of well-dressed gentlemen in Broadway a great deal worse than he is. It isn't always the biggest rogues who are sent to prison."

"The arrest of my husband," said Mrs. Williams, with a slight shudder, "has rendered it necessary for me to devise some mode of supplying the necessities of my family. In better days, when poverty was deprived of its bitterness by the absence of want and crime, I have often heard of the wealth of your brother, Mr. Owen Tracey. I never envisioned him, although a large portion of his estate was bequeathed to him by my father's will."

"Your father?" exclaimed Alfred Tracey.

"Yes, I am the only daughter of Charles Mountjoy, of the ancient firm of Mountjoy and Tracey. At his death, my father left nearly all his property to his junior partner, Mr. Tracey, and cut me off with a mere pittance."

"I have it," muttered the younger Tracey, indignantly; "the mystery of the forged will is revealed."

"The pittance which my father bequeathed me," continued the invalid, "was soon exhausted. I incurred the serious displeasure of my relatives by my marriage with Mr. Williams, and have had no intercourse with them during many years. I have never complained, nor do I complain now, for my father's determination of the good fortune of your brother. But in this hour of poverty and distress, I resolved to apply to Mr. Tracey for relief in preference to the distant relatives of my own family, who have treated me so harshly. Will you inform him that the daughter of Charles Mountjoy is high unto death, and that her family is suffering for the common necessities of life?"

"Without fail, Mrs. Williams," replied Alfred Tracey. "In the meantime you will suffer me, on my brother's behalf, to tender you a small sum for the relief of your most pressing wants."

The young man placed a bank note on the wooden table near the bed-side of the emaciated invalid.

He was rewarded by a glance from Mrs. Williams, which bespoke the grateful feelings of her heart.

Alfred Tracey passed slowly into the crowded streets, absorbed in reflection. The interview with Mrs. Williams had excited no real sympathy or true benevolence of feeling. His predominant emotions were those of exultation at the discovery of a trace of the secret guilt to which Owen Tracey, and his mind was chiefly occupied in devising the best means of rendering the information, which he had obtained, subservient to his selfishness and malice.

On arriving at his brother's residence, the young man proceeded immediately to the library. Mrs. Tracey was engaged in writing a letter to a friend, but she received him with a gracious smile, and put aside her writing materials.

The countenance of Alfred Tracey retained a grave seriousness of expression.

"What now, Alfred?" said the lady, with a look of wonder. "You are grave and thoughtful this morning."

"Does it appear strange to you?" inquired the young man, earnestly. "Am I usually gay and frivolous, or if I am, are you sensible that beneath the surface lie intense feelings, strong passions, wild, perhaps unavailing, desires; and that with all this, and the outside of the world, which I wear to disguise myself from the eyes of the world?"

"And wherefore?"

"Because," replied Alfred Tracey, with a ferocious glance, "I am haughty and contemptuous toward the mass, and have no wish to be understood and appreciated, except by those whom I esteem and love."

"You astonish me more and more by your sentiments and actions. Of late you seem to be a different being from your former self, nor do I possess the key to your apparent change of character."

"And yet—" the young man suddenly checked himself. After a moment's pause, he continued, in an altered tone: "My thoughtfulness will not excite your wonder when I assure you that I have just returned from a scene of extreme poverty, destitution. One, too, in which all of us—I refer to Owen, you and myself—are directly or indirectly concerned."

"Speak plainly, Alfred."

Taking a seat near the table, Alfred Tracey remained silent and thoughtful during several minutes. At length he said, with some feeling:

"You will excuse my hesitation, Mrs. Tracey,

when you learn its cause. The nature of the secret in my possession, the manner in which I acquire the knowledge of it, the conversation which occurred between us yesterday, combine to render uncertain the course which I ought to pursue. But you desire me to speak plainly, and I will obey you."

"On a stormy day, in the month of January last, I entered my brother Owen's sitting apartment to obtain a few sheets of writing paper. He was in his arm-chair, asleep, with his arms resting upon the top of the writing desk, and his head reposing quietly on his folded arms. As I approached the desk, he was muttering, indistinctly, in his sleep. I stood motionless a few seconds, and was startled at hearing him repeat, several times, 'I forged the will—I forged the will.' These words made a profound impression on my mind; but I have never obtained a clue to them until my adventure this morning. I was passing an old wood house, in Orange street, when a young girl employed me to assist her mother. Yielding to a sudden impulse of sympathy, I followed the girl up stairs, and was ushered into a small chamber, meanly furnished, yet neat and cleanly in its appearance. A middle-aged woman, emaciated by disease, was lying upon a coarse bed, attended only by one of her neighbors. Weak and feeble as she was, I entered into conversation with her. She told me that her maiden name was Mountjoy; that her father, long since deceased, was Charles Mountjoy, the head of the old firm of Mountjoy and Tracey; that she was disinherited by his will, and that the bulk of his estate was bequeathed to his partner, Owen Tracey; that she had incurred the displeasure of her relatives, by marrying a poor man of the name of Williams; that of late years her husband's affairs had become more and more desperate, until he had been driven to the commission of crime; that he was now in the hands of the officers of the law, and that her family was in danger of starvation; that in her extremity she had applied to Owen Tracey for assistance, on the ground of her relationship to Charles Mountjoy, but without success; and that the only resource for herself and her family, was in the charity of strangers. At the conclusion of her narrative, I gave her a small sum of money, and promised to see her again. The woman is not an impostor, Mrs. Tracey; and her disclosures have made a deep impression upon me. As often as I think of the large bequest which my brother Owen received on the death of his father, Charles Mountjoy, the words, 'I forged the will,' sound in my ears."

"Did my husband," inquired Mrs. Tracey, "did Mr. Tracey really inherit the property of Charles Mountjoy?"

"He did. He succeeded to the business of Mountjoy and Tracey, and inherited, by will, the entire stock in trade, ships, merchandise, everything thing belonging to the firm. Has he never told you this?"

"Never."

"I have known it from childhood; but I never knew, till to-day, that Mr. Mountjoy had disinherited his helpless daughter, for an unaccountable dislike, or the desire of doubling my brother Owen's wealth. Have I not unraveled a dreadful mystery? I reveal my suspicions to you because, in my judgment, they approach to certainty, and because you are deeply interested in palliating the terrible consequences of Owen's guilt."

Mrs. Tracey listened to the young man with a calm, serene countenance, which manifested neither her convictions nor her emotions. As he concluded, she looked steadfastly at him, and gravely inquired:

"Are these your only motives, Alfred?"

"No," exclaimed Alfred Tracey, impulsively. "I seek to fathom the state of your feelings toward my brother, and the cause of your mysterious connection with him. You are neither cold, nor selfish, nor thoughtless, whatever gossip and slanders may insinuate or assert; and yet, Owen and you are so opposite in character, in sentiment, in tastes and pursuits, that I am unable to account for your marriage. Of this, however, I am fully convinced; you cannot do, not love him."

Mrs. Tracey burst into tears.

"Pardon me, my sister," said Alfred Tracey, kneeling in his brother's wife; "my sympathy for you has betrayed me into an indiscretion which I deeply regret."

"Rise, Alfred," said the lady, assuming her usual composure of manner. "You have transgressed my commands; you have wounded my self-respect."

"Pardon me," repeated the young man, penitently.

"On one condition," said Mrs. Tracey, seriously. "You must promise to abstain entirely from such inquiries, or all intercourse as friends, must cease between us."

"I promise."

"On condition of this pledge will render us strangers to each other."

"I promise. Have you forgiven me wholly?"

Mrs. Tracey extended her hand, which the young man pressed reverently to his lips.

Both remained silent and thoughtful for a considerable space of time.

At length Mrs. Tracey remarked, in a tone of decision:

"The necessities of Mrs. Williams and her family must be promptly relieved."

"Will you commission me to act as the almoner of your bounty?"

"No, Alfred. I will visit her myself."

The countenance of Alfred Tracey brightened at this announcement, and he exclaimed eagerly:

"Will you, Mrs. Tracey? You are truly generous."

"It is my duty to minister to the wants of this poor family," said the lady; "but in order to spare the feelings of my husband, I will perform the duty secretly. Give me their address, Alfred."

"I have it not," replied the young man—"The house is in Orange street. I forget the number. I will accompany you thither, whenever you are ready to go."

"To-day, then—after dinner."

"I shall be engaged until midnight, Mrs. Tracey. But the evening will be deliciously warm and pleasant, and the time altogether suitable for your purpose."

"This evening, Alfred."

A servant opened the door of the library, and presented a card to Mrs. Tracey.

"Mrs. Willoughby," said Mrs. Tracey, looking at the card.

"The lady refuses to admit," said the servant, bowing respectfully, "and awaits you in her carriage."

Mrs. Tracey consulted her watch, and turning to Alfred Tracey, remarked:

"It is eleven o'clock—the hour proposed yesterday, at Mrs. Willoughby's, to visit the National Academy of Design."

A quarter of an hour afterward, Mrs. Willoughby and Mrs. Tracey, attended by Frederick Willoughby, and Alfred Tracey, were slowly parading the suite of rooms, in Broadway, devoted to the annual exhibitions of the Academy. Portraits, landscapes, historical and imaginative pictures, miniatures—painted in oil and water colors—mounted in frames beautifully carved and gilded, studded the walls. These paintings, from the studios of a vast number of American artists, were of diversified excellence; a few, only, exhibiting the marks of great original genius.

Mrs. Willoughby and her friends were discussing the merits of a magnificent landscape, by Cole, as a party of visitors—among whom were Doctor Everard, his daughter Helen, and Wilfred Montessor—entered the saloon.

"Yonder is a beautiful creature," said Mrs. Willoughby, in a low voice to her son. "She is evidently bewitching a friend of Montessor. Do you recognize her, Frederick?"

Frederick Willoughby turned toward the advancing group and a flush of pleasurable emotion spread over his handsome features as he beheld the radiant countenance of the maiden.

"It is Helen Everard, dear mother," replied the young man, "and she is his sister, Doctor Everard. Did I not tell you of the pleasant evening I passed at his house not long since, and of the game of chess I played with Miss Everard?"

The sudden, involuntary emotion of Frederick Willoughby had not escaped the watchful eyes of his mother.

"Be careful, Frederick," said Mrs. Willoughby, with a smile; "chess is a dangerous game to play with a young and beautiful woman."

This remark, spoken in a more elevated tone of voice, reached the ears of Mrs. Tracey.

"You have betrayed yourselves," said Mrs. Tracey, in a low voice, as she was discussing the merits of a landscape."

As Mrs. Tracey uttered these words, she encountered suddenly the stern, unwavering glance of the traveler, Wilfred Montessor.

She returned his glance fearfully, and bowed slightly in token of recognition.

The group of visitors mingled together, and salutations were interchanged between such of them as were known to each other.

In the midst of the temporary confusion, arising from this cause, Alfred Tracey whispered to Mrs. Tracey:

"I have business with Messrs. Hartson and Rodger at twelve o'clock, and shall be compelled to entrust you to the maternal care of Mrs. Willoughby. Do not forget your appointment with me for this evening."

Within a foot of Alfred Tracey stood Wilfred Montessor, reclining against one of the columns which supported the ceiling of the large saloon. The significant whisper of the young man was overheard by the traveler.

**Effects of the Removal of Forests Upon Climate.**

An interesting letter was recently read before the Geographical Society of London, which shows the effects upon climate resulting from the clearing away of large tracts of forest. The facts given are of universal interest. The paper was "On the Effects on Climate of Forest Destruction in Coorg, Southern India," by Dr. Little. This district is composed of hills and valleys, which were formerly covered with forests. The lower slopes, however, are now denuded, and the rainfall is found to decrease with the arboreal vegetation. As regards the elevated crests of the Ghats, which intercept the rain-bearing winds of the South-west monsoon, they would cause an abundant precipitation whether they were covered with trees or not, but the water supply and fertility of the lower slopes and plains to the East are seriously diminished by the clearing of forests on the hills, and the result is brought about in the following way: The natural forest acts as a check on the too rapid evaporation, and carrying off by streams of the rainfall on the surface of the land. As the rain descends, it is gradually conveyed by the leaves of trees to the dense undergrowth of shrubs, and carpet of dead leaves, and below this it encounters a layer of vegetation mold which absorbs the water, so that up the flanks of the hills, the roots of trees, the moisture is transferred to the depths of this earth, and a reservoir of springs is thus made which keeps up a perennial supply of water to the lower land. But rain falling on the bare surface of cleared lands runs off at once by the nearest water-courses, and none is retained to keep up the flow during the dry season. Besides which, evaporation is so much more abundant from a surface exposed to the rain than from land screened by a clothing of forest and the flow of surface water tends to sweep away the clothing of soil and render a district utterly barren. There is no doubt that is one of the main causes, in hilly countries, of drought and floods. In

France, for instance, since the mountains of Auvergne and Forez have been so denuded of forests, the Loire has been constantly flooded, occasioning vast destruction of property. The same cause, in Algeria, has caused frequent droughts, and the French government have lately been considering the proposition of some scientific men to replant these districts with trees.

### The Pie Boy Who Became a Prince.

The first Prince Menschikoff was a pie boy at Moscow, and was delivering things at a noble man's kitchen one day when Czar Peter the Great was expecting to dine at the house. While waiting about, he overheard the nobleman give special directions for the preparation of a favorite dish of the Czar's, and afterward, while the cook was absent, the boy saw him place something in a dish which he believed to be poison. As soon as Menschikoff saw the Czar in the street, cried out his rolls more loudly than usual, and even began to sing, and approach the Czar to make himself seen. Peter called to him and asked him some questions to which he answered so happily that the Prince said "I will keep thee in my service." Menschikoff accepted the offer with joy. At dinner time, without orders, he entered the banquet hall, and stood behind Peter. When the dish appeared, he bent down and whispered "not to touch it." Peter got up, and, with smiling face, made pretense to take the boy into an adjoining apartment, when Menschikoff explained his mission. Upon the Czar returning to the table, the Boyard again offered the dish, and Peter asked him to sit by his side and partake with him. The noble colored, and said it became not a subject to eat the same as the Emperor, who seeing his embarrassment took the plate and offered it to a dog, who soon ate its contents. But a few moments afterward it began to run and howl, then staggered, fell, and soon expired. The Boyard was secured, but next morning was found dead in his bed. Menschikoff had not to sell rolls any longer; the first step to his rapid fortune was made, and his descendants are a most powerful family in Russia to this day.

### Heecher.

Let our repentance be a lively will a firm resolution. Complacency and mourning over past errors avail nothing.

When the clouds drop down low, and it is rainy and chilly and misty, there is nothing in them but discomfort; but when the sun flaring rises, they get off a little distance, every body claps his hands, and calls out, and says, 'Oh! behold the rainbow.' What is the rainbow? Nothing but that cloud which, when it is passing, we wear a garment that is disagreeable and hateful to you, but which, when it is removed a little distance from you, with the sun shining on it is clothed with glory and beauty. Dull duties a little way off may become God's rainbows to men. The whole world, with all its floods of influence, passes by us. We are pained. We murmur and fret till that which pains us passes away. Then, looking back, we find that those very hours which we used for fault-finding were, after all, the most precious of hours—

### A Pistol Plant.

A few evenings ago the librarian of the Long Island Historical Society was startled by the report of a pistol in the back alcove. He made search, but discovered nothing, and at the same time no other person was in the room. The next day the assistant librarian heard a similar report, and a close investigation revealed the cause. An exhibitor had placed in the room a case of tropical plants, among which was the pistol plant, which is a sort of nut. At a certain stage of its growth the shell of this bursts with violence, and a sharp sound, exactly resembling the report of a pistol. The shivered shells of these were found in the bottom of the case.—New York Post.

37 Jerome Cardan relates that eight reapers, who were eating their dinner under an oak tree, were all struck by the same flash of lightning, the explosion of which was heard far away. When some people passing by approached to see what had happened, they found the reapers to all appearance, continuing their repast. One still had his glass in his hand, and another was in the act of putting a piece of bread into his mouth, and a third had his hand in the dish.

38 There are more deacons in Wetherfield than in any place in Connecticut. The other day a well known deacon went to the steamboat wharf to see a friend off, and as the boat started the friend said, Good by, whereupon twelve men, who stood upon the wharf, immediately tipped their hats, and responded, "Good by, sir."

39 In a recent discourse, in England, the Bishop of Oxford was especially severe on "the great strong, hulking men, who come to church and are too lazy to kneel."

40 The Toronto Telegraph, a small, though harmless paper, prefers Roebuck's opinions on America to those of Goldwin Smith.

41 The old cemetery, in Waterville, Conn. is to be transformed into a park, and a soldier monument is to be erected in the centre.

42 The Gresham, in the Bernese Alps, has been climbed for the first time, two German students accomplishing the feat.



## Pacific Department.

BY BENJAMIN TODD

## Letter From Ascop, Jr.

San Francisco, 1st Sunday evening to the most brilliant lecture I ever heard in my life on the spiritual idea of Deity, by B. J. Finney.

It contained more original thought than I ever heard compressed into one lecture. Of course, you will readily believe that I as an Atheist was more than ordinarily interested in what so mature a mind and refined intellect has to say on the mystery of mysteries.

He commenced his lecture by treating the Atheists to a slight castigation, particularly Mr. Spencer for his representative. He showed up the illogical hypothesis of "no God," by showing the difficulty of proving a negative; that the Atheist could not assert the negative of the Deity, till he had ransacked every nook and corner of the universe. This illustration is old, and as it is old, and was the weakest feature in his lectures.

No Atheist, writer that I know of, attempts to prove that there is no God; they only deny that evidence exists of the deity of God. They all readily admit the impossibility of proving the negative. Mr. Finney denies that proof exists of the existence of the Christian God. On the same ground, the Atheist denies that proof exists of the existence of any God.

Mr. Finney denies the existence of matter, and maintains that all existence is spirit, that what we call matter is but the different degrees of undulating motion of a homogenous substance, which he calls spirit. In illustration of this, he refers us to sound, color, light and heat, which each admits as various degrees of motion; to steam, iron and other substances, which are all convertible into space and intangible matter. This universal principle, homogenous in character, manifested in the multiform organism, produced by its inherent activity, he calls God.

Now, the very arguments he produced as evidence of Deity, are the very arguments which I have always considered the most powerful against the theistic hypothesis. I believe in the homogeneity of Nature, that it is eternal, therefore, uncaused; that it is universal and infinite, therefore, there can be room for nothing else; not even for God. Though I differ from him in the nomenclature of his ideas, in my estimation he has certainly struck the "bed-rock" of truth, and hope he will continue to lecture, for he will attract not only the Spiritualist and theologian, but also the literati, who will certainly be delighted with the literary entertainment.

I do hope sometime the Spiritualists will drop a word which does injustice to their own idea of causation. God has represented so many things and ideas, it is difficult to say what it has not represented, and as difficult to determine what is meant when it is used. Let Spiritualists determine the character of existence if they can; but whether it be included in a universe or a universe, do not name it by so indefinite a term as God. Are they poverty-stricken in language? Let them coin a new word, and clothe it with their ideas, and when it is mentioned, we will know that neither Jehovah, Jesh or Jesus, is referred to.

ASCOPI, JR.

## The Principles of Spiritualism Taught in Nature.

The Christian world takes the ground that the Bible is the only revelation that God has made to the world of mankind of his will.

If such is the true state of things, what did the world do for a revelation before the Bible was written?

Again, only about one-eighth of humanity that exists on the globe to day have ever known even that there is such a book as the Bible. What then, shall become of the other seventeen eighths? If then, a knowledge of the Bible is necessary to salvation, God has provided a salvation at most, only for one-eighth part of mankind, and the Bible story that Christ died for all the world is without foundation, in fact.

They claim that the works of Nature are silent on the matter of God and the relations that we sustain to him as the Divine Father, also, as to the revelation of his will towards his creatures. Were such the case, our condition would be lamentable, indeed.

But such is not the case; and thanks be to the Great Cause that it is not.

"What though in solemn silence all Move round this dark terrestrial ball, What though no real voice nor sound Amid these radiant orbs be found; In reason's sooth they all rejoice, And utter forth a gleaming voice, Forever singing as they shine, The hand that made us, is Divine."

Utility and beauty, progression and love, are stamped upon all the wide-spread works of our heavenly Father. It matters not whether we turn our eyes to the tall old mountains, whose towering heads pierce the cerulean blue that over arches the world of ours; or gaze upon the smiling face of the bright-eyed daisy that peeps up from the emerald sod, all things everywhere tell us there is a God, and that God is love. This tells us that the law of progression is the law of life, and that use and duty are the fulfillment of that law.

But let us question nature somewhat concerning her waxing and waning days, her rolling years and wondrous works, and see what her teachings are, and also learn to progression, use and beauty are not her handmaids of honor and ever attend her in all of her productions.

Go with us in the cold, grey hours of dawn and notice how slowly and progressively the light of day appears. Gradually the grey shades to crimson; by and by a flush of beauty spreads over the Eastern sky. Turn, now, and see how sweetly the beams of the rising sun redden yonder mountain tops, and causes them to glitter like shining gold. Blow thy steel down the mountain side, resting on the hill-tops, and at last spread over all the plain. The bright beams chase the shadows away down the glens, awaken the beautiful flowers from their soft repose and kisses the dewy tears of night from their sweet lips, alike down on palace-home and lowly cottage all alike; shine on the den where the young pangs play, on all the homes where birds and beasts rear their young. How proudly and grandly he faces to the zenith of his glory. His rays descend with fierce serenity, which causes us to seek the cooling shade; nevertheless, they are of use. It is their mighty power that enables them to pierce deeply the bosom of mother earth and cause her to fructify and bring forth a bountiful supply for all her creatures. Like some mighty conqueror who has fought on the field of battle where liberty was at stake, and gained the victory; so the sun having reached the height of

his glory and use for the day, proudly sweeps down the Western sky to his couch of crimson and gold; and his last rays gild yonder mountain tops, lingering there to tell us that he has not lost his light, but is a sun still going on to shine elsewhere. But what language shall describe the changing beauty of a sunset sky? I wonder not that the poet exclaimed:

"O, who that has gazed on the sunset at even, Or the fast fading hues of the west, Has not seen afar on the bosom of heaven Some bright little mansion of rest."

But now the ghost-like shadows of evening come creeping over woodland and world, gathering their dark curtains around the couch, whereon rests the dying day. One by one the stars come forth from the ether blue, all divinely arrayed like so many glittering gems, to deck the dusky brow of night. How instinctively the mind runs back to our early childhood years when we were told so lovingly to the maternal breast, while the evening lullaby was sung, and we asked, who made the stars? and were told, God made them to shine.

Long years have passed since then; that loved mother has ceased to sing here, but sings on in the realms of Spirit Life; but we have not forgotten "God made the stars." They are indeed, the alphabet of our divine Father, and teach wise lessons.

## Ignorance and Conservatism.

How little many understand what they denounce or what they advocate, what they love or what they hate, who they crucify, or who they may applaud. Foolish, ignorant and superstitious, they grope and wander into all the coarse and vulgar paths of life, never dreaming that the miasma which surrounds them is so filthy and contaminating. Bound up in conceit and importance, their strength of vision fails to behold the poisonous and loathsome atmosphere which always accompanies their presence. Oh, had some one the power to lift the veil and expose them to their own view!

Before we show a disposition to annihilate a religion or doctrine, before we would crush beneath our heel and exterminate a people from the earth whose daily walk in life may not happen to be after our own standard, let us purge ourselves, and see if any are not as good as ours, and as acceptable, perhaps. Were all capable of understanding what and who they denounce, or even the position which they occupy themselves, much less hypocrisy than now would be practiced. For instance: Spiritualism would never need come from the pulpit clothed in false garb by those who know it to be a living truth, but dare not breathe it unless under the cover of orthodoxy.

I listened to a funeral discourse not long since, delivered by an orthodox clergyman, which was really pleasing. I was delighted to hear such sentiments advanced from one who pretended to represent a denomination, whose ideas were so entirely antagonistic to those I heard. Could it be, I wondered, that Spiritualism had been introduced into the church? If not, how perfect he made such bold assertions! It was perfect Spiritual Philosophy, and nothing else. I cast my eye around upon the audience, seeking to fathom the secret. A glance was sufficient, for the senses, gazing stare told too well that pearls were being cast before swine, and the poor clergyman, although obliged to play the hypocrite for bread and butter, had the consolation after all of declaiming his own sentiments, owing to the capacity of his hearers to digest logic.

How much better it would be, if instead of cursing others for differing with us in views and action, we would examine ourselves and see if there is not more reason for cursing our own. Especially, should we understand our position, before condemning any other.

LEOLINE.

## Egotism.

Those who pretend to know too much, always know the least. How truly is this verified. This terribly disgusting feature, no doubt, has tended to take a great share of conceit out of my composition, or, at least, I hope so. It is a trait to meet persons who do not seem to know more than they really do, who frankly acknowledge the condition of things, although they may not be flattering. I heartily enjoy the company of such; there is honor and sincerity displayed which begets respect for those persons. I find that it requires much more decision and independence of character to admit one's inability and to show a disposition and willingness to be taught. Of all things to be despised and abhorred is this affectation and would-be superiority. Would that I could annihilate the contemptible practice. I know of but one effectual remedy, and that is to civilize and enlighten them to that degree that they may be enabled to see themselves as others see them. It will prove the greatest and only purifier. It will purge them clean and white, in comparison with their present condition. We hope for this period to arrive, and believe it will at some future day, but it will be a matter of time. Although growth and progress are as natural and necessary to our being as vital air is to sustain life, still this onward march is very slowly recognized in some.

There is too much to be learned in this world to our great advantage to foolishly ignore the slightest thing, and especially to assume a false knowledge of that which we have not the merest conception of. Our time can be spent much more profitably. None but a coward and all take such a position, none but a very insignificant being. But because a being may be insignificant, we would not crush him. Charity should be more fully extended, for the more insipid the more needy he is. These are those who are less capable of seeing their actual wants and require to be led. They are blind to their greatest needs. But what a blessing, although one may be too ignorant, to be sensible of, and not ashamed or afraid to admit it. By so doing we are always receiving new light and truth. The knowledge we thereby repay us. We cannot arrive to great knowledge while here, and how sorry should we assume such proficiency.

LEOLINE.

## Personal.

The friends of Selden J. Finney, everywhere, will be pleased to learn that he has so far recovered his health that he is able to occupy the painful room once more. At present, he is lecturing every Sunday evening in San Francisco, to large and delighted audiences. May the good angels attend him and grant him a long lease of life. Spiritualism could ill afford to lose so powerful, eloquent and logical an advocate as he.

One who has eclipsed it out save that two cents placed on compound interest would accumulate sufficiently to pay our national debt in four hundred and sixty-four years.

## The Posthum.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

## Witnesses for Spiritualism.

A Lecture Delivered by G. W. Field, at Monticello, Iowa.

Concluded last week.

Dr. Adam Clarke, the eminent clergyman and commentator, was also a Spiritualist. That is, he accepted the central thought of Spiritualism, a present intercourse with departed spirits.

Commenting upon the interview of Saul with Samuel, he says, on page 299 of vol. 2 of his commentaries:

"I believe there is a supernatural and spiritual world, in which human spirits, both good and bad, live in a state of consciousness. I believe that any of these spirits may, according to the order of God in the laws of their place of residence, have intercourse with this world, and become visible to mortals. I believe Samuel did actually appear to Saul and that he was sent by the beneficent mercy of God, to warn this infuriated king of his approaching death."

The following comments by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL are most appropriate:

"Here is an unequivocal expression of belief in the ministry of spirits to earth. And if, as Dr. Clarke believed, Samuel actually appeared to Saul; if the two men who were Moses and Elias really appeared, as all churches believe, and talked with Jesus, in the presence of Peter, James and John; if spiritual beings, interchangeably denominated men, men of God, angels, &c., appeared to and held social intercourse with the inhabitants of earth, for a period of three or four centuries, as the Jewish and Christian Scriptures testify, why not now?"

Is God mutable? Have divine laws changed? Has the "door" that John saw opened in heaven been shut? Did the Nazarene falsely when he said, I am with you always? It was eternally a law, a divine method of procedure, for water to be a level; for a body of iron, to fall earthward; for a kaolin and acids to mingle; it was eternally in harmony with the infinite laws of the universe that spirits should continue to hold communion with the earth they once inhabited. The sacred books of all nations, the seers of all ages, and the poet, prophets of all past periods unite in testimony corroborating the teachings of modern Spiritualism."

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sleep, it was stated that certain spirits were conversing to kill me, but because I was secured I feared nothing, and fell asleep. About the middle of the night I awoke, and felt that I did not breathe from myself, but as I believe, from heaven. It was then plainly told me that whole hosts of spirits had conspired to suffocate me, and as soon as they made the attempt a heavenly respiration was opened in me and they were defeated.

ST. PAUL.

In what follows we find some of his impressions of and experiences with spirits whose names are associated with the odor of sanctity by the self-styled Orthodox church.

28 Oct., 1748.—A certain spirit came to me of a sudden, and inquired whether I was not speaking ill of him. It was perceived that he was Paul. It was replied that I was not thinking about him.

10 July, 1749.—A certain devil fancied himself the very devil who deceived Adam and Eve according to the vulgar opinion. . . . It was given to me to hear Paul speaking with him and saying he wished to be his companion, and that they would go together, and make themselves gods. . . . but they were rejected wherever they went.

During my sleep I have been infested by adulterers, and this devil and Paul have lent their aid to my infesters, and so stubbornly held me in an adulterous train of thought that I could scarcely release myself. . . . Hence Paul's nefarious character made me know him.

Paul is among the worst of the Apostles, as has been made known to me by large experience. The love of self whereby he was governed before he preached the gospel, continued to rule him afterwards; and from that time he had a passion for scenes of controversy and tumult. He did the end of being great in the world, and judging the tribes of Israel.

That such is Paul's character, if manifest from very much experience, for I have spoken with him more than with others. The rest of the Apostles in the other life rejected him from their society, and refused to recognize him. Besides, he cannot defend himself, one of the worst of devils, who would fail rule all things, and pledged himself to obtain for him this end. It would be tedious for me to write all I know about Paul.

Paul associated himself with the worst devils, and would form a connection with him should be the dispenser of pleasure. This he attempted, but became worse in consequence, and was cast down.

Paul utterly disliked Peter, and says he understood nothing and could do nothing. The relation of Swedenborgianism to Spiritism is a story for a humorist; still would be who would not chuckle over its details well told.

Years ago when familiarity with spirits was rare, Swedenborgians used to snap up and treasure every scrap of supernatural intelligence. The grand common objection to Swedenborg was his assumed acquaintance with angels and devils; it seemed an insuperable obstacle to faith. For its reduction his followers maintained that open intercourse with heaven was man's ancient privilege. That he lost it by degradation into worldliness and sensualism; and that he would recover it by regeneration; moreover, they would use even in his present low estate he is not altogether left without sensible evidence of a world beyond the tomb, and straightway a budget of supernatural evidence would be opened. Many of the early Swedenborgians had wonderful private experiences to relate.

A people in such a case we might fancy were ready to run wild after measurement of spiritual manifestations; but had we we conjectured that Swedenborg had been greatly mistaken. Clairvoyants and mediums confirmed, in general, Swedenborg's other world revelations, but contradicted him in many particulars. This was intolerable. Contradict our heavenly messenger? Quickly the hue of argument was obliterated. Nothing was wickeder than to quarrel with spirits. Spirits are lords; intercourse with them is dangerous and disorderly, and forbidden by the word.

True, Swedenborg did talk with spirits, but he held a special license from the Lord; he was worthy to be permitted, and his example is no rule for all and sundry. . . . While the uninitiated offer wide and easy access to the other world, the Swedenborgians would have all acquaintance with it confined to the reports of their saints. If you presume to any knowledge better or beyond his, were you not! The great black horned beast of the Swedenborgians is the Spiritualist.

The Spiritualists have no animosity to the Swedenborgians who occupy but a corner in their grand and growing camp. They rank Swedenborg among their chief apostles, and question and adopt his testimony at discretion; they do not liberally indifference only add fire to the jealousy of the Swedenborgians, and their thick-rail their blows. In the case of the big, heavy navy and his furious little wife over again: "Why do you let her beat you?" "Oh, sir, it pleases her, and she don't hurt me."

Among the more progressive and radical men of learning and ability, who accepted Spiritualism, was George Fox, the Quaker; a great and noble politico-theological reformer, a man "filled with ideas that were inspired from inherent principles," who readily detected wrong and unbecomingly resisted evil.

Mighty and unalarming in his conflicts with popular error, he gave the lurid lightning and the scorching fire of resistance to the blasphemous songs; but his withering scorn and consuming satire was felt by the guilty without any mixture of revenge or ill-will. To use the more expressive language of an older, he was "Greater than Luther and Calvin; greater than Swedenborg or Wesley; greater than George Fox or Clarkson; greater than Hobbs, Locke, Bacon, Paine, Reid, Stewart, Bailyn, or Immanuel Kant; because although he carefully read, and absorbed more so unreasonably, they could not compass and consume him; he reasoned intuitively and deductively, sympathizing with the combatant authors; but in the end he out-thought and overmastered all."

Hear what such a man thought of Spiritualism and its claims:

OF THE PARTY THAT IS NEITHER CATHOLIC NOR PROTESTANT.

"It seems in Jesus a man living manlike, highly gifted, and living with blameless, and beautiful fidelity to God, stepping thousands of years before the race of men; the profoundest religious genius God has raised up; whose works and words help us to form and develop the native idea of a complete religious man. But he lived for himself; died for himself; worked out his own salvation, and we must do the same, for one man cannot live for another, more than he can eat or sleep for him. It is no personal Christ, but the Spirit of Wisdom, Holiness, Love, that creates the well being of men; a life at once with God. The divine incarnation is in all mankind."

Of those who have been prominent in advancing the cause of modern Spiritualism, I may here mention Judge Edmonds, of New York; a man distinguished in his profession—of learning and ability—and a thorough scholar in its history gave the subject his careful consideration; and becoming converted to its truths, he has been since in public and private life, one of its proudest champions.

I may also mention here, the name of Robert Hale, late Professor of Chemistry in the Medical College of Philadelphia, and a member of several learned societies—a man who had pursued investigations in various departments of the Sciences, from early life until a ripe old age; and who brought all the advantages of his experiences and his scientific knowledge, in the full maturity of his intellectual faculties, to solve the problems of spirit intercourse; and who gave to the world as the result of his investigations in this department of inquiry, his final intellectual production, "Spiritualism scientifically demonstrated."

The name of Robert Dale Owen, former member of Congress, and an American traveler to Naples, philosophy, statesman, and writer, and private and confidential adviser of Lincoln, during the perilous period of his administration; and now his biographer, is associated with the cause.

For more than two years he pursued his investigation of this subject in the old world, partly by means of observations made in domestic private life, partly by means of embracing all themes and subjects calculated to throw any light on the same; and the result was his interesting production, entitled, "Footfalls on the boundary of another world," and numerous lectures and articles in support of the philosophy.

I might add a long list of persons, prominent for learning and ability in all the higher and more useful avenues of public and private life. Poets, statesmen, scientists and philosophers, both in this and in the Old World—who, with others in this country, amounting to over 6,333,000, not only accept Spiritualism, but cherish it as the highest and most philosophical expression of the religious wants of mankind, and the greatest blessing to the world.

The Appletons of New York, have recently issued a work entitled, "Christianity and its Conflicts, Ancient and Modern," by Rev. E. G. Marcy. In this work among other estimates of great classes who deny the Divinity of a person Christ, Spiritualism of the United States, are estimated at 6,333,000.

Last spring, a convention of Roman Catholic Bishops and Archbishops, assembled at Baltimore, with the design among other things of considering the religious condition of the country. Each bishop brought the statistics from his own diocese, which showed a reference to Spiritualism, that there were over 10,000,000 Spiritualists and fifty-thousand mediums in this country alone. While Romanists and Protestants combined, numbered less than 9,000,000, with 45,000 priests, and ministers. Judge Edmonds, in this subject, this estimate of the age.

The following is a brief statement of the history of our cause and results thus far accomplished:

"The advent (or rather revival) of 'Modern Spiritualism' commenced in the year 1848, with what is known as the 'Rochester knockings,' less than twenty years ago. From its beginning it has been the subject of derision and ridicule by nine tenths of the public press, and ignored by all the church organizations of the day—and held to be too contemptible to attract the notice of scientific bodies or universities of learning, whilst an accretion of its adherents has subjected its recipients in a great measure to the depreciation of the honors, emoluments, and enjoyments of official, professional and social life. For the diffusion among the people of its truths or errors, whichever they may be, it has relied on no organized effort nor has it received any secular or pecuniary aid. The missionaries have in large part been uneducated women, taken from the ranks of the humbler walks of life, who have never even attended a theological Seminary or School of Divinity, but have almost invariably, before beginning their mission, been subjected to the most trying mental suffering as well as personal privations, periculis and mortification. After being thus prepared in the furnace of affliction, these mediums have gone forth into a warring world, literally without 'scrip, or gold, or silver' in their purses or change of garments or shoes, and claiming to possess no other power than that which alike attended the woman of Endor (her Divining and Peter in his healing, which they hold to have been derived from the same source)—and which was manifested through the apostle, or the witch alike hated and persecuted by the priests and persecutors of the day.

And what has been the result? Why in less than twenty years, by the admission of opponents and opponents, from six to ten millions of persons in these United States alone have been converted to a belief in the reality of belief in Spiritualism, including in their number hundreds of the most accomplished and talented minds in the nation. Nor have the labors of these despised little ones been confined to one country, but they have passed over, and by the foot-boards of the continent have converted millions beyond the sea, including several crowned heads and thousands of the most eminent men and women of Europe. Nor has the mighty wave of spirit influx that commenced in so small a ripple, yet stayed its progress, but is passing onward with increasing power and volume, threatening to sweep away the old and away the church organizations, and all of whose creeds have already been sensibly modified by the presence of the newly revealed truths of spiritualism."

In conclusion allow me to say, that Spiritualism, the representation of all scientific, philosophical and religious truths, was convoked to spread its divine light into all the dark corners of the earth, until all nations and people shall see its beauty and glorious mission, and know that they are but a little lower than the angels."

Tortoise shell jewelry is an article that is very artistically made in Providence, Rhode Island, and for which there is a demand all over the United States. This species of jewelry, especially the light colored, is quite expensive, a single vest chain for gentlemen's wear, made of the amber colored shell, perfectly plain, selling for twenty-five dollars. Dark colored shell chains, ornamented with inlaid gold, sell at from twelve to eighteen dollars each. The sets for ladies' wear are of great elegance and intricacy of pattern, and sell at twelve to twenty-five dollars each.







## Religio-Philosophical Journal

CHICAGO, APRIL 24, 1869.

OFFICE 84, 86 &amp; 88 DEARBORN ST., 3d FLOOR.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,

S. S. JONES,

PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

For Terms of Subscription see Preliminary and Pro-

prios in eighth page.

Those sending money to this office for the JOURNAL,

should be careful to state whether it is a renewal, or a new

subscription, and write all proper names plainly.

S. S. JONES

Editor

The Pen is mightier than the Sword.

## THE SUNDAY TIMES OF APRIL 11TH,

## ON PHENOMENAL SPIRITUALISM.

The student in turning over the historic pages of the past, will always establish certain stand-points therein, which have peculiar charms to him, and upon which he will always gaze with unfeigned pleasure. In our younger days, we selected from the pages of the past certain prominent characters who were our ideal, in all that constitute the noble, pure and generous. We remember one, and we now plainly discern him in our mind's eye, and therein, he seems as natural as life. An aged man, his beard, silver white, falls upon his bosom, and his eyes beam with the intelligence of a well-cultivated mind. Noble man, a genius of earth, brought upon the stage of existence to reveal some startling truths connected with the laws of nature. No wonder that you excite the admiration of those who acknowledge the truth of your statements.

This noble sage is conducted into the presence of pontifical officers, who, ignorant, superstitious, bigoted, domineering, cruel and exalting, have summoned him to appear before them, to publicly renounce a truth. No wonder he trembled, not with fear, but because that day, truth had received such a blow that a long time would be required for it to regain its original status. He did publicly renounce what he knew to be truth, yet, as he turned from the august presence of those bigots, he muttered in audible accents, "It still moves." The earth still revolved on its axis, performed that revolution designed by nature, and kept onward in its course, notwithstanding the public renunciation of Galileo.

Notwithstanding the wonderful villanages that can be found in the Sunday's Times against Spiritualism, the phenomenal phase of the same continues—tables tip, the raps are made, material objects are moved by invisible hands, and voices from the spirit world are heard, and they will continue to act and stir up the world, notwithstanding the puny efforts of the editor of the Times, who, had he lived in the days of Galileo, would have been the first to persecute him, and compel him to renounce one of the grand truths of nature!

This position of the editor of the Times is exceedingly foolish, in the face of such an innumerable array of facts that greet the honest investigator. He can at any time, step into the room of Peter West, number 127 Clark street, and see a pencil without any visible agency write upon a slate, and which defies the whole scientific and religious world to explain on any other hypothesis, than caused by the direct agency of spirits.

Spiritualism invites investigation;—it is founded on nature, and "will still move," notwithstanding the political press denounce it in unmeasured terms.

The views of the Times are certainly in bad taste, and are only the reflection of the spirit that existed in the dark ages, and which yet dimly burns in the acute mind of this wonderful ly-leamed and philosophic editor, who writes because he can write, and who thinks to his little purpose. He would read in the Bible where the angel spoke to Balaam, and where the ass in astonishment rebukes his master for his cruelty, and absorb it in his sponge-like mind, as readily as he would take a glass of water, and say, "A wonderful truth that this ass should speak, and besides, see an angel direct from the spirit land;" and at the same time he might see a pencil write without any visible agency in contact with it, and which would detail some wonderful event of his life—if he has any—and yet he would cry "humbug!"

These wonderful scintillations of the Times contain the following:

In all the adverse criticisms to Spiritualism which have been written and spoken, there is a marked failure to appreciate one fact of this new faith. This fact is that the professed believers in Spiritualism consist of two widely distinct classes. One of these is composed of a minority of men and women of more or less intelligence, who accept the theory of an existence of a spiritual character; who believe in the dogma of a progressive existence after death; but who reject, in toto, the entire range of phenomena connected with what are known as "manifestations."

Wonderful discovery!—two classes of Spiritualists, one believe in a future state of existence, the other believing the same, with the additional manifestations. This classification does honor to the cerebral brightness of this highfalutin analyzer. Two kinds of Spiritualists! In the first kind, then, are included Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Dunkers, and various other denominations too numerous to mention. Whether they will tamely submit to this classification, and be ranked with the first edition of Spiritualists, minus the second chapter, is a question of doubt in our mind, and will at some future time be taken into careful consideration.

Only the other day, we talked with a man who did not believe in the grand truth uttered by Galileo, that the earth revolved on its axis once in twenty-four hours, and around the sun once a year, from the simple fact that it would "Spill the inhabitants off when it got around on the other side." We did not attempt to reason with this man, though he had sparks of intelligence

flashing within his mind that would be an honor to any one.

It would be difficult, indeed, to teach a wild Camanche Indian the nature of logarithms or the integral calculus, and we would consider that man a fool, who would attempt it. There are even among the civilized whites, those seemingly intelligent who could not comprehend the nature of phenomenal Spiritualism, any easier than the wild Camanche could comprehend the nature of an abstruse problem in algebra or trigonometry. It may be considered foolish to cast pearls before swine, and attempt to convince any one against his will, one within whose mind looms up fanaticism worse than that which crucified truth in the past.

In examining phenomenal Spiritualism, this proposition may be asserted: There has never occurred a manifestation which cannot be fully explained by leaving spirits wholly out of consideration. In other words, let a future existence be wholly eliminated, and then the phenomena of the "manifestations" can all be explained.

This, indeed, is a wild assertion. Why don't you explain the nature of the phenomena in regard to which you assume to know so much? Not one explanation given; not one suggestion advanced that explains these wonderful manifestations on any other hypothesis than that adopted by Spiritualists! He advances on the redoubts of Spiritualism, expecting to capture the same with his ammunition all exhausted, and without the least idea of the ground over which he is to march. All at once, he finds himself on disputed ground, and with his knapsack empty, he is compelled to ingloriously retreat.

Knowing that the laws of nature are immutable,—the same yesterday, to-day, forever—we can start out with this law of communication with departed spirits, and trace the action of the same throughout all time, by incidents as well verified as any event in history. The Bible is full of incidents explanatory of the phenomena of Spiritualism. The angels talked with Hagar; wrestled with Jacob; released Peter from prison; removed the stones from the sepulchre; talked with Balaam—in fact, it is full of incidents demonstrating the power of spirits to return and make their presence known to mortals.

Socrates held communion with spirits. Euripides could send his spirit forth in the world of space and hold communion with those who had gone before. Joan of Arc, who done so much for France, conversed with spirits at noonday, and gallantly led the French army through the strife of war. Cassandra held communion with spirits and predicted the destruction of Troy. John Wesley, speaking of Spiritualism, says:

"What pretence have I to deny well attested facts because I cannot comprehend them?"

Elizabeth Hobson saw spirits from her childhood, and in her presence, tables were moved, dishes would pass through the air from place to place without any visible means of support.

After twenty-one years, who can account for the raps on any other hypothesis than that entertained by Spiritualists? The fertile brain of the editor of the Times does not attempt it.

The angels or spirits that wrestled with Jacob, that liberated Peter, that removed the stone from the sepulchre, of course assumed a physical organization in order to come in contact with matter, and as darkness was essential then to form a tangible organization, the same condition is requisite now. As spirits did then assume a tangible organization, and manifest themselves to mortals—nature's laws being immutable, the same thing can be accomplished to-day.

"We are aware that this statement will excite the most determined hostility on the part of members of the rapping and tapping fraternity; still, it happens to be true. Let a candid examiner approach these sources, and he will be overwhelmed with narrations of what has been done; but they never happen in his presence. He will be told what occurred on yesterday, when he was not present; what remarkable thing happened at a sitting of last year, or in New York; but they never take place so that he witnesses them. The writer will affirm that he has attended not less than five hundred spiritual seances within the last twenty years; and that, although many of them were conducted by noted performers, while he has always been actuated by a sincere desire to be convinced, if there was substantial ground for conviction, he has never seen a single manifestation which he could not explain on grounds having no reference whatever to the existence of spirits."

By this statement, the editor of the Times places himself in a ridiculous position, for he asserts that he "Has never seen a single manifestation which he could not explain on grounds having no reference whatever to the existence of spirits." Why then does not the learned gentleman do it? Because, probably he thinks his reason would be about as weak as that given by the opponent of Galileo's theory, that "If the earth turned around, it would spill all the inhabitants when it got on the other side." He affirms that he is able to explain the cause of all the manifestations, and that they are not attributable to spirits—but fails to give the world the benefit of his knowledge. He rather, perhaps, keeps his secret, and let it glisten within his own expansive mind, while twelve millions of Spiritualists are deluded, and following a phantom. How absurd and weak his position! He fails to comprehend the first principle of Spiritualism, and knows as little about it as the Camanche Indian does of the mechanism of the starry regions.

What an opportunity now presents itself for the editor of the Times to immortalize his name just at this eventful period when Planchette is carrying everything before it, and the converts of the cause becoming more numerous. If he would only crop off his whiskers and shave his head, in contradistinction to those "long haired asses of the male persuasion," and "short haired splinters" of the female persuasion, of whom he speaks, he could in a very short space of time, by exposing Spiritualism, become as notorious as Blondin "on his rope," or the Davenport Brothers "in their cabinet." But we fear the world will never receive the benefit of his wonderful knowledge; it will live with him; it will die with him. The glorious light that he possesses will keep under a bushel, and the world

shall never know the wonderful discoveries he has made in regard to Spiritualism. Perhaps, tender soul, he is fearful his explanations will hurt the feelings of the twelve millions of Spiritualists, and "he can't bear to commit such an act of discourtesy."

## MENTAL PROGRESSION—AN INCIDENT.

This morning as we took our seat in the street railway car, by which means we daily reach our place of business, we overheard a lady and two gentlemen earnestly engaged in conversation upon the question, "Is it right to dance?" Of course the reader will readily infer that they were orthodox, and sound at that; for no progressionists stop or tarry on their way to discuss that question.

One of the gentlemen held in his hand a late number of the *Christian Standard*, which he observed was published at Alliance, Ohio; and in it was what purported to be a discussion by two christian ladies upon the question which had set this trio's thoughts in action.

Listening to their conversation caused many reflections to pass through our brain, some of which we felt impressed to chronicle upon the pages of our JOURNAL.

Conditions have much to do with a person's religion, after taking into consideration their particular organization. Train was aptly said, that, "The state of one's digestion has a great deal to do with one's religion."

So the surrounding relations and connections of an individual have much to do in directing the opinion as to the right or wrong of dancing. One of the gentlemen seemed rather to favor dancing as a healthful exercise and agreeable and pleasing pastime, which very naturally called up the objections of the other parties.—The lady urged, and her male colleague assented thereto, as an objection to dancing, that the more people danced the more they would want to dance.

And so the discussion went on.

While we could not but ponder over the undeveloped and benighted condition of the thousands, who like them are yet not even flogging in reform, but lie, as it were, unshackled in the nest of mythological bigotry and superstition; whose darkness yet shuts out the genial sun of truth; that warms and strengthens the soul faculties of those who, being fledged into a condition of individuality, have begun their flight on the unending career of eternal progression.—Souls mounting on wings of light, no longer hesitate to discuss such minor issues, at best the fabrications and restrictions of a designing and error-bound priesthood; but feeling the buoyancy of a God-element in which all move and exist, ask only that simple justice be done to all whether in sport, recreation or labor. Such souls learn to exchange the god of theology for a god of love and justice, which they have learned is within, above, beneath and surrounding them; by whom they are instructed in those beautiful axioms, "Deat justly, love mercy," and "Be temperate in all things."

When conditions or growth have developed souls to take these axioms as their guide and compass in life to direct their daily walks, discussions as to whether it is right to dance or labor on Sunday, will cease; and who takes them as his or her pocket piece, will cease to cry out against the sun of shaving on a Sunday, and continue to shave their neighbors every day in the week; or against the sin or blacking boots on a Sunday, but engage in blackening their fellow creature's characters every day in the week.

We could most heartily wish, that instead of wrangling and speculating over abstruse and minor questions, that the professed Bible-believers would find a place in the niches of their hearts for those glorious axioms, which shine from the pages of that ancient book, with such heavenly brilliancy, and measure their speech and conduct thereby.

Verily, verily, we should find much more charity abroad in the land than at present writing. But they also teach us to have patience and wait; and we heed their gentle, loving admonition, bide our time, laboring in their cause the meanwhile.

## TRIAL SUBSCRIBERS.

We still furnish the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, to those who have never taken the same, for three months, for the nominal sum of twenty-five cents each.

We also furnish the JOURNAL, for three months longer to the trial subscribers for the sum of fifty cents each, or which is equivalent thereto, we will furnish the paper to any one on trial, who has not taken it, for the sum of seventy-five cents for six months. That just pays the cost of the blank paper on which it is published, and the expense of putting the subscribers name on our regular printed list.

On our first three months trial subscribers at twenty-five cents each, we actually lose forty-five cents on each subscriber, and on each of our six months subscribers, at seventy-five cents, we lose but little short of seventy-five cents, and yet we are willing to make this pecuniary sacrifice to place the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL before the public, believing we shall be fully recompensed in the end.

We had no expectation when we were directed by our spirit friends to enter upon this plan, that anything like so large a number of persons would try the paper for three months. A little more than three months has elapsed since we first commenced this plan, and yet we are receiving upon an average, about one hundred three months trial subscribers per day. A few have renewed at one dollar for four months, and others at fifty cents for three months more.—That we have already sunk many thousands dollars, and shall sink many more during the ensuing year, any one can easily see.

We return thanks, many thanks to the good brothers and sisters in all parts of the country, for their assurance that they will spare no pains to induce our trial subscribers to become permanent ones.

We are fully prepared for the emergency.—The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL shall be sustained as a permanent institution, and no pains shall be spared to make it a welcome weekly visitor.

Those whose three month's subscriptions have expired and have not yet renewed, must do so immediately or we shall not be able to supply back numbers. We must strike from our list all trial subscribers who do not renew as soon as the three months are up.

In conclusion, we most urgently ask each one of our subscribers to make an effort in behalf of the JOURNAL, under some one of our propositions, and more especially do we ask our trial subscribers to renew for three, six, or twelve months, without delay.

## LETTER FROM A CLERGYMAN.

MR. EDITOR:—I have noticed a number of challenges in your paper. The questions proposed do not embrace the true stand-point of a Spiritualist. Spiritualism professes to be superior to Christianity. If so, Spiritualists should be willing to debate from that stand-point, and affirm the modern gospel of Spiritualism.

Now, if Mr. E. V. Wilson or some other man of as much ability and manliness, will affirm the following question, I will deny. I will be at liberty to meet him in Cleveland, at Lyceum hall or some other place in that city, upon which we may agree, the second week in September, 1869.

I would prefer to have the debate continue six nights, and have the speeches reported to be published in book form at our mutual profit or loss.

The following is the question I propose thus to deny:

Is Modern Spiritualism, in its doctrines and phenomena, superior to the christian dispensation as given by Jesus Christ and the Apostles?

The Ohio State Missionary may try his logic again if he desires.

Truly yours,

REV. AMOS N. CRAFT.

Pres. of the Western Reserve Seminary, West Farmington, Trumbull Co., O., April 6th, 1869.

REMARKS:—The question proposed by Mr. Amos N. Craft, Pres. of the Western Reserve Seminary, in effect emphatically admits the truth of Modern Spiritualism, doctrinal and phenomenal, but questions whether it is superior to the Christian Dispensation as given by Jesus Christ and his apostles? The question of superiority only is to be discussed by the Reverend gentleman.

If Spiritualism in its doctrine and phenomena, is admitted to be true, consequences flowing from such a truth, must be legitimate according to God's law, under which such doctrine and phenomena exist. How such doctrine and phenomena may contrast with the doctrine and phenomena declared by and manifested through the humble Nazarene, is a simple matter of opinion among individuals who may differ in judgment or taste, as well as upon any other subject.

Intelligent Spiritualists hold Jesus Christ, the once despised Nazarene, in high veneration as one of the very best mediums for spirit control, mentally and physically, that ever lived.

No medium ever suffered greater persecution than he did.

The Reverend gentleman having admitted the doctrine and phenomena of Modern Spiritualism, leaves nothing in fact to be discussed but the question of who are the best mediums, judging from effects produced.

It may be that some one will be willing to spend his time in discussing that question with the gentleman; if so, we will with pleasure publish the reply.

## DENUNCIATORY.

We have received pre cable and resolutions "adopted by a large majority," at the first society of Spiritualists of Milwaukee, denouncing one William Fettes, a professed medium, as an impostor.

Of the facts, we know nothing, as no facts are given. He may be an impostor for aught we know. Sympathy to say, then, that it is the opinion of a large majority of the aforesaid society that he is an impostor. Quite likely, such characters are plenty, yet we cannot help calling to mind that "large majorities" have denounced every newly developed truth, as an imposition. We are willing to publish well authenticated facts which have been disclosed for or against mediums. Facts are what convince the mind, and not resolutions, adopted by large or small majorities.

There is not a religious organization in the land, which could not be manipulated into passing resolutions by large majorities, that any medium now living upon this plane of life, is an impostor. The gentle Nazarene was not an exception to the opinions of the large majorities.

Our remarks will cause offense with those who honestly believe the above named Fettes to be an impostor. We regret it; but duty compels us to follow our convictions of right. When our friends state exactly what this man Fettes claimed was done through him as a medium, and what (mimely) described, so that the reader can understand and judge for him or her self, facts they detected, proving him to be an impostor, then we will lay the same before our readers.

## CAN'T AFFORD IT.

We can't afford to lose ten cents on a one dollar postal order. When five dollars and upwards are remitted, we don't mind the loss among those greater,—but to have ten cents taken out of one dollar; and that dollar sent to pay for four copies of our paper, for three months, is indeed too steep, is all of our friends will see.—One letter in five hundred may possibly be lost in the mail,—certainly not a larger proportion. The risk is merely nominal.

## THE TWENTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

Mrs. Abbie J. Spalding informs us that the Spiritualists of Osceola, Minn., celebrated the twenty-first Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, and that a good number were in attendance, and much interest manifested. The resolutions adopted were expressive of the views of all Spiritualists, and showed a true appreciation of our beautiful philosophy in Minn.

The celebration in this city was not held at the time designated in a previous number of the JOURNAL, in consequence of a fire that occurred, preventing; but on a subsequent day, the friends collected together, and made amends for the first failure, by speeches, etc.

At Cleveland, also, the Spiritualists were wide awake and celebrated the day in a becoming manner. Speeches were made by Messrs. Clark, E. V. Wilson, O. L. Sutli ff, E. S. Wheeler, D. A. Eddy and Mrs. S. M. Thompson.

## CORRECTION.

In the article by D. A. Eddy, appearing in the JOURNAL, April 10th, a mistake was made by one of our compositors, in the omission of the words "do not," thereby changing the meaning which he intended to convey, with this omission supplied.

"The only people that are excepted and excluded from being the dispensers of these celestial gifts are those who do not acknowledge the return of departed spirits, but first in proclaiming salvation only through Christ, and presenting the revolting spectacle of a dying Savior upon the cross, through whose blood alone we can escape the torment of the damned and receive absolution from our sins with a through ticket to the City of the New Jerusalem, to sing hosanna to the Lamb forever and ever."

## JOHN FRED. BOWERS.

T. J. Leslie writes us that the above named individual is not just what he ought to be. Part of the time he is a medium, and part of the time he professes to expose mediumship.

Well, he is true to himself. Poor devil, there is room enough in the world for him, and all good mediums. If he succeeds in convincing the sectarian world that he is or has been, an impostor, he only proves, that now as in the days of the gentle Nazarene, there is at least one Judas!

Well, what of it? Was christianity any the less true because Judas professed to be a Disciple of Christ, and betrayed him?

## TESTS AND COMMUNICATIONS.

We extend to our friends a cordial invitation, to send us for publication, well authenticated tests of spirit presence and power; also communications given through mediums, detailing experiences in spirit life.

## Literary Notices.

"My Love and I" is the title of a very neat pamphlet of 45 pages, by Abby M. Ladin Ferree, and is a sort of diary of the author's loving meditations upon the loveliness of nature and nature's works, the chief of which is man, upon whose bosom she loves to recline.

Price 50 cents, for sale at this office, 84 Dearborn street, Chicago.

## Amusements.

"The Flash of Lighting" has been reproduced at McVicker's Theatre, during the present week, to large and delighted audiences. It is by all odds the best sensational piece that has been put upon the Chicago stage for many a day; which added to the beautiful artistic effects, clearly accounts for the great success of this excitable drama.

On Monday, the 19th inst., Kate Reingolds, recently returned from Europe, and more recently engaged in opening the new opera-house in Detroit, begins an engagement in a London play written for her and entitled "Bound." Lucille Western, the emotional actress, follows Miss Reingolds.

"Humpty Dumpty" at Crosby's Opera House continues to draw full houses of delighted spectators. This present run is humorously styled volume two, and this, the second week, chapter two. They who wish to see the rendition of the "second volume, should bear in mind that there is only one more chapter (week) to the second volume. The mechanical working of the piece is greatly improved upon, so that the various scenes and changes are carried through very smoothly.

The four characters of the pantomime have now been together so long that they do the tricks with remarkable ease and fluency.

Mr. Tony Deater, is certainly the only man in the country who could attempt the part of Humpty Dumpty after Fox.

At Wood's Museum, for the present week, since Tuesday evening, April 13th, the lachrymose drama of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," has been produced to good audiences; with Mr. Blaisdell and Miss Josie Booth in the leading millon parts; Mr. Edwards as Uncle Tom; John Dillon as the Yankee and the Quaker; Mr. Jennings in two parts; Ada Perkins as Eva; Mrs. Little as Topsy; Mr. William Allen in "Old Virginia."

At Aiken's Dearborn Theatre, the intensely sensational drama, "The Knave of the Pack," found a large number of admirers during the past week, sufficient to justify a continuation of it; but Mr. Aiken prefers to keep his original intention good, to supply a full amount of the polite comedy and standard drama. His novelty for the present week is Robertson's last play, "My Lady Clara," or "Dreams," which parodies both of the spirit of melodrama and comedy, and is founded on Tennyson's well-known poem. Mr. McKee Rankin continues in the leading business. Mr. Harry Linden, who was once a prince among comedians and a great favorite in Chicago, takes a character in this comedy, "My Lady Clara," as the play is styled, has a fine fascinating and smooth melodramatic style, which is attracting Toll houses.







## Communications from the Inner Life.

He shall give his angelic charge concerning thee."

All Communications under this head are given through

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON,

well-developed trance medium, and may be implicitly relied upon as coming from the source they purport to be the spirit-world.

(Reported by Misses and Nurses, short hand Reporters, 110 Dearborn street, Chicago, Illinois.)

## INVOCATION.

Oh, Our Father! With a consciousness of Thy power, and Thy wisdom, we again approach Thee, and as a part of Thy children offer our sincere thanks for the privilege Thou hast given us, in manifesting ourselves unto Thy children who are yet upon earth.

We thank Thee that Thou hast so enlightened their minds that they are enabled to receive with thankful hearts, and listen to words of comfort and consolation that we, through Thy divine wisdom, are enabled to give unto them. Not through fear do we approach Thee, for we know that Thou art the embodiment of goodness, and we have naught to fear.

But, with thankful hearts and desires intense, would we bask in the sunshine of Thy ever-during love. Feeling that assurance, we call upon every one to worship Thee, as the Creative Principle and ever-present spirit; and as they would thank Thee for their joys, may they also thank Thee for their sorrows; for as they realize that Thou art the Creative Power—the life and animating principle of things—they will see Thee alike both in joy and sorrow.

May every trial which it shall be our lot to experience bring us to a more perfect understanding of Thee, and for these things, we will ever thank and praise Thee, our heavenly Father.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

MARCH 30, 1869.

Q.—How do spirits ordinarily communicate among themselves?

A.—Precisely the same as you would communicate, only we have no use for language. Distance to us, is annihilated. Hence, we have no necessity for writing or telegraphing, which is a very essential thing with you. We do not travel by the "wings of the wind," but by the will or desire. For instance: If we have a strong desire to visit a certain place to see certain individuals, we can accomplish it by that desire; that which to you would be a journey. It is very easily done. We have an advantage over you upon the material plane of life, from the fact that no individual can disguise their true nature or motive. That which is within the soul is mirrored upon the face or countenance; consequently there is no deception here. Many of you know what it is upon the material plane of life to deceive one another. It is sometimes strange, yet not so strange either—the idea that individuals upon the material plane, have of the spiritual plane of life. Some take it for granted that if spirits have passed from material to spiritual things, they must, of necessity, know everything in each plane of life—the one they have just left and the one they afterwards occupy. Hence it is that so many individuals are deceived by what they call lying spirits, sometimes in one way and sometimes in another. If we could think that a spirit would actually try to deceive persons to their injury, we might say to that spirit, "Back to your sphere of existence!" A person may be deceived in regard to the results of certain things; that you would not call falsehood. But, after all, it teaches people one grand lesson; that is, to rely upon their own judgment, their own powers of reasoning, which is the god given faculty within. You must receive that which is true to your own individual soul, and not take for granted that it must be so because a spirit says thus and so. Again; they must think a little of the circumstances, conditions and surroundings of spirits, and the medium that they make use of when they manifest themselves, and then, perhaps, they would not be quite so ready to judge us and say that spirits actually tell that which is untrue. I know of spirits now upon the spiritual plane of life, that investigated Modern Spiritualism at its first start, and continued to investigate it up to the time of the change from the material to the spiritual plane. When they stood upon the material plane of life, they thought that they knew much, when, indeed, they knew very little. To us, the worst kind of deception is that where persons deceive themselves. Everything performs its mission, and eventually, every one will be brought to a more perfect understanding of all these conditions and surroundings.

There is a spirit standing by this good brother (addressing a gentleman present), a little taller than himself. He combs his hair over back. His hair was once dark, but now it is grey; that is, it looks grey to me. He has a full forehead, and quite high. He has regular features and stands very erect. I cannot say whether it is some one that you have known, or whether it is some one that is going to stand by you for the purpose of influencing you. I cannot say which it is. At all events, he possesses a very frank, open countenance. I believe that you will see him yourself. I believe that other clairvoyants will describe him to you a great many times. Now, if you remember this description, you will recognize it at once when you hear it again. He is a little taller than yourself.

Q.—How old a man does he appear to be to you?

A.—As he shows himself to me, I should judge that he was sixty or sixty-five years of age. He remained upon your plane of life until that age.

Q.—Have you any means of getting at the name of the person?

A.—[After some moments of hesitation.] Rev. Williams, once a Congregationalist and subsequently a Universalist minister; always liberal. You will get the name yourself in a little while.

Q.—Do spirits, as A. J. Davis represents in one of his works, enter a room or a house in this earth sphere, through doors, windows, &c., as they happen to be opened, or do they pass as readily through matter as we, in the form of thought, sunshine or atmosphere?

A.—To Brother Davis, it is true that doors have to be opened and windows raised, to let in the spirits. That has been his experience. He was enabled to see them come in through a door or opening of a window. Perhaps, if they had come through a substance or wall, no matter what it was, whether stone, brick, or wood, whatever it might have been, he would not be able to see them until they were within those walls, so that he would not be able to say whether they came from above or below. Seeing them right there, would be the first he would be enabled to see of them. To us, there is nothing that is an obstacle. The form of matter is no obstacle to us in any way. Your comparison is a very good one, in regard to what you call fog, dense atmosphere. That is indeed no obstruction to motive power, yet it is to the sense of sight. We cannot readily see through it.

We know that it has often been stated, that people were impressed by spirits to go and open the graves of those who have been buried, so that the spirit might free itself from its earthly body. We know that tombs have been opened; also vaults. It has been stated time after time, that it was done for the purpose of letting the spirit out; but as we have said before, where there are thousands of individuals that are swallowed up in those volcanic eruptions, if that would hold true, what would become of all those spirits? In such cases it would be impossible to get them out.

Q.—Brother Davis' theory is, that in such a case as that, the spirit becomes disintegrated, and reorganizes above the obstruction.

A.—We do not wish to question Brother Davis' theory, because we believe that every idea that he advances, is true to him. If he gives that idea as he receives it, it is true to himself; yet, that it is the experience of spirits, we know that it is not.

Q.—Do magnetic bands, such for instance, as those advertised by Dr. Randolph, of Boston, exert any material influence in unfolding latent clairvoyant powers?

A.—We certainly say that they do.

Q.—You have sometimes spoken of the first and second plane of existence; now, what about the third?

A.—We answer, inasmuch as the experience of the first plane of life is necessary for our unfoldment, so the great change to the second, is necessary for our more perfect happiness. The change from the material to the spiritual body, we naturally say is the change from the first to the second plane of existence, or from the first to the second sphere of existence, yet there is no second sphere. When we come back to the first cause, the great God given principle within, there is no such thing as the first plane of existence. To mortals, there is a first conscious state of existence; and that sometimes is upon the spiritual, and sometimes upon the material plane. Little children that realize nothing upon the material, upon the spiritual realize a perfect existence. There is no second plane of existence in fact. You pass from this room into the next, yet you are in the same building; so we might say in passing from material to spiritual things. We pass from this to the adjoining apartment, and you are conscious of that which is within this; and when you get there, you are conscious of what the next contains, and that consciousness of the second will not destroy the effect of the first; so it is with passing from material to spiritual things.

## QUESTIONS BY MR. DRAPER.

Q.—Does every medium have a circle of spirits to control his or her mediumship, one of whom controls or presides, and another spirit outside of that circle can not control the medium without the consent or approval of the one presiding or controlling the circle?

A.—We shall say that most certainly every medium has their controlling spirits. That such spirits may change and give place to others, we know to be true; yet, were not the positive spirit present, the one that exercises the greatest and most powerful control and influence over the medium and without this aid and permission, so to speak, other spirits could not manifest themselves or obtain control or possession of such medium.

Q.—Is it true that man is naturally a religious being, and requires some Supreme Being for adoration?

A.—Does Spiritualism better point out the true object of worship, the Creator of all, than any religious organization extant?

A.—It would seem from experience in the past that man is naturally a religious being; one that desired something grand and ennobling to worship; something higher than himself to look to, for power and wisdom. But, that it is necessary, strictly speaking, that man should worship such a divinity, we can not see, any further than it pertains to his individual happiness. The main object in worshipping God seems to have been in the past, for the purpose of obtaining happiness in the future; and as Spiritualism teaches every individual that it is for them to make their happiness here as well as hereafter, we may say that Spiritualism is best adapted to the worship of individuals—men and women.

It is a well known fact that spirits communicating to individuals upon the material plane of life, establish the existence or immortality of the soul; also, it demonstrates that the God you should worship is within; that religion is a part of the great infinite whole, and is, so to speak, a God unto himself or herself.

## EVA TO HER PARENTS.

My dear mam-ma and pa-pa, I told you that your little Eva was going to see the angels. Now I come back to tell you all about it. O, mam-ma, it is so nice and beautiful in my new home with so many happy little children all around for company, but dear mam-ma, I do not like to see you cry so much. What makes you do so? Your Eva is happy, very happy. I am not sick any more. My head don't ache, and I do not have to take any more of that very bad medicine that Doctor Grance use to say would make me well.

Now, mam-ma, if you won't cry any more, I will come very often to you and tell you a lot of pretty things, and when you come here, the good spirits tell me, you will live with me all the time; so don't cry any more, for it makes your Eva feel so very bad. Good by, mam-ma and pa-pa, I will come again.

I am little Eva-Barington. I was five years old when I left mam-ma, to live with the angels.

## JANE DARLING.

J. A. MORRELL, MEDIUM.

Chicago, June 6th, 1868.

Concluded from last week.

Eager as I was to view the scene before, I pushed on, my soul throbbing with new pleasure at every step as I beheld scenes and beauty that my mind had never conceived of. On, on, I went, and running my eye toward the summit of the mountain, I indistinctly saw a mansion, yes, my mansion, a house erected by my spirit guides for my reception, the material for which I had created during the, to me, short mission of love and good works. As I neared the house, all nature seemed vocal with one glad hallelujah. I gazed about in wonder and amazement, pondering in my mind if this was the work of enchantment, when, soon to my still greater astonishment, there appeared to me, in the twinkling of thought, the performers and minstrels of this grand concert, spirits bright and glorious, joined their songs with gold and scarlet, fledged birds of Paradise, and a song of joy and praise, rang out so clear and sweet that to me, all heaven seemed to rejoice that a lost one had been found, a wanderer had returned. As change the order of progression, even this intoxicating concert must have an end, so I soon found myself once more alone, and finding myself attracted toward the house or mansion, I bent my steps in that direction; when near the entrance a voice from out a passing silver cloud hailed me with, "Brother, thy home is ready, advance and receive the reward of thy good work." My eyes followed this, to me mysterious cloud until it passed beyond the bound of my vision, when my soul seemed attracted more strongly than ever toward my mansion, and as I turned in that direction the misty veil which had partially obscured my vision was drawn aside, and I beheld my home in all its dazzling beauty.

You have already been informed that the spirit mansion takes form from a peculiar faculty of one's loves or aspiration while in earth life. My highest conception of beauty and grandeur when a child, was a ship under full sail, riding the crest of old ocean's briny billows; be not surprised when I tell you that my mansion was in the form of a beautiful full-rigged ship with snow white sails, and the top of the mountain was as the crest of the wave—it was the spirit essence of my boyhood conceptions.

I gazed in wonder, my heart overpowered with gratitude for past and present blessings, when a new want presented itself to my mind—it took form in this wise: I now have a home, a beautiful one, and oh! how perfect would be that home if I could but have the sweet companionship of one that could share my joy and gratitude.

So range as it may appear, this was my first thrill of conjugal love. I had lived for myself alone while on earth, and when I had become elevated to my mission, I worked hard for others, regardless of self, never daring to hope for that companionship which I sometimes saw others enjoy.

After viewing my mansion with admiration and astonishment from different points of observation, I returned like a timid child to approach the entrance and cross the threshold. On entering what appeared to be the main cabin, my eye caught the mirrored reflection of myself, my garments were bright and spotless, and as I stood with fixed gaze wondering at my strange transformation, the mirror gradually dissolved away, and in its place stood my good guiding angel; the same one that I deprived of earth life when a child, the same one that came to me in my hell of help; the same one that taught me the first lesson of love, truth and justice; the same one that led me on step by step until I was fitted to do good, and then set the light of her own bright star of truth in my pathway, to guide my inexperienced feet in the road to righteousness.

There she stood with outstretched arms; that moment was a revelation for eternity.

I realized what the good Nazarene meant, when he said that in heaven there was no marrying, or giving in marriage. I saw that this beautiful angel, the one that I had so cruelly wronged, was my eternal mate, always had been, and always would be the finer part of myself. I saw that we had been constant companions prior to this life, and now that we had passed the portal called death, and had learned to do good, for the sake of that good, we would be permitted to know and commune with each other as of yore.

And now my Colanthis (which means truth embodied) is ever with me. I am as the stock and she the flower, the enjoyment of our works of love is tenfold now, consequently we are able to carry happiness wherever we go.

Now, dear sister, you have the history of one of my guides and teachers, treasure it well and let the world so far as it lays in your power, profit by its lessons and at some future time you shall have more of the history of spirit life.

Your sister, JANE.

## Phenomenal.

From the Danbury Gazette.

## Warning of Death in 1814.

Major Elliott of Ohio, died on the 12th of Feb., 1814.

The particulars that preceded his death were published that year.

"On Sabbath evening, at nine o'clock, returning from Poland, the deceased saw two blue lights approaching him, in shape of half moons. When the lights met him, they seemed to enclose him in a circle, around his breast. Then a voice pronounced these words distinctly. 'Are you prepared to die?' The lights then passed him a short distance, but turning back, followed him until he arrived at a graveyard, then stopped; and he saw them remain until he had gone on about half a mile. He told his wife of this, and said he should live but a few days. He also told Mr. Boardman at his store, saying he should never again open the store. On Tuesday, he sent for Dr. Bostwick, spoke of the lights, and of his death.

He was resigned and prepared for the change. Before a week, the prophecy was fulfilled."

## An Unusual Spirit Manifestation.

Brother Deag Clark sends as the following remarkable narrative of a physical manifestation of spirit power, for the truth of which he not only vouches, but he assures us that the same has been sworn to by four credible persons, who witnessed the facts:

On the evening of the 5th of May, 1868, at the house of J. W. Sitts in Allegan, Allegan County, Michigan, Mr. Sitts and his wife, and Mr. W. C. Weeks were in the sitting room. Mr. Sitts engaged in reading, while Mrs. Sitts, his wife, was sitting by the stand, preparing to write. Mrs. Sitts (who had been meditative for nearly a year) suddenly felt a sensation on the back of her head as of a person passing a hand over it, and remarked to her husband:

"Some one is cutting my hair."

He seeing no person near her, and thinking she was laboring under some hallucination or delusion, at first refused to examine it, as she requested, but on her further insisting, he complied by removing the net which covered it, uncoupling the hair, and removing the hair pins, when he found two small locks, severed from different parts of the head.

Mr. Alanson S. Weeks entered the room as Mrs. Sitts was uncoupling the hair, and all witnessed that the hair was severed. Mr. Sitts and Mr. Alanson Weeks then stood and looked at the hair, and witnessed lock after lock separate in different places from the head, whereupon they applied a comb to remove the severed hair, when the cutting ceased.

During the operation of combing, Mrs. Nettie Gray, a daughter of Mrs. Sitts, entered the room and was also a witness. At this period about one fourth of the hair was severed, and was removed with a comb, when Mrs. Sitts twisted the remainder into a coil, and replaced the hair pins, put her night cap on and prepared to retire for the night.

Soon after this, the cutting sensation recommenced, upon which Mr. Sitts called Mr. Alanson Weeks, who had retired, and while he was dressing, Mrs. Sitts removed the cap from her head, and discovered more hair already cut. The cutting continued in the presence of Mr. Weeks and Mr. Sitts until several locks were severed as before from different parts of the head.

They then commenced combing as before, when the cutting ceased. Mrs. Sitts again twisted up the remaining hair, replaced the pins as before, put on her cap, and was again about to retire, when the sensation as before, was again felt, and Alanson Weeks was again called from retirement, when he and his son, William C. Weeks, entered the room and found Mrs. Sitts lying on the lounge in an unconscious state.

Mr. Sitts then removed the cap from her head, and found that the hair was all severed. Mrs. Sitts then spoke, as by some controlling and invisible power or influence, requesting those around to "quiet their tears, that the ladies knew what they were about," and in a few minutes, the invisible influence left, and Mrs. Sitts returned to consciousness and retired for the night.

The next day, about ten o'clock A. M., Mrs. Sitts felt sensations similar to those of the night previous, when Mrs. Nettie Gray called in one of the neighbors, Mrs. George Gardner, and in whose presence Mrs. Nettie commenced combing the hair of her mother. In a short time this lively barber commenced to trim the hair which had been left uneven the night previous, which operation continued at intervals until completed.

About two o'clock P. M. of the same day, Mrs. Nettie placed a napkin round her mother's neck to catch the trimmings as they fell. This operation was witnessed by Mrs. Nettie Gray, Mrs. George Gardner and Alanson S. Weeks who saw it at different times during the singular manifestation. The entire hair was cut off square around the neck and below the ears.

J. W. Sitts.

A. S. Weeks.

Wm. C. Weeks.

Nettie C. Gray.

## From Milwaukee.

DEAR SIR:—In your issue of February 27th last, I have seen a statement that I said "if a public meeting in this city, some years ago, that 'if the Devil wants a job of work done, he generally gets a woman to do it, and that if the Lord wants something done, he takes a man.'"

Now, I have to say, that there is no truth in this statement. I never said any such thing. There must be some mistake or wrong about it. I never held any such doctrine. But I think Satan has many men and many women in his service, and that it behooves us to see to it that we do not belong to the company.

I think you ought to contradict your statement as publicly as you made it. Truly,

Wm. De Loe Love,

Pastor of the Spring Street Cong'l Church, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Milwaukee, April 6th, 1869.

## Report of E. C. Dunn, Illinois State Missionary.

Monday morning, March 1st, found me on board the Southern bound train from Springfield, to meet my engagement at Du Quoin, a thriving little town of about three thousand inhabitants, situated on the line of the Illinois Central Railroad, in the southern part of Perry county.

Arrangements having been made for a course of week evening lectures, I commenced my labor on Tuesday evening, and was greeted with a crowded house of eager listeners to hear the new gospel. My advent in that place where Spiritualism had so far not got a firm foothold, created considerable excitement among the pseudo Christians, which resulted in their telegraphing to Carbondale for the Rev. Clark Branden, Professor of the Southern Illinois College, the so-called champion of the arena of discussion, to come and grapple with the enemy, which the several clergy of Du Quoin did not see fit to contend with. His call to come to Du Quoin and discuss with me, was kept a secret from the friends of Spiritualism until Wednesday evening. At the close of my address, the Reverend gentleman was called for to reply to what I had said.

At the close of his remarks, which were lengthy and disconnected, I saw it to invite him to further consideration of the subject, by discussing the following evening, the question of the interest of the friends of Spiritualism until Wednesday evening.

Resolved: That the spirits of departed human beings can return and communicate with their friends on earth; which, of course I affirmed, he denied.

On Tuesday evening, we met according to agreement in the Campbellite church, it being the largest in the city, where we were greeted by an overflowing house, many going away unable to get even standing room inside the church. The interest from the citizens increasing each evening until the close of the debate.

In our third evening's discussion, Mr. Branden challenged me to discuss with him the divinity of the Bible, which challenge, I accepted. The discussion to take place the three following evenings, as my time was pre-engaged after Tuesday evening. The gentleman's conclusions were, we would not allow him to discuss on Sunday, so Monday and Tuesday evenings had to suffice for the discussion of the question.

During the day and on Tuesday the 3rd, morning and evening, to crowded houses. During the afternoon we completed the organization of the First Society of Spiritualists of Du Quoin; the fifty persons participating in the formation of the Society.

On reaching the church Monday evening, I found it again crowded to its utmost capacity, many going away unable to get standing room. We immediately proceeded to the election of a new chairman, as the one serving the three previous evenings had joined the Spiritualist Society on Sunday, and was no longer considered a disinterested person. The result was the election of a new chairman, as the one serving the three previous evenings had joined the Spiritualist Society on Sunday, and was no longer considered a disinterested person.

On the discussion of the last named question, my opponent seemed to have no other point to contend for but the infidelity of Spiritualism, stating as he did to the people, that that was his object in making the challenge, and in his eagerness to sustain this point, he yielded all the others by acknowledging that the Old Testament was but a history of the past; a biography of the people, instead of needed no divinity. He also stated that he knew there were errors and mistranslations, citing two verses in the New Testament which he claimed were forged, and that the original Greek, instead of needed no divinity. He also stated that he knew there were errors and mistranslations, citing two verses in the New Testament which he claimed were forged, and that the original Greek, instead of needed no divinity.

On the discussion of the first question also, he seemed to lose sight of his object in the contest as he made many acknowledgments that were disastrous to his side of the question, namely: That spirits came back in the past (in Bible times), and that God's laws never change, and more, he said he believed that spirits did sometimes come back and manifest themselves to mortals while on their death-beds. It is not my intention to give you a detailed report of the debate, as you will undoubtedly hear it from the pen of others.

The friends of Du Quoin are so earnest in the cause and intend to have regular speaking as far as possible. Thus the good cause goes marching on.

The friends here paid me sixty dollars in remuneration for my services, which was the first time after promising to return again in June and organize a Lyceum for them, I took my leave to meet my engagement at Decatur, where I was engaged for the last three Sundays in March.

In Decatur I occupied the Universalist church, speaking twice each Sunday to well filled houses. The friends in Decatur are alive to the question of the cause, and are taking up arms with little opposition. The friends paid me for services rendered in Decatur, fifty dollars. From Decatur I found my way home to Rockford, where I intend to spend the month of April, and then return for recuperation, preparatory to my summer labors.

Amount received during March:  
Du Quoin, .....\$60.00  
Decatur, .....\$50.00  
Total, .....\$110.00

## Correspondence in Brief.

Robert Thomas, of Essee, Minnesota, writes to us as follows:

"Your little monitor, placed on the frontispiece of the JOURNAL, warns me that my term of subscription expires with the next number of the JOURNAL, and that it is time to forward the needful. I should be sorry to lose one number; to me it continues to improve in interest and instruction. My last number of March 15th, containing Mrs. M. J. Wilcox's letter to the Convention, that, of itself, to me, is worth a year's subscription for the JOURNAL, and would be to thousands if they would but read, and appreciate it. It is bold, independent and to the point; the right thing at the right time, and in the right place.

Dr. Carman, of LaVing, Indiana, gives a detail of his magnetic experience as follows:

"While in Iowa last summer, at the house of William Clark, I suggested a lady by the name of Mrs. Hickman. After I had put her hand to the magnetic state, I told her that I would like to have her family at home in Indiana, and asked her if she would go there and obtain the information desired. She said she would.

She was sitting in a chair in Mr. Clark's house, apparently asleep, but in spirit she went to my home, and after she had arrived there, she gave a correct description of the premises and my family. A short time after, my son in law, T. B. Stevens, went to the town and attended a meeting in the neighborhood where the above named lady resided and while at the meeting, he says that she came to him and offered to shake hands, telling him at the same time that she had seen him before, when Dr. Carman sent her to his house in the magnetic condition, and knew he was the same man as soon as he stepped into the house."

## Jenny Lind and the Bird.

I remember hearing a stage-driver's story of Jenny Lind when she was riding in the country. A bird of a brilliant plumage perched on a tree as they drove slowly along, and trilled out such compilation of sweet notes as perfectly astonished her. The coach stopped, and reaching out she gave one of her hands to the bird. The beautiful creature arched his head on one side and listened deferentially; then, as if determined to excel his famous rival, raised his graceful throat and sang a song of rippling music that made Jenny rapturously clap her hands in ecstasy, and quickly, though she was being severely critical notice in Carlisle Garden, she delivered some Tyrolean mountain strains that set the echoes flying; whereupon Little Birdie took it up and sang and trilled and sang till Jenny in happy delight acknowledged that the pretty woodland warbler decidedly out-caroled the great Swedish Nightingale.

DETROIT is to have a street car propelled by steam. The fuel will be made from gasoline.







I now speak for eternity, that the child lives to-day that will live to see the time when the balance of power, theologically and politically, will rest in the hands of Modern Spiritualism.

This grand American Republic, in which we live to-day,—the future America shall embody all

"The views of this book are from the standpoint of the obedient. The ten commandments were given to be broken and the evidence of this is their violation by secret thought or deed is common to all." These are novel views."—*Commercial Cleveland, Ohio.*

MANCHESTER, N. H.—The Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday, at 10 a. m. and 2 p. m., in the Police Court Room. Seats free. R. A. Seaver, President; E. F. Seaver, Secretary.

**Milwaukee Wisconsin**—The First Spiritualist L. L. meet at Styer's Hall every Sunday at 2 p. m. J. L. P. is engaged to speak at 7½ P. M.

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